

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST

25 CENTS

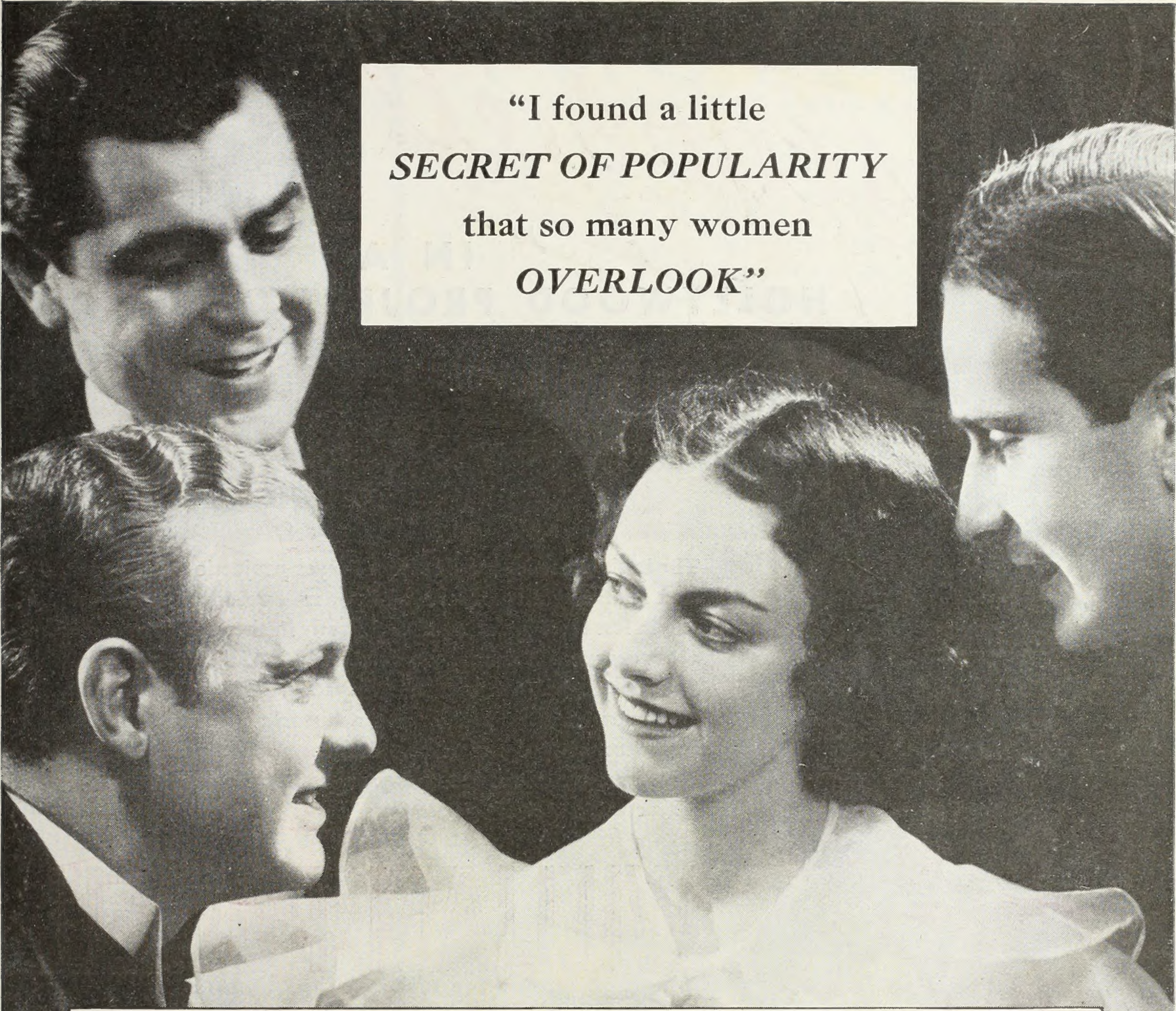
Mae West Talks About Her Marriage



KAY FRANCIS
BY
TCHETCHET

Enjoy
Double Mint Gum
daily for beauty
of mouth and lips





“I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK”

“**F**OR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook.”

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Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the

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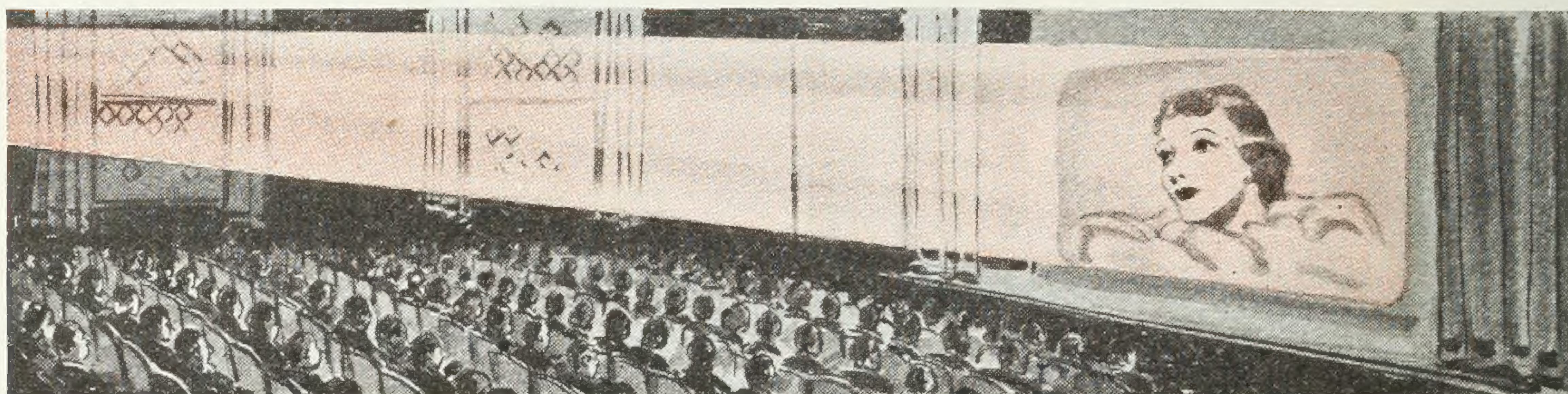
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Discovered

IN A HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



**Together,
A GREAT
STAR and
a NEW STAR**

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum...and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—LUISE RAINER—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", WILLIAM POWELL'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name—Luise Rainer!



WILLIAM POWELLⁱⁿ

Escapade

with
LUISE RAINER

**FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS**

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent—one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement—but one wanted his heart—and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask—but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!





WINNERS OF PHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINE GOLD MEDAL
FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF
THE YEAR

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
'SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

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PHOTOPLAY

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VOL. XLVIII NO. 3

AUGUST, 1935

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Close-Ups and Long-Shots . . . Kathryn Dougherty	21
Will "Becky Sharp" Revolutionize Hollywood? . . .	
. Jack Grant	24
The Sex-Jinx on Stardom . . . Mary Anderson	28
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood	32
What Really Happens To Movie Children?	
. Helen Whitfield	42
What Was the Best Picture of 1934?	44
We Will Never Understand Cary Grant in Hollywood	
. Julie Lang Hunt	46
Don't Love Me (Part VI)	49
Photoplay Fashions Courtenay Marvin	53
Seeing Stars With Mitzi Mitzi Cummings	66
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop	
. Carolyn Van Wyck	74

PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	7
The Shadow Stage	68

PERSONALITIES

The Private Life of Ginger Rogers . . . Warren Reeve	26
I Know Myrna Loy—But Not Very Well	
. Dorothy Manners	30
On the Set With Will Rogers . . As Told by Rochelle	
Hudson to Reginald Taviner	36
Mae West Talks About Her "Marriage" Kirtley Baskette	38
The Disappearing Muni Ruth Rankin	65
An Actor With Strange Ideas	
. Princess Alexandra Kropotkin	72
On the Cover, Kay Francis, Painted by Tchetchet	

INFORMATION AND SERVICE

Letters	5
Hollywood Menus	80
Ask the Answer Man	86
The Fan Club Corner	105
Screen Memories from Photoplay	107
Addresses of the Stars	109
Casts of Current Photoplays	110



A. L. SCHAFER

STEALING onto the set at Columbia during the shooting of "Love Me Forever," the cameraman snapped this picture of Grace Moore singing "Funiculi Funicula" in one of the scenes. With Victor Schertzinger directing again and Miss Moore lovelier than ever, another smash-hit is seen

Letters

It's the movie-going public who determines the trend of the screen. Letters you write today will affect the pictures of tomorrow



Available records do not say whether that plate of "what is it?" director "Woody" Van Dyke is holding is something prepared by his own little hands. He's got a taker in Minna Gombell, while Bob Young and Mrs. Pat O'Brien inspect it. Joe Sefton, O'Brien, Hoot Gibson just don't care



Joe Breen's party certainly was a gay one. Wallace Ford puts on an act for Thelma Todd, director Edward Sedgwick, and Una Merkel. Thelma's eyes are elsewhere

The man who up to recently was in one of the worst spots possible, Joseph Breen, head censor of all films. Maybe Wally Beery is giving him a load of sympathy



I HAVE watched carefully Marlene Dietrich's few pictures, wondering just what was lacking in this beautiful performer. At last, however, I think I've found the answer. In "The Devil Is a Woman," in which Marlene was never more lovely nor the settings more realistic, there occurs the line: "She is a woman of fire, but there is ice in her veins."

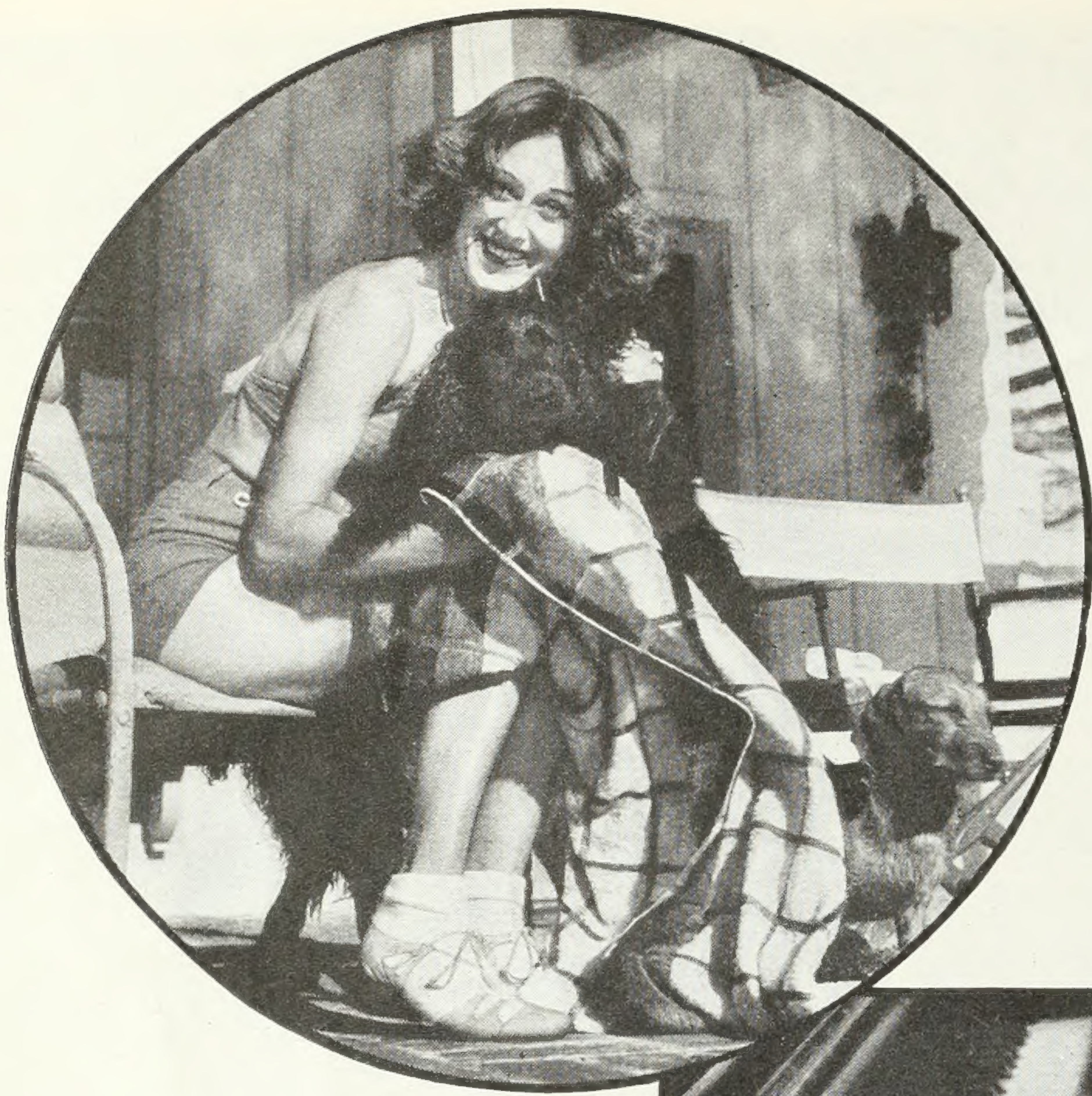
It was then I knew, for that sentence covers not Marlene but Von Sternberg, her direc-

tor. He has genius and fire, but his pictures lack sympathy, any note of tenderness, and without that he cannot catch a corresponding note of sympathy and understanding from his audience.

I'm sure that all Marlene's admirers look forward to the day that she may have really sympathetic direction and return to her original high favor.

CAROL A. WISEMAN, New Berlin, N. Y.

SO Adela Rogers St. Johns thinks "Queen Christina" was a bad story, a very bad picture, stupidly directed, and that Garbo was at her worst. Well, I must say, tastes do differ. I sat through "Christina" spellbound, thinking I had never seen a more beautifully produced picture, nor one in which Garbo had appeared more utterly, magically lovely. To me, this picture was the highlight of the year, and had I anything to



Back from a swim, Ann Dvorak with her two prize spaniels have lots of fun on the porch of her San Fernando Valley ranch. Lucky dogs! Ann's next picture will be "Broadway Joe," opposite Joe E. Brown

do with the distribution of medals, Greta and the picture and the director would have received a shower of them.

LAURETTA CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

WHO said we didn't want John Gilbert? Why the last time I went to see him the theater was packed to the doors. He is truly a wonderful actor, and good to look at as well. I agree with Miss St. Johns that he got the worst deal of any actor I know of. There are six of us living in an apartment and we all admire him greatly, but if the producers insist on showing us stars we do not care about instead of Gilbert, Lederer, Gable, Barthelmess, Lionel Barrymore and others who are also good to look at as well as being great actors, then we'll just stay away from the movies until the producers give us what we want.

LONA REED, Cleveland, Ohio

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS' article in the June PHOTOPLAY must have brought back to the minds of movie-goers one of the most colorful and talented figures ever to have won fame in Hollywood—John Gilbert. We will never forget his "Bardelys the Magnificent" and the soldier boy in "The Big Parade."

Why can't something be done to snatch this fine actor from the oblivion that is threatening his career?

VIRGINIA EDGECOMB, Los Angeles, Calif.



Million dollar hands. They have made the world popular music conscious with such compositions as "Alexander's Rag Time Band," "All Alone," "Always," and a score of other hits. Irving Berlin's, right!

I AGREE heartily with everything Adela Rogers St. Johns said about John Gilbert except that he is through, or defeated. I have been hoping that somehow he would get a break, and after "The Captain Hates the Sea" I was sure he would, but to date I have not heard anything about another Gilbert picture.

Why not all of John Gilbert's fans and old friends come to his defense and show the producers that we want Gilbert back on the screen to stay? We simply can't let him stay away any longer because there never was anyone like him and there never will be.

GRACE PATTERSON, Salem, Oregon

WHY do they persist in miscasting Katharine Hepburn? I was disappointed in

Letters

Don't say it. Write it! You can tell only a few what you think of a film, but thousands read these pages



Fay Wray wore a mighty big smile when she stepped out of the plane which brought her back to Hollywood from her recent trip abroad. Fay went to England to appear in a picture, but is glad to be back

her as a choice for the lovely *Babbie* in "The Little Minister." Katie is vital and lovable, but there are some rôles better suited for her than others, naturally. She shouldn't play *Alice Adams*, for instance—Margaret Sullavan is the perfect *Alice*.

MRS. JANE ROBERTS, Denver, Colorado
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST UPON ITS MONTH OF REVIEW

AFTER OFFICE HOURS—M-G-M.—Smart lines and clever situations, with Constance Bennett as the would-be reporter in satin trains and furbelows, and Clark Gable her hard-boiled managing editor. (Apr.)

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—Paramount.—An entertaining but familiar story of the king and the commoner who look alike and change places. Carl Brisson is charming, and Mary Ellis, in her screen debut, delightful. (May)

★ **BABBITT**—First National.—Sinclair Lewis' famous novel brought to the screen with Guy Kibbee excellent in the title rôle. Aline MacMahon good as his wife. (Feb.)

★ **BABES IN TOYLAND**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A delight for the kiddies, fun for the grown-ups, this screen version of Victor Herbert's Nursery Rhyme classic, with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. (Feb.)

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—M-G-M.—An amusing enough little picture with Charles Butterworth as the timid soul mistaken for a big-shot gangster. Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Donald Meek. (June)

BAND PLAYS ON, THE—M-G-M.—Essentially the old rah-rah collegiate stuff, with the touchdown on the last gun. Good performances by Robert Young, Stu Erwin and Betty Furness. (March)

BATTLE, THE—Leon Garganoff Prod.—A picture of enormous power, with Charles Boyer as a Japanese naval officer who is willing to sacrifice his beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, to obtain war secrets from an English attaché. Superb direction and photography. (Feb.)

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount.—Old time hokum, but you'll like it, for Sylvia Sydney is beautiful as the Indian Princess and Gene Raymond is top-notch as the man who marries her to spite his family. (Feb.)

BEST MAN WINS, THE—Columbia.—An interesting film with Jack Holt, Edmund Lowe and Florence Rice for romance, overseas adventures for excitement and Bela Lugosi as a menace. (March)

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR GIRL—M-G-M.—Ann Harding as you like her best, in a bright, sophisticated film. Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Eddie Horton, Edward Arnold and Charles Richman make it a grand cast. (March)

★ **BLACK FURY**—First National.—A saga of the coal mines presenting with intense realism and power the elemental problems of the miners. Paul Muni gives a memorable performance, and Karen Morley lends excellent support. (June)

BORDERTOWN—Warners.—Outstanding performances by Bette Davis and Paul Muni make this one worthwhile. The story is of the bitter disillusionment of a young attorney who loses his first case, then falls prey to the schemings of a jealous woman. Not altogether pleasant, but gripping. (Apr.)

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—United Artists.—Jack Buchanan and Lili Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal.—Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

★ **BRIGHT EYES**—Fox.—A bright bit of entertainment with sad moments and glad moments and little Shirley Temple in the stellar rôle. Jimmy Dunn is her starring partner. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **CALL OF THE WILD**—20th Century-United Artists.—A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London's novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog, Buck. (July)

CAPTAIN HURRICANE—RKO-Radio.—A dull story with a grand cast. Too bad they didn't find a better vehicle for stage star James Barton's screen debut. Helen Westley, Henry Travers, Gene Lockhart. (May)

CAR 99—Paramount.—An entertaining and exciting picture which Junior will want to see twice, with Sir Guy Standing good as the master mind of a bank robbing gang, protecting himself by masquerading as a professor. (May)

★ **CARDINAL RICHELIEU**—20th Century-United Artists.—A beautiful historical drama with George Arliss at his best as the great Cardinal of France. Maureen O'Sullivan, Edward Arnold. (June)

CARNIVAL—Columbia.—The experiences—some funny, many sad—of an anxious father whose motherless baby is constantly in danger of being snatched from him by the Children's Welfare Association. Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante. (Apr.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—A mystery handled in the casual manner movie audiences love, with Warren William as the amateur sleuth and Margaret Lindsay the bride whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills. Good. (July)

CASINO MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Paul Lukas is the *Philo Vance* who steps in and solves the mystery, with Alison Skipworth, charming Rosalind Russell, Ted Healy and Louise Fazenda lending good support. (May)

CHARLIE CHAN IN PARIS—Fox.—Warner Oland at his best as *Chan*, with Mary Brian and Thomas Beck carrying the love interest. (March)

CHASING YESTERDAY—RKO-Radio.—Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard" loses importance in the screen telling. Good performances by Anne Shirley, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley and Elizabeth Patterson. But the film story is pallid. (June)

CLIVE OF INDIA—20th Century-United Artists.—A stirring and impressive story of a young man who, almost single-handed, conquered India for Britain. Ronald Colman is excellent as *Clive*, Loretta Young gives a fine performance in the rôle of his wife. (March)

COUNTY CHAIRMAN, THE—Fox.—Will Rogers as a lovable but astute rural politician is at his best. Good cast includes Evelyn Venable, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor. Entertainment for the family. (March)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien and Edgar Kennedy tops as "local color" on a dude ranch. Evalyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

CURTAIN FALLS, THE—Chesterfield.—Henrietta Crosman carries this picture as an old vaudeville actress who gambles with chance and impersonates a Lady Scoresby, moving in on her family until her final and best performance. (Feb.)

★ **DARING YOUNG MAN, THE**—Fox.—Refreshingly different material and clever dialogue distinguish this picture about two young people (Jimmy Dunn and Mae Clarke) who are good reporters on rival papers and constantly getting themselves into mad situations trying to outwit each other on hot tips. (July)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—M-G-M.—An incomparable photoplay, and one that will live with you for years. Freddie Bartholomew as the child, *David*, W. C. Fields as *Micawber*, Madge Evans as *Agnes* are only a few of a long, superb cast. It's a brilliant adaption of Dickens' famous novel. (March)

DEALERS IN DEATH—Topical Films.—Whether you are a pacifist or not after seeing this film you leave the theater horrified at the high price of war and cost of armaments. Not a story, but an impressive editorial which will make you think. (Feb.)

DEATH FLIES EAST—Columbia.—A rather dull and illogical picture with Conrad Nagel and Florence Rice rising above screen-story difficulties and Oscar Apfel, Raymond Walburn and Irene Franklin struggling for laughs with un-funny material. (June)

DEVIL IS A WOMAN, THE—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich in a series of static and exquisite views. The story lacks motivation and Von Sternberg's direction has drained all animation from the cast. Cesar Romero, Edward Everett Horton, Lionel Atwill. (May)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage when his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison falsely accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—RKO-Radio.—Fine performances by young Frankie Thomas and O. P. Heggie make this Ouida classic really live on the screen. It's a film children will love and parents will enjoy. (May)

★ **DOUBTING THOMAS**—Fox.—One of the best Will Rogers' pictures. This time Will's wife (Billie Burke) gets the acting bug, and Will turns crooner to cure her. Alison Skipworth, Sterling Holloway. (July)

EIGHT BELLS—Columbia.—A fairly entertaining boat trip with Ralph Bellamy, a demoted sea captain, saving the day in a maritime crisis. Ann Sothern is the romantic prize. (July)

ENCHANTED APRIL—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding in a quiet little story of the enchantment wrought by Italy in the spring. Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katharine Alexander, Jane Baxter. (March)

EVENSONG—Gaumont British.—The story of the rise and fall of a great prima donna. Evelyn Laye's beautiful voice and a wealth of opera make it a feast for music lovers. (Feb.)

EVERGREEN—Gaumont British.—You'll love Jessie Matthews, darling of the London stage, and she has a chance to do some grand singing and dancing in this merry little story. (March)

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—Paramount.—Gertrude Michael is the one thrill in this rather punchless crook drama. Walter Connolly's rôle, that of a priest with a flair for detective work, gets monotonous. Paul Lukas is miscast. (Feb.)

FEDERAL AGENT—Select Pictures.—Age-old crook stuff with Bill Boyd as a government man trying to outwit dangers. Don Alvarado and his two lady friends. (March)

FIGHTING ROOKIE, THE—Mayfair.—A quickie which moves slowly. Cop Jack LaRue is "framed" by a gang and his suspension from the force threatens his romance with Ida Ince. Trite situations. (Feb.)

FLIRTING WITH DANGER—Monogram.—Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy amid such confusion and laughter in a South American high explosives plant. Maria Alba is the Spanish charmer that provides chief romantic interest. (Feb.)

FOLIES BERGERE—20th Century-United Artists.—Disregard the story and give yourself up to Maurice Chevalier's charm, the music, singing and dancing. Ann Sothern and Merle Oberon good. (Apr.)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Charles Butterworth at their best in a simple story that leaves you dizzy with laughter and braced like a champagne cocktail. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11]

Letters

On these pages letters from all over the world discuss films and stars. And when the movie-goer speaks, Hollywood listens



Here's one of the rare "nights out" for Glenda Farrell (you know she rarely leaves her young son Tommy). To Glenda's right is Eddie Mirande, on her left is that young matron Joan Blondell and husband George Barnes. They formed one of the groups at the noted Trocadero

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

WHEN stringent censorship of motion pictures was first announced, I, and doubtless countless other American moviegoers, resented it. It implied that I was not competent to pick my own screen fare, and that questionable pictures might harm me. It is human nature to resent being told what one may or may not do or see.

But now I must admit that I owe a vote of thanks to those same censors. In the time since the new codes went into effect, I have seen my favorite characters from novels, history and the musical world come to life. We never have seen anything as worthwhile as we are having the privilege to see today.

MRS. P. J. STELLING, Winter Park, Fla.

HOW I do love to see Mae West slap that 'ol demon sex appeal for a goal and then catch him in her arms where we know he belongs. More power to Mae for giving us a new slant on one of humanity's fundamentals. But I do wish Mae would not gargle her words when she sings, it is difficult to understand what she is saying.

MRS. LUELLA SHEARER, Dallas, Texas

WHY is such a talented actress as Genevieve Tobin given such unsympathetic rôles when she is one of the finest actresses on either stage or screen? I understand Miss Tobin

has had experience on the stage in singing and dancing. How about giving her a chance to use these talents for her many admirers and prove to the rest of the movie-goers that she is worth the confidence we have in her?

MIRIAM MEADOWS, Richmond, Indiana

I HAVE only just seen "One More Spring," and it is a fine picture. Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter are good together, but why can't we have some more of those good old Charles Farrell-Janet Gaynor pictures?

ANNIE V. KNIGHT, Canton, N. C.

RONALD COLMAN was great before "Clive of India," but now he is one of the screen immortals.

Strange what the difference a mustache makes—or the absence of one.

J. WASSO, JR., Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania

WHERE are the trim looking, athletic cinema actors of not so long ago? Also the fascinating, romantic type? And the distinguished personality specimen? Answer—they are still appearing but have lost that spark which attracts both sexes. Because they have become fat. Over-sized waistlines, heavy jowls do not kindle delight in women or admiration in men. The ladies of the screen are forced to remain thin, the male stars should do likewise.

M. I. BERG, St. Louis, Missouri

THERE should be, it seems to me, more expressions of appreciation from high school teachers of the programs that the film companies are offering recently. Not merely an occasional picture but one right after the other is furnishing us with a source of supplementary material as valuable as that in the school and public libraries.

LILLIAN BRIGHAM, Robstown, Texas

PERHAPS in the studios when the director or his assistant says, "Sound O. K.," he thinks that is sufficient. But he is not considering the hundreds of theaters all over the country in which acoustics are not perfect. Voices pitched too low cannot be heard. It spoils the story for the audience.

MAUDE MURRAY MILLER, Columbus, Ohio

I THINK we owe a distinct debt to those responsible for the great improvement in the theater buildings themselves.

JEAN COCHRANE, Tacoma, Washington

WHY all this imitation of prominent stars by beginners striving for shining honors? Don't they realize that the famous ones did not achieve their ambitions by copying someone else, but by being themselves and cultivating and developing their own individual personality?

MRS. CHARLES C. LIMA, JR., New Rochelle, N. Y.

I THINK there have been recently a number of young players in Hollywood who without so much experience are turning out grand performances. But I sincerely believe they are not getting the credit that is their due.

MARY K. EAST, Albemarle, N. C.

IN South Africa, we see more American films than any others—a quite impersonal opinion I may add as we have no bias in favour of any one nation's pictures. Of course, we prefer your films to all others, but, there is so much to be done to make them better.

Your producers know how to put something over on the large scale—exciting, glamorous, clever, terrifically quick scenes that astound us but look to details! Do not become more slapdash.

And remember that when the producers want to put on a frantically hysterical scene we *hate* blatant emotion. There should be more depth of feeling in a reserved way—controlled, well-finished. No extremes!

Films which star children are not too popular. We do not like precocious children. Noel Coward's plays are well-liked and we would love to see American film versions of them.

We like Jean Parker, Norma Shearer, Anna Sten, Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Maurice Chevalier, Diana Wynyard, Fay Wray, Dolores Del Rio, Elissa Landi, Myrna Loy. We adore Helen Hayes, Leslie Howard, Jeanette MacDonald, Fredric March, Katharine Hepburn, George Arliss.

E. LOUBSER, Aberdeen, South Africa

Letters

Here PHOTOPLAY readers enjoy a frank exchange of opinion regarding movies and the stars who are in them



Merle Oberon bought a handful of tickets for the huge benefit recently held in Hollywood for the Jewish Community Center Clubhouse from Arthur Stebbins, film executive who founded the clubhouse and playground for the poor



Mary Carlisle climbs the referee's chair for a better view of tennis-playing friends. Girls, here is a very smart tennis costume fashioned from a satin, pin-striped crepe—a favorite sports material



Charles (Buddy) Rogers fans all over the country will be happy to see him again on the screen in his new RKO-Radio picture "Old Man Rhythm." Buddy has been touring the country's theaters with his band

anticipating "Break of Hearts," and also hoping Miss Hepburn will be cast as *Joan of Arc*.

E. CURRIE McCABE, Lexington, Mass.

NEVER have I seen anything more beautiful than the prayer scene in "The Little Minister" as enacted by Katharine Hepburn. Her capacity to give the make-believe such intense and beautiful reality justifies her claim to greatness in the cinematic world.

Taking "The Little Minister" as a whole, it is, from the Scottish heart, a transport to heaven.

H. L. SKAKLES, Whitehall, Montana

JUDGING by past performances, Fredric March is the only actor in Hollywood who

consistently rings the bell, regardless of the rôle, story, or characterization, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Death Takes a Holiday," and "The Barretts" to name a few, and now comes "Les Miserables," greatest of them all! His performance in it smacks of real, sincere genius.

HENRY HANSON, Chicago, Illinois

FREDRIC MARCH has done it again. I am referring to his superb performance in "Les Miserables." If ever an actor was born and destined to be such, it is he, for to me Mr. March is the outstanding male personality on the screen today.

His perfect diction, unaffected, nonchalant manner and stately bearing fit him perfectly for the rôles that none other than he could enact with such charm, sincerity and capability.

M. E. B., Detroit, Michigan

TO hear of a picture with Charles Laughton in it used to be enough to insure my staying at home. Now, since seeing him in "Ruggles of Red Gap," I want to add my applause to that of the thousands who have seen him in this production.

It was a wonderful performance and a thousand pardons to Mr. Laughton for ever doubting his ability to act. Also a nosegay to Mary Boland.

H. COLIN CROWELL, Pennsboro, Penn.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

THINK Katharine Hepburn is unquestionably Hollywood's finest actress. She possesses a rare charm and naturalness, exquisite beauty and truly great dramatic genius—qualities which are not to be found together in any other motion picture star. I am eagerly



EUGENE ROBERT RICHEL

ARLINE JUDGE is a capable young wife, and mother of a two-year-old son, but the responsibilities of home and marriage haven't robbed her of that charming, wide-eyed, little girl look. A screen favorite as a campus belle, Arline is now playing her fifteenth college girl rôle in Paramount's film, "College Scandal." We'll bet she has a suppressed desire to play vampish, sophisticated parts!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

★ **FOUR HOURS TO KILL**—Paramount.—Tense and compelling screen entertainment with Richard Barthelmess, in the finest character opportunity of his career, as the doomed killer handcuffed to a guard in a theater lobby for four hours. Skilful support by Roscoe Karns, Helen Mack, Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael and others. (June)

FUGITIVE ROAD—Invincible.—Eric Von Stroheim is good as the commandant of a frontier post in Austria, falling in love with an American girl, Wera Engels, and frustrated in his romantic plans by gangster Leslie Fenton. Slender story well acted. (Feb.)

★ **G MEN**—First National.—Government heroes at work. Lots of shooting and excellent acting. Fast-moving and packs a wallop. Jimmy Cagney at his best. Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, Bob Armstrong. Not for the kiddies. (July)

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Fox.—A clean Scandals. Jimmy Dunn and Alice Faye are the small-time team who let success go to their heads. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs. And Eleanor Powell is a tap dancer so good you can hardly believe it! (June)

GHOST WALKS, THE—Invincible.—A theatrical group rehearses a melodrama in a haunted house, and when a real maniac slips in, things happen. A unique story, with John Miljan, Richard Carle, June Collyer. (Apr.)

GILDED LILY, THE—Paramount.—Good entertainment, but not as much punch as you have a right to expect from a movie with Claudette Colbert in the lead and Wesley Ruggles directing (March)

★ **GO INTO YOUR DANCE**—First National.—A grand evening for those who like singing and dancing with a plausible story sandwiched in. Al Jolson better than ever; Ruby Keeler good as always; Glenda Farrell in top support. (June)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Paramount.—Mae West, pursuing the man instead of being pursued, in a fast-moving, wise-cracking film, that will keep you laughing. (May)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good tunes, talented cast make this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Glenda Farrell, and others. (July)

GOOD FAIRY, THE—Universal.—Margaret Sullavan, in the title rôle, and Herbert Marshall head the cast of this screen adaptation of the stage hit. The scenes are played in high comedy throughout. But comedy. (March)

GRAND OLD GIRL—RKO-Radio.—That grand old trouser, May Robson, gives a superfine performance as a veteran high school principal who bucks the town's politicians for the welfare of her pupils. Mary Carlisle and Alan Hale highlight a good supporting cast. (March)

GREAT GOD GOLD—Monogram.—The story promises to be an exciting exposé on the receivership racket, but it becomes stupid. Martha Sleeper does as well by her part as possible. Regis Toomey gets nowhere. (May)

GREAT HOTEL MURDER, THE—Fox.—Old reliable sure-fire Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen stuff, with Vic as a dumb house detective and Eddie the guest who writes mystery stories, both trying to discover who poisoned the victim. Mary Carlisle, C. Henry Gordon. (May)

GRIDIRON FLASH—RKO-Radio.—A college football story about a paroled convict (Eddie Quillan) who finally wins the game and Betty Furness, too. Glenn Tryon, Lucien Littlefield. (March)

HELLDORADO—Fox.—A hollow story in a mining town setting which fails to give Richard Arlen the kind of part he deserves. (March)

HERE IS MY HEART—Paramount.—You'll applaud this one. For between laughs Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle sing those haunting tunes, and the story is good. (March)

HOLD 'EM YALE—Paramount.—A weak but pleasant little picture about four thugs who inherit a lady. Patricia Ellis is the lady. Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, Andy Devine, William Frawley, George E. Stone. (June)

HOME ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—An up-to-date Western, with the old mortgage still present but the crooks using modern methods for getting it. Evelyn Brent, Jackie Coogan, Randy Scott. (Feb.)

HONGKONG NIGHTS—Futter Prod.—A highly implausible story about a Chinese gun-runner and an American Secret Service man. Production and photography superb, dialogue and story poor. Tom Keene, Wera Engels, Warren Hymer. (May)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Monogram.—Norman Foster is the schoolmaster in the screen version of this old-time favorite, with Charlotte Henry as the girl he loves. Fred Kohler, Jr., Wallace Reid, Jr., Dorothy Libaire. (June)

I AM A THIEF—Warners.—A diamond necklace disappears and everybody looks guilty—Ricardo Cortez, Mary Astor, Dudley Digges, Irving Pichel and the rest of the cast. There's murder, thievery, and some romance. Maintains interest. (Feb.)

I'LL LOVE YOU ALWAYS—Columbia.—An uninspired production, with Nancy Carroll and George Murphy unable to overcome the disadvantages of mediocre material and direction. (July)

★ **IMITATION OF LIFE**—Universal.—A warm and human drama about two mothers of different races, allied in the common cause of their children. Excellent performances by Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers. Warren William, Fredi Washington, Rochelle Hudson, Ned Sparks. (Feb.)

★ **THE INFORMER**—RKO-Radio.—Motion picture drama at its best. Victor McLaglen gives an unforgettable performance as the slow-witted Irish giant who betrays his pal to the British for a twenty pound reward. Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Una O'Connor. top excellent support. Don't miss this one. (July)

IN OLD SANTA FE—Mascot.—A dozen plots wrapped up for the price of one—and a nice package for those who enjoy Westerns. Ken Maynard, his horse, Tarzan, Evalyn Knapp, H. B. Warner, Kenneth Thomson, and the entire cast are good. (Feb.)

★ **IRON DUKE, THE**—Gaumont British.—An interesting picture with George Arliss as Wellington, and the Duke's triumphs told in a careful thoughtful, if not brilliant manner. (Apr.)

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Universal.—You'll be amused by press-agent Hugh O'Connell's tricks to get movie star Gertrude Michael into the limelight, and the interference of a taxi driver, Lyle Talbot and his sweetie, Heather Angel. Lots of laughs. (May)

★ **IT'S A GIFT**—Paramount.—One long laugh, with W. C. Fields in the rôle of a hen-pecked husband. Baby LeRoy, Jean Rouverol, Kathleen Howard. But it's Fields' show. (Feb.)

IT'S A SMALL WORLD—Fox.—Gay dialogue in a wisp of a story, with Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie. Lots of laughs. (June)

I'VE BEEN AROUND—Universal.—A good cast wasted on a trite story and amazingly stagey dialogue. (March)

JACK AHOY—Gaumont British.—If you can laugh at old jokes, this isn't bad. However, England's comedian, Jack Hulbert, deserves better treatment. (Apr.)

JEALOUSY—Columbia.—Watch George Murphy if you go to see this picture about a prize fighter who is inordinately jealous of his pretty wife. Nancy Carroll, Donald Cook, Arthur Hohl. (March)

KENTUCKY BLUESTREAK—Talisman.—Some interesting photography of a horse race, done with a small camera, is the highlight in this one. Eddie Nugent, Junior Coghlan, Patricia Scott. (July)

LADDIE—RKO-Radio.—Old fashioned, homey, but a grand picture is this love story of Laddie (John Beal) and Pamela (Gloria Stuart) whose romance is bitterly opposed by her father (Donald Crisp). Excellent direction by George Stevens. (May)

LADIES LOVE DANGER—Fox.—A murder mystery with lots of fun sandwiched between the thrills. Gilbert Roland, Mona Barrie, Adrienne Ames. (July)

★ **LES MISERABLES**—20th Century-United Artists.—A close-knit and powerful screen recount of the Victor Hugo classic. Fredric March and Charles Laughton give memorable performances. (May)

LET'S LIVE TONIGHT—Columbia.—A wobbly story gives Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey an opportunity to be romantic in a gauzy, waltzy manner. Film lacks emotional warmth, but cast, including Hugh Williams, Janet Beecher, Tala Birell, is good. (May)

LIFE BEGINS AT 40—Fox.—You'll enjoy this film with Will Rogers in the human, sympathetic rôle of a small town editor, Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson for romance; and Slim Summerville and Sterling Holloway to keep you laughing when Will isn't on the screen. (May)

LIFE RETURNS—Universal.—The miraculous operation that Dr. Robert E. Cornish performs on a dog, restoring his life after death was pronounced, would make a worthwhile short subject. But the long introduction is boring. (Apr.)

LITTLE COLONEL, THE—Fox.—Shirley Temple cuter than ever as the famous story book character. Lionel Barrymore is the testy old grandfather. Evelyn Venable and John Lodge the child's parents. Tap dancer Bill Robinson nearly steals the picture. (May)

LITTLE MEN—Mascot.—A nice homey little film made from Louisa M. Alcott's book, with Erin O'Brien-Moore as Aunt Jo, Ralph Morgan as Professor Bhaer, and Frankie Darro the boy Dan. (March)

LITTLE MINISTER, THE—RKO-Radio.—A beautiful screen adaptation of Barrie's famous romance, with Katharine Hepburn as Babbie and John Beal in the title rôle. Beryl Mercer, Alan Hale, Andy Clyde, Donald Crisp, top support. (March)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list

	Page
Age of Indiscretion—M-G-M.....	70
Alias Mary Dow—Universal.....	71
Arizonian, The—RKO-Radio.....	104
Black Sheep—Fox.....	71
Break of Hearts—RKO-Radio.....	68
Chinatown Squad—Universal.....	71
College Scandal—Paramount.....	104
Escape Me Never—British & Dominions-United Artists.....	68
Flame Within, The—M-G-M.....	70

	Page
Frankie and Johnnie—Select-RKO Release.....	104
Ginger—Fox.....	70
Girl From 10th Avenue, The—First National.....	70
Glass Key, The—Paramount.....	71
Headline Woman The—Mascot.....	104
Healer, The—Monogram.....	104
Hooray For Love—RKO-Radio.....	71
In Caliente—First National.....	71

	Page
Kliou—Bennett Pictures.....	104
Let 'Em Have It—Reliance-United Artists.....	70
Murder in the Fleet—M-G-M.....	104
Nit Wits, The—RKO-Radio.....	104
No More Ladies—M-G-M.....	69
Our Little Girl—Fox.....	69
Paris In Spring—Paramount.....	71
Public Hero No. 1—M-G-M.....	68
Under the Pampas Moon—Fox.....	70

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

★ **LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER**—Paramount.—Brittle dialogue, swift direction, pictorial grandeur, and intelligent production make this picture one you must see. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, head an excellent cast. (March)

LIVING ON VELVET—Warners.—Every woman loves to get her hands on a terribly attractive man and reform him. And when Kay Francis is the reformer, what man has a chance? George Brent didn't. Warren William, Helen Lowell help a lot. Smart dialogue, well done picture. (May)

LOTTERY LOVER—Fox.—Bright in some spots, unfortunately dull in others, this film story with Lew Ayres, Nick Foran and Peggy Fears. (March)

LOVE IN BLOOM—Paramount.—Catchy songs admirably sung by Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby, you know) and Joe Morrison, plus the mad antics of George Burns and Gracie Allen, make this bright, light entertainment. (May)

LOVES OF A DICTATOR—GB.—An historical drama, well cast and beautifully presented, telling the romantic story of *Struensee* (Clive Brook) who was taken into the Court of Denmark as dictator and fell in love with the bride-queen (Madeleine Carroll). (June)

MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, THE—G. B.—A neat and exciting little melodrama that keeps you hanging on your chair every minute of the way. Nova Pilbeam (of "Little Friend" fame), Edna Best, Leslie Banks and Peter Lorre. (May)

MAN WHO RECLAIMED HIS HEAD, THE—Universal.—As fine and important a picture as has ever been made, with Claude Rains in a superb performance as the pacifist who was betrayed by an unscrupulous publisher. Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill. (March)

MARIE GALANTE—Fox.—Glaring implausibilities keep this from being a strong and gripping picture. But Ketti Gallian, a new French star, is lovely; Helen Morgan sings sobbily, Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit are funny, Spencer Tracy a nice hero. (Feb.)

MARINES ARE COMING, THE—Mascot.—A breezy mixture of comedy and romance with William Haines as a Marine Corps lieutenant and Armida pursuing him. Esther Ralston, Conrad Nagel, Edgar Kennedy. (March)

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—M-G-M.—A confused and incoherent mystery which has as its only virtue some fine acting by Lionel Barrymore. (June)

MARY JANE'S PA—First National.—Just average. Over-sentimental entertainment, with Guy Kibbee as *Pa* who deserts his family but is eventually led back, by a little child, to rescue wife Aline MacMahon. (July)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—First National.—A rather dull picture of the hardships of a young couple during the first six months of marriage. Ross Alexander makes the young husband interesting. But Philip Reed, Gloria Stuart and the rest of the cast are hampered by their rôles. (Feb.)

McFADDEN'S FLATS—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs and maybe a sniffle in this story of the girl (Betty Furness) who goes away to school and comes back high-hatting her family and neighbors. Walter C. Kelly is grand as the hod-carrier king, Dick Cromwell is the sweetheart. (May)

MEN OF TOMORROW—London Films.—Film version of Anthony Gibb's novel, "The Young Apollo," with Merle Oberon and Robert Donat. But in spite of cast and story advantages, this is a jerky, incoherent picture. (July)

★ **THE MIGHTY BARNUM**—20th Century-United Artists.—A great show, with Wallace Beery, as circusman *P. T. Barnum*, in one of the best rôles of his career. Adolphe Menjou, Virginia Bruce, top support. (Feb.)

MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Monogram.—Little Jimmy Fay is cute as the youngster whose parents dress him in skirts and a wig and put him under contract to a movie studio as a second Shirley Temple. (March)

MISSISSIPPI—Paramount.—Plenty of music, lavish sets, a romantic story and picturesque southern atmosphere make this pleasant entertainment with Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett and Gail Patrick. (Apr.)

MISTER DYNAMITE—Universal.—Eddie Lowe rides to glory in this Dashiell Hammett yarn as the slick detective who is interested in justice principally because it pays him fat fees. A beautifully paced story that keeps you baffled and makes you laugh. Jean Dixon, Esther Ralston, Victor Varconi. (June)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON—RKO-Radio.—An amusing and intriguing mystery, with Edna May Oliver as the intrepid female amateur detective and Jimmy Gleason the slow witted inspector. Good entertainment. (Apr.)

MUTINY AHEAD—Majestic.—Just an average picture, a hybrid sea-and-crook drama with Neil Hamilton's regeneration as the main story thread, and Kathleen Burke and Leon Ames in fair support. (May)

MY HEART IS CALLING—Gaumont British.—If you like singing—lots of it—you will find this musical film a treat. Jan Kiepura, famous European tenor, has a grand voice. But why didn't they let Marta Eggerth sing more? Sonnie Hale good. (Apr.)

MYSTERY MAN, THE—Monogram.—Pretty meaty, and a good picture idea. But you have to like newspaper atmosphere with hard-drinking reporters who can always solve the mystery. Maxine Doyle and Robert Armstrong. (May)



Elissa Landi is a keen horsewoman. She's at the Riviera Country Club to see one of her favorite mounts

MYSTERY WOMAN, THE—Fox.—Fairly interesting combination of romance and mystery concerning two spies, Gilbert Roland and John Halliday both in love with Mona Barrie. (March)

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—M-G-M.—A thundering big melodious adventure picture, with lots of romance and a story-book plot. You've never heard singing lovelier than Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy give you in this Victor Herbert musical. (Apr.)

NIGHT ALARM—Majestic.—If you like to go to fires you'll get a three-alarm thrill from this story of a firebug and the mysterious blazes he starts. Bruce Cabot and Judith Allen head the cast. (Feb.)

NIGHT IS YOUNG, THE—M-G-M.—A small-scale "Merry Widow," with Ramon Novarro and Evelyn Laye singing agreeably and Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Eddie Horton for fun. (March)

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Universal.—A whimsical and fantastic film about a scientist who discovered a formula for turning statues into men and men into statues. (March)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN, A—Universal.—Top entertainment, and full of suspense, is this story of a murderer (Charles Bickford) who lets suspicion fall upon a woman (Helen Vinson) until he is trapped by Attorney Onslow Stevens. (Apr.)

NUT FARM, THE—Monogram.—What happens when hicks arrive in the movie-city and outsluck the Hollywood slicker. Funny at times. Wallace Ford, Betty Alden, Florence Roberts, Oscar Apfel. (Apr.)

★ **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealist's unwavering faith in his job will remain long in your memory. Pat O'Brien is the American oil company's employee in China, Josephine Hutchinson his wife. Arthur Byron, Jean Muir. Excellent cast, A-1 direction. (July)

ONE FRIGHTENED NIGHT—Mascot.—Creepy music, banging doors, and all the usual fol-de-rol of mysteries. Charley Grapewin's acting is the only attraction. (July)

ONE HOUR LATE—Paramount.—New-comer Joe Morrison steals the show. Helen Twelvetrees, Conrad Nagel, Arline Judge, all good in this spritely romance. But it's Joe and his sweet voice you'll remember. (Feb.)

ONE MORE SPRING—Fox.—A too-sweet screen adaptation of Robert Nathan's novel about three depression victims (Warner Baxter, Janet Gaynor and Walter King) who live happily together in a too' barn in Central Park. (May)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—M-G-M.—A fast, entertaining mystery-comedy-drama, played in a breezy, highly enjoyable manner by Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna. (June)

PARTY WIRE—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossips stir up by listening in on party lines. Jean Arthur, Victor Jory, Charley Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—RKO-Radio.—An out-dated melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Paramount.—One of the most charming of the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland comedies. Leila Hyams, Dean Jagger. It's deft, human comedy for the whole family. (June)

PERFECT CLUE, THE—Majestic.—Not too expertly made, but this murder-drama-society play has its bright moments, most of them being contributed by Skeets Gallagher, the smooth performance of David Manners and Betty Blythe. (Feb.)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE—Twickenham.—A real horror thriller based on England's famous "Jack the Ripper" crimes. Ivor Novello and Elizabeth Allan. Not for the children. (July)

★ **PRESIDENT VANISHES, THE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A sensational screen speculation of what would happen if the chief executive vanished in a crisis. Top-notch cast includes Arthur Byron, Edward Arnold, Janet Beecher, Osgood Perkins. Intriguing and vital film fare. (Feb.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—Gaumont-British.—Another version of the old story of the princess in distress. Only the lovely presence of Evelyn Laye and handsome Henry Wilcoxon make this pleasant enough entertainment. (March)

PRINCESS O'HARA—Universal.—Nice entertainment, with Jean Parker as the girl who becomes a hack driver after her father is killed, and Chester Morris the racketeer boy-friend. (June)

PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN, THE—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks is good as the gay Lothario, who is finally forced to give up balcony climbing and settle down in the country with his patient wife. Benita Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon. (March)

★ **PRIVATE WORLDS**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A triumph in adult entertainment, this film radiates skill and understanding. Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer give superb performances as two psychiatrists in a hospital for mental cases who suddenly discover their own lives tangled and warped. Excellent performances, too, by Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea. (June)

RECKLESS—M-G-M.—The clever talents of Jean Harlow, William Powell and Franchot Tone, pooled for the story of a show girl who marries a millionaire and comes to grief when his suicide leaves her with a ruined reputation and a baby to take care of. (June)

RED HOT TIRES—First National.—If you care for automobile racing, with crack-ups, there's plenty of it. Lyle Talbot is the racing driver, Mary Astor, Frankie Darro, Roscoe Karns. (Apr.)

RED MORNING—RKO-Radio.—The lovely presence of Steffi Duna is the only new thing in this picture. Francis McDonald gives a good performance. Otherwise it's the old stuff of savages sneaking through forests with poisoned spears, etc. (Feb.)

RIGHT TO LIVE, THE—Warners.—Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent capably present Somerset Maugham's drama of a crippled husband whose wife falls in love with his brother. A-1 direction by William Keighley. (May)

ROBERTA—RKO-Radio.—A film treat you shouldn't miss, with Fred Astaire really coming into his own as a top-notch entertainer. An excellent cast, including Ginger Rogers, Irene Dunne, Randy Scott, combined with gorgeous gowns, excellent direction and grand settings, make this one of the most delightful experiences you've ever had in a theater. (May)

★ **ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN**—RKO-Radio.—A well-nigh perfect screen play with Francis Lederer as the immigrant lad who falls in love with Ginger Rogers and wins her with the help of an Irish cop, J. Farrell MacDonald. Excellent cast, flawless direction. (Feb.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—Mary Boland, Charlie Ruggles, SaZu Pitts and Charles Laughton in a humorous, adventurous story about an English valet who comes to America, to Red Gap, and poses as a British Colonel. You'll enjoy it. (March)

RUMBA—Paramount.—You'll like the native rumba dancers, and George Raft and Carole Lombard do some smooth stepping. But the story is obvious. (Apr.)

★ **SCARLET PIMPERNEL, THE**—United Artists.—Leslie Howard at his best as a courageous young Englishman posing as a fop in order to rescue French noblemen from the guillotine. Merle Oberon lovely as his wife. A swift, colorful adventure film. (Apr.)

★ **THE SCOUNDREL**—Hecht - MacArthur - Paramount.—Noel Coward in the cold rôle of a heartless, philandering publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in this magnificently executed character study. Julie Haydon, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridges, Martha Sleeper. (July)

SECRET BRIDE, THE—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, Warren William, Grant Mitchell, Glenda Farrell and Arthur Byron are lost in the wordy maze of this film's plot. (March)

★ **SEQUOIA**—M-G-M.—A beautiful and amazing picture in which the life stories of animals living in the high Sierras will stir you more than any human drama. Jean Parker, Russell Hardie. (Feb.)



Beauty from a bird's eye view. Clarence Sinclair Bull, portrait photographer, and Larry Barbier, pictorial editor at M-G-M, take an altitude shot of seven brunettes picked from the chorus of "Broadway Melody of 1935" and given term contracts. The seven are Bonnie Bannon, Claire Meyers, Lorna Lowe, Mary Lou Dix, Mary Lange, Wanda Perry, Diane Cook. They're potential star material

SHADOW OF DOUBT—M-G-M.—A bow to Constance Collier, a grand old actress who gives a lift to this involved murder mystery. Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey, Arthur Byron, Betty Furness and others lend good support. (Apr.)

SILVER STREAK, THE—RKO-Radio.—The new streamline train is hero of this picture, gallantly racing to Boulder Dam to save the lives of men and to win Sally Blane for Charles Starrett. William Farnum, Hardie Albright, Edgar Kennedy. (Feb.)

SING SING NIGHTS—Monogram.—An interesting and well-sustained screen puzzle centering about three people who confess singly to the murder of munitions smuggler Conway Tearle. (March)

SPRING TONIC—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the persons of Walter King, Tala Birell, ZaSu Pitts and others. Good cast is whipped by unconvincing situations. (July)

★ **STAR OF MIDNIGHT**—RKO-Radio.—William Powell and Ginger Rogers banter through out this sparkling, guaranteed-to-baffle mystery. Irresistible wit eases the tension of the drama; winning performances by all concerned. (June)

STOLEN HARMONY—Paramount.—George Raft and Ben Bernie (with the boys) pool their talents happily to make this a thoroughly enjoyable film. Breezy dialogue, catchy songs, snappy dances. Watch for newcomer Lloyd Nolan. Grace Bradley, Goodee Montgomery, Charles Arnt. (June)

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART—Universal.—Baby Jane Quigley, Roger Pryor and Mary Astor in a trite and obvious story concerning a young politician who discovers love means more to him than being mayor. (May)

STRANGERS ALL—RKO-Radio.—A pip of a simple little family picture. May Robson is the mother who has four children, all as different as the seasons. Preston Foster, James Bush, William Bakewell, Florine McKinney. Bakewell's performance is aces high. (June)

STRANGE WIVES—Universal.—If you think in-laws are a joke, see Roger Pryor's predicament when he marries a Russian Princess (June Clayworth) and in walk in-laws Ralph Forbes, Cesar Romero, Esther Ralston, Walter Walker, Valerie Hobson. (Feb.)

SWELL-HEAD—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, and old-timers Sammy Cohen, the late Mike Donlin and Bryant Washburn. (July)

SWEET ADELINE—Warners.—Nice musical entertainment with sweet melodies, lovely lyrics by Jerome Kern, and charming Irene Dunne. Phil Regan and Hugh Herbert are excellent. (March)

SWEET MUSIC—Warners.—Disregard the story and enjoy Rudy Vallee, debunked, and Ann Dvorak who is sensationally good at dancing, singing and acting. Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks. (May)

SWEEPSTAKE ANNIE—Liberty.—A poor little girl wins a fortune in a sweepstakes and finds plenty of people to help her spend it! Quite an entertaining little drama, in spite of a few limps. (March)

SYMPHONY OF LIVING—Invincible.—Certain emotional power and good music relieve the tedium and pathos of this story of a thwarted genius who finds triumph in the glories of his prodigy. Al Shean, Charles Judels, Lester Lee, Evelyn Brent, John Darrow. (May)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Dolores Del Rio was right pleased when Fay Wray completed her two pictures in England and returned to Hollywood. They are close pals

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

[T really is a pleasure to see and to hear such an actor as Frank Morgan. What this country needs is relief from being bored in these trying times. Frank Morgan gives us that relief in his pictures.

ALAN R. TRUSLOW, New Britain, Conn.

[T'S not *he's* swell nor *she's* swell, but it's *they're* swell. When a husband and wife can put on a show like Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler did in "Go Into Your Dance," I call that a "believe it or not."

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have talent, but Al and Ruby have talent plus personality. I don't just admire them, I love them both. And here's lots of wishes for "Sonny."

MRS. LEE EARHART, Greensburg, Indiana

[N spite of popular criticism, or perhaps because of it, sex and gangster pictures are steadily growing in popularity. Surely from such we can derive nothing but disillusionment and false standards. What we crave is an escape from life's greedy annoyances. And what better escape could we have than the movies, provided we could but raise the standard of the average motion picture program to what it ought to be. Get away from sex and crime, suggestive and irregular love affairs, and all other questionable adventures. After all, what moral lesson can they possibly convey? They merely set exotic, false standards of living for everyone.

MRS. SYBIL DONALDSON, Ottawa, Can

[T was tin can day at the movies. Two tin cans passed any kid in. There were tins of every size, shape, color—and odor. In the midst of it all, a little fellow dragged his small sister up to the box-office and presented three tins. The ticket lady asked where the other tin was.

"Ain't three enough?" he complained. "Two for me, one for sis. She's only half as old and half as big as me"

Letters

The two halves of the world of Photoplay readers may learn what each other thinks

The ticket lady smiled and motioned for the manager. The little boy explained his plight to him. The manager laughed and shook his head. Whereupon, "sis" undid a small bundle she carried, took something from it and thrust the something into the manager's hands "It's for you," she said.

Thus three tin cans and a wilted flower got big brother and little sister into the movies

LESLIE H. LOTT, Hendersonville, N. C

GLORIA SWANSON played the lead in "Music in the Air" looking as young as ever, thanks to Fox studios. Gloria was the most brilliant of screen stars ten years ago and could be the same today with the right direction and story assigned to her. Wonderful as she was in "Music in the Air," it was not the picture for Gloria to display her great talent in

CHARLES G. MCKEE, Winchester, Virginia

WHY not more of Carl Brisson? We have only seen him twice in Australia, but in both pictures he was delightful. What a treat to see an actor who can really do something. Of course, lots of them can act, but Carl Brisson does more, he can sing and dance, as well as being more than ordinarily pleasing to the eye.

VIOLET INGLIS, Randwick, Australia

[HAVE but recently seen Carl Brisson in "All the King's Horses," and I think he was very good. Besides being a good actor, he has



Rumor has linked the name of the petite Mary Brian with the opera and radio tenor, Nino Martini, but here's something to ponder: Nino is escorting the delectable Astrid Allwyn round about Hollywood!



Arline Judge, perched on the stool, visited the Paramount "Accent on Youth" set to watch her husband, Wesley Ruggles, standing over Sylvia Sidney, direct Sylvia and Herbert Marshall, smiling at Arline. That's Romaine, Wesley's secretary, script on knee

a wonderful voice. He should have an opportunity to make more pictures and sing more songs.

LAURICE SHAPOU, New Bern, N. C.

AFTER seeing "It's a Small World," I've realized that it is a pretty small world after all if the artifice of Hollywood can be so successfully applied to the realism of a rural community. "It's a Small World" is by no means a great picture, because it is lacking in plot and theme, but it seems somehow to have caught something more important than that. The picture seems to contain a newer and more complete element of naturalness, both in acting and in photography. It offers a distinctly different technique, one in which the actors are real people doing real things, like breathing and talking and living. And that, to my way of thinking, is something grand.

RALPH C. BYFIELD, Indianapolis, Indiana

WHY, with such capable little actresses as tiny Helen Mack, do the producers continue adding so-called "new talent" to the fold?

Helen Mack has a depth to her acting that few possess and I, for one, should like to see her given rôles worthy of her ability instead of a part such as was hers in "College Rhythm."

D. H. PIUGREE, Waltham, Mass.



AFTER his triumphant appearance on the screen in three films, Tullio Carminati has turned to London for a vacation, after which England will see him on the stage. On his return to America he expects to resume picture-making. Just how long he will be gone, Mr. Carminati himself has no idea

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]



Wally Beery, Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are together in a picture again for the first time in five years. They are the tops in M-G-M's "China Seas." Their last production, as a trio, was "Secret Six"

\$10 RAISE—Fox.—The saga of the routine clerk who can't get married without a ten dollar raise is a delightful story in the capable hands of Edward Everett Horton. Karen Morley is his romance; Alan Dinehart the villain. (June)

TIMES SQUARE LADY—M-G-M.—Virginia Bruce moves another notch toward stardom as the Iowa girl who goes to Broadway to manage some shady enterprises she's inherited. Newcomer Robert Taylor and Pinky Tomlin are grand! (May)

TRANSIENT LADY—Universal.—A murder and a lynching for excitement, Gene Raymond for romance, June Clayworth and Henry Hull for acting, but this story lacks the necessary direction to make it the really powerful stuff it might have been. (May)

TRAVELING SALESLADY—First National.—A light, airy little comedy at which you can just relax and look and laugh. Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh Herbert, William Gargan and Ruth Donnelly. (June)

UNDER PRESSURE—Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as sand hogs engaged in the dangerous business of cutting a tunnel under the East River. Exciting entertainment. (Apr.)

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY, THE—Gaumont-British.—The musical score alone—Franz Schubert's compositions played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—puts this on the must list for music lovers. The film story of the musician's life is interesting too. (March)

UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia.—Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race-track on whom Jack Holt blames a streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Holt, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ **VAGABOND LADY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—A spirited, delightfully mad, and most enjoyable comedy with Robert Young really coming into his own as the captivating scape-grace son of a too, too dignified family. Evelyn Venable is the romantic prize. Good performances, too, by Reginald Denny Frank Craven. (June)

VANESSA—HER LOVE STORY—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes is excellent as Walpole's lovely heroine, but the film as a whole leaves something to be desired. Good portrayals by May Robson and Otto Kruger. Robert Montgomery is inadequate as Benjie. (May)

VILLAGE TALE—RKO-Radio.—A somewhat sordid drama of rural hates, jealousies and thwarted loves, with Randolph Scott, Robert Barrat, Kay Johnson, and a good supporting cast. (July)

WEDDING NIGHT, THE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—A tragic story, beautifully told, with a powerful love theme concerning a Polish farm girl and sensitive young novelist. Anna Sten and Gary Cooper superb in the leads. Excellent support. (Apr.)

WEREWOLF OF LONDON, THE—Universal.—If you like blood-curdling excitement, chills and creeps, you'll enjoy shivering to this shocker with Henry Hull as the werewolf who becomes bestial when the moon is full. Warner Oland, Valerie Hobson, Spring Byington. Leave the children at home (July)

WEST POINT OF THE AIR—M-G-M.—A father-son story, with Wallace Beery as an old Army sergeant and Robert Young his son who returns from West Point, his father's superior officer. In addition to an appealing story, there are some of the most thrilling flight sequences you've ever seen. Maureen O'Sullivan is romantic prize. (May)

WEST OF THE PECOS—RKO-Radio.—A good Western, with lots of action of some clever comedy situations. Richard Dix as the cowboy hero, Martha Sleeper, Louise Beavers, Samuel Hinds and Sleep'n' Eat are all A-1. (Feb.)

WHEN A MAN SEES RED—Universal.—Here Buck Jones, as hard-riding and square shooting as ever, finds himself appointed guardian of pretty Peggy Campbell who inherits the ranch of which Buck is foreman. Lots of chases, trick riding and rescues. (Feb.)

WHILE THE PATIENT SLEPT—First National.—Just another murder mystery, thin in spots. Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee are in top form; Allen Jenkins, Robert Barrat, Lyle Talbot and Patricia Ellis hold up support. But the story sags. (June)

★ **WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE**—Columbia.—Edward G. Robinson, as two other men, gives his finest performance in a brilliant picture. Excellent support by Jean Arthur. (Apr.)

WICKED WOMAN, A—M-G-M.—Good work by the cast lifts this into interesting entertainment. Mady Christians excellent as the woman who kills her husband to save her family. Charles Bickford, Jean Parker, Betty Furness top support. (Feb.)

WINGS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—An aviation story with a heart. Grand performances by Myrna Loy as a stunt flyer, and Gary Grant, her blind aviator lover. (Apr.)

WINNING TICKET, THE—M-G-M.—Comedy capers cut by Ted Healy, Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda over the disappearance of a winning sweepstakes ticket. (Apr.)

WOMAN IN RED, THE—First National.—Sparkling dialogue freshens up this old story of the poor girl married into society. Good performances by Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Raymond and Genevieve Tobin. (May)

WOMEN MUST DRESS—Monogram.—A nice little domestic drama by Dorothy Reid, widow of the still-beloved Wally. Interestingly handled; Minna Gombell's performance is outstanding. (Apr.)



Little Patsy O'Connor, all dressed up in her best bib and tucker, has a chat with her pal Alan Dinehart. They're in "Redheads on Parade"



Dangerous laughter

The laughing lady is Ruthelma Stevens, and Spencer Tracy, tortured by her ridicule, swears to himself that some day he will laugh and she will suffer. It's a dramatic moment from the Fox version of "Dante's Inferno"



E. Gene Robert Ricl

Summer Peril

Carole rhymes with peril—and if you don't think Miss Lombard means danger to a man's heart, you don't know your blondes. Carole posed for the photographer just after returning from a grand vacation. She's at work again now, in Paramount's "Hands Across the Table"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Having conquered the hearts of America, Myrna, at this writing, is giving Europe a break. No, Miss Loy hasn't gone in for foreign films. It is just a long-deserved vacation abroad she is enjoying. During the last few years Myrna has been one of the hardest working stars in films

Conquering Lady



Hurrell

There's a Crowd

But it's a nice crowd when the three are Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone. Joan's the object of both these gentlemen's affections in M-G-M's picture version of the Broadway success, "No More Ladies"

PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS

AND LONG-SHOTS



B Y K A T H R Y N D O U G H E R T Y

PREDICT that a certain delectable shade of blue is going to sweep the country. And like so many new fashions we have the screen to thank for it. This shade happens to typify the second great change that has taken place in motion pictures the past eight years. Indeed, "Becky Sharp blue" is symbolic of the revolution that has overtaken us practically overnight.

Just as in 1927 the "Jazz Singer" set scores of writers to banging excitedly their typewriters, so the press is now enthusiastically proclaiming the triumph of the new-color process as it appears in the film "Becky Sharp." The technicians behind this invention have mastered every color from scarlet to green. So if I pick out and emphasize a certain shade as worn by Miriam Hopkins in the rôle of *Becky*, it is because I know women. When they see her blonde loveliness in perfect harmony with her clothes they are going to be enchanted. The effect will be so realistic. And that, I believe, is the supreme compliment to Dr. Kalmus, who has labored many years to bring Technicolor to its present perfection.

It is an interesting fact, deserving of comment, I think, that when Pioneer Pictures began photographing "Becky Sharp," PHOTOPLAY was the first publication to give the story to the public. That was seven months ago. Not only did this magazine describe the entire technical process, but it also forecast the effect upon the entire motion picture industry, upon the actors themselves and upon picture audiences. Perhaps we were not as omniscient as that statement might make us appear, for the potentialities of the new color art had already been made visible in that miniature but flawless gem, "La Cucaracha," released, like "Becky Sharp," by RKO-Radio. PHOTOPLAY had carried its comment on the great promise indicated by "La Cucaracha," and with the filming of "Becky" it was obvious that a new era in pictures had arrived.

A HAPPY combination of men and circumstances is responsible for this film at this time. "La Cucaracha" had been a trial balloon that proved at the box-office the public's reaction toward color—when that color was in every respect true to what the eye expected. Into the scene came "Jock" Whitney, a young man with his hundred millions of dollars, eager to advance a great art; Robert Edmond Jones, a master of stage settings, who had contributed his fine technique to John Barrymore's "Hamlet," "Mourning Becomes Electra" and a score of other plays; Rouben Mamoulian, master director of Hollywood; Ned E. Depinet, Vice-president of RKO-Radio; and M. H. Aylesworth, President of National Broadcasting Corporation, an affiliate of RKO-Radio. Each man did his part—financial, technical, artistic, with none of the interference of one head with another that too often in picture production has led to a stalemate or a flop.

When you see "Becky Sharp" you'll be sure to note, amid all the brilliance and softness of reds, blues, greens and a score of others, one color I won't have to tell you to look for. You'll find "Becky Sharp blue" for yourself. That is, of course, if you are a woman.

KIDNAP vultures have on several occasions threatened Hollywood, but have never been able to make good their threats. Everyone knows how the youngsters of famous stars are guarded by hefty men displaying formidable "gats." Ann Harding has a very complete system of protective devices about her home and estate to protect her daughter Jane.

The Al Jolsons are also taking exceptional precautions with respect to the recently adopted little Al, Jr. Architects have already designed a "baby wing" to the Jolson mansion. It will be made kidnap-proof. No outsider will be able to approach the baby without setting off alarms. In addition, the wing will constitute one of the most perfect nurseries ever conceived, so far as sanitary conditions dietary arrangements, etc., are concerned. Al and Ruby are putting more money into kidnap and health protectives for the baby than was spent for the famous Dionne quintuplets hospital.

It took the couple a few years to make up their minds about that adoption but they surely are going in for the idea now in a big way.

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S announcement that she is retiring from the stage brings sharply to our attention the fact that the present generation of this famous family of actors has been before the public more years than most of us realize. Ethel, then in her early 'teens, made her stage debut in 1894, as *Julia* in the old Sheridan classic, "The Rivals." Lionel's first theatrical rôle was also in that same play, though a year earlier. His celebrated grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, was also in the cast. John, for a Barrymore, was a little late in getting his start. Not until 1903, at the age of twenty-one, did we find him before a Chicago audience in "Magda." The famous trio vary in age, from John to Lionel, by a little less than four years.

Ethel's retirement is relatively early for the traditions of her family. She is reported as saying that the stage has lost something in recent years. She announces her plan of opening a school of dramatics in Washington. But whether on or off stage or screen, a Barrymore can never be forgotten.

ALLIANCE FILMS, LTD., an English corporation, put on a novel stunt in New York City. They showed previews of ten important films to motion picture magazine editors and film critics—all in five days' time. One each afternoon and evening.

The two that are of special interest to Americans are "Mimi," featuring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Gertrude Lawrence, and "Radio Parade of 1935," "a satire on English broadcasting, with over forty radio, stage and screen stars," as the invitation announced. That gives us all an opportunity to look over a pretty big slice of British talent, at one swoop.

DOWN in Arkansas a college sorority has announced that it will boycott all of Jean Harlow's pictures because she wasn't "nice to the girls." It seems that the sorority clubbed their pin money together and put in a long distance call to Jean. Jean told the telephone operator that she didn't know any one in Arkansas.

Of course, the girls had the kindest intentions in the world, but they shouldn't blame Jean. If those collegians were as much subject as Jean to the calls of the outside world they would understand, forgive and forget. You'll remember how Clark Gable had to fly all over Texas before he could ground his plane because of the crowds at the landing fields.

“Accent on Youth”

Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismatched; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

Now the question — and one of the several possible answers — has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's “Accent on Youth”. . . As a stage play “Accent on Youth” won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.





Robert Edmond Jones, one of the foremost scenic designers of the American stage, an authority on color, who designed the sets, costumes and directed the lighting for "Becky Sharp." Has he had a hand in making history?

Will "BECKY SHARP" REVOLUTIONIZE HOLLYWOOD?

If ever Hollywood was rooting for a picture, the whole town was rooting for the triumph of "Becky Sharp." To begin with, no more significant production has come out of Hollywood since Al Jolson sang a mammy song in "The Jazz Singer," first of the successful talking pictures that revolutionized the entire industry. The history of motion pictures has been marked frequently by such revolutionary milestones since D. W. Griffith produced "The Birth of a Nation," which proved the limitless scope of spectacle upon the screen.

Now, after more than a year of preparation and the expenditure of more than a million dollars, comes "Becky Sharp," first feature-length film to introduce the new full color Technicolor process. Upon the slim shoulders of this heroine of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," rests the responsibility of hurrying or retarding the next great step in Hollywood progress—color. No wonder all of Hollywood kept anxious eyes on "Becky Sharp," for the future of Hollywood was in this pioneering color film.



A no more significant movie has been turned out since the first talkie than this the first feature-length, all-color production

Then, too, Hollywood, good old blasé Hollywood, was intrigued by the organization of the aptly named Pioneer Pictures just as Americans have always been intrigued by the drama of typically American success stories. There was drama aplenty in the story behind the making of "Becky Sharp," drama that encompassed accidents, illnesses, even death. Hollywood knows the whole amazing story and you should, too.

Its beginning might be said to date back ten years. It was

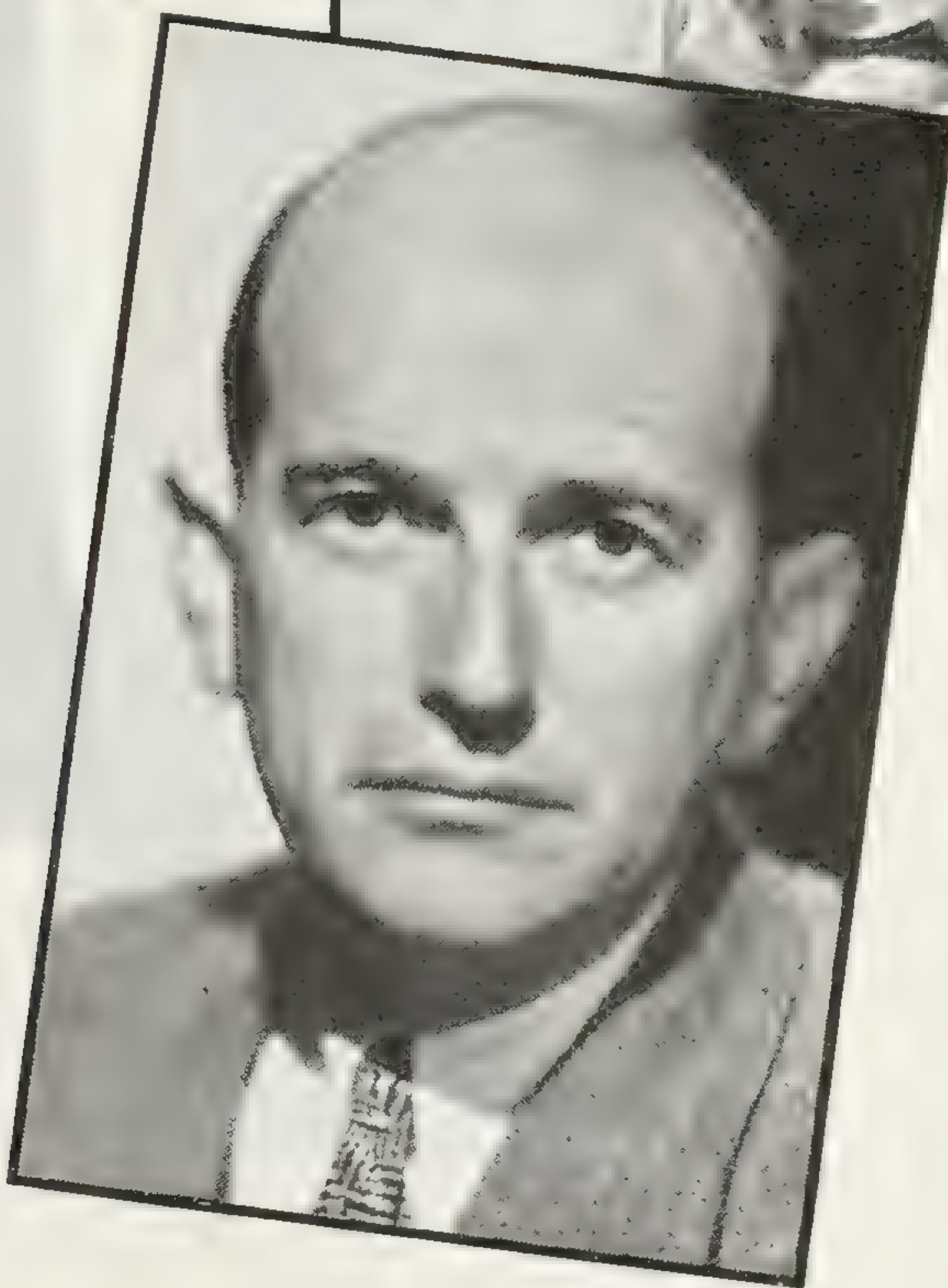
By JACK GRANT



Miriam Hopkins (seen with G. P. Huntley, Jr.) is in the title rôle of the new color film. Upon the slim shoulders of Thackeray's heroine rests much of the responsibility of hurrying or retarding Hollywood's programs



Rouben Mamoulian, directing a scene between Miriam Hopkins and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, sees color as an emotional factor. How far will his ideas go?



Kenneth MacGowan as producer has carried the burden of the hindrances in the year's preparation and the spending of a million on "Becky"

in the fall of 1925 that Meriam C. Cooper with his partner, Ernest Schoedsack, emerged from the Malay jungles with a completed motion picture they called "Chang." That their picture became one of the most successful wild animal films ever made was not the source of as much pride on Cooper's part as might be imagined. He mourned the product of a year's hard work and privation because it was not good enough. The real beauty of the jungle had escaped the camera. Nothing

in black and white could capture or re-create the tropical riot of colors.

An obsession for color photography literally consumed Cooper. He talked color night and day. "We do not live in a black and white world. Why should we have only black and white motion pictures?" he asked.

No one seriously listened to Cooper. Then he met Dr. Herbert Thomas Kalmus, founder of Technicolor, who had been experimenting with color photography since 1915. One of the first color films, "Toll of the Sea," was produced in a two-color process in 1921, but Dr. Kalmus and his associates were still striving for its improvement. The meeting of Cooper and Kalmus marked the crossing of the paths of our first two characters in the drama behind the making of "Becky Sharp."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

The PRIVATE LIFE of Ginger Rogers

**She's the riddle of Hollywood
—this incomparable dancing
favorite and madcap girl of
the screen who has gone quiet**

By WARREN REEVE

"EW and I haven't been to a Hollywood party since we were married," admitted Ginger Rogers cheerfully.

And by the way she said it, I suddenly knew that a whole lot of pity was being wasted on Ginger Rogers.

The prosaic home life of Ginger and Lew Ayres persists in puzzling a town which just can't understand how a star as gaily alive and glamorous as Ginger can be



There are those in Hollywood who claim Lew Ayres has a hermit complex and keeps his spirited wife too far removed from the bright spots which once she frequented. But Ginger loves her new domesticity. Bride and groom, above, coming out of the Little Church of the Flowers. Then they skipped off.

content with a soda-pop existence when her personality seems to cry for champagne.

There have been rumors and speculations, guesses and gossip about Ginger's happiness ever since she married Lew Ayres. There have been crocodile tears shed in abundance for the spirited, life-loving girl who dropped out of the bright-light circuit when she married a boy with what you might call a hermit complex.

I would like you to see about all this yourself.

But first, I would like to flash back for a bit of a prologue, a bit of a prologue, ladies and gents.

It was the night of their first date. And what a night! They stood together, shaking and uncomfortable in the lobby of the theater after a first act about which neither could remember a thing.

Any particular vibrations their newly acquainted personalities might have cooked up were sadly shamed by the seismic nip-ups of an expiring earthquake, which had decided to celebrate this auspicious occasion by tumbling a few assorted Southern California towns to the ground and panicking Hollywood and environs into a state of hysteria.

He was nervous because he thought she was afraid. She had the jitters because she knew darned well she *was* afraid—and she knew he was nervous.

Their eyes bumped in furtive sidewise glances.

"Let's get out of here."

"Let's," she said.

"What'll we do?" he asked.

They say that at times like these—in critical moments of great natural drama—fires, earthquakes, floods—the real individual comes out—people bare their true souls.

"Let's go somewhere," said Ginger Rogers to Lew Ayres, "and play ping-pong!"

There you are. Of course, it doesn't prove anything. But it and a whole lot of other things endow me with more than a sneaking suspicion that Ginger Rogers rather fancies the way she and Lew Ayres go about their own particular design for living, which is so utterly incomprehensible to Hollywood and which anyone will tell you marks them as Hollywood's most humdrum couple.

In fact, I would go so far as to say that it's every bit as much her idea as his, which—can you take it?—plunges me into a second prologue—or maybe it's just the last half of the first.

It was the eve of their wedding. Inside the Little Church of the Flowers, festooned and blossom-fragrant, they stood before the holy man who had just pronounced them man and wife. The bride, radiant, shimmering and lovely in the too, too exquisite altar creation for which she had travelled six thousand miles, raised her lips. The groom, in the very first morning coat and gray striped trousers of his experience (especially tailored for the occasion), complete with stock gardeniaed lapel and with his damp brow still creased with the red imprint of an unaccustomed topper, lowered his. (Lips, of course!)

Outside, bug-eyed thousands pressed perspiring guards. Beyond at the Ambassador Hotel well wishing friends crowded to the elaborate wedding reception.

They kissed. Everybody sighed. Whispered Mrs. Lew Ayres in her new mate's good ear—

"Let's get out of here!"

"But the reception—"

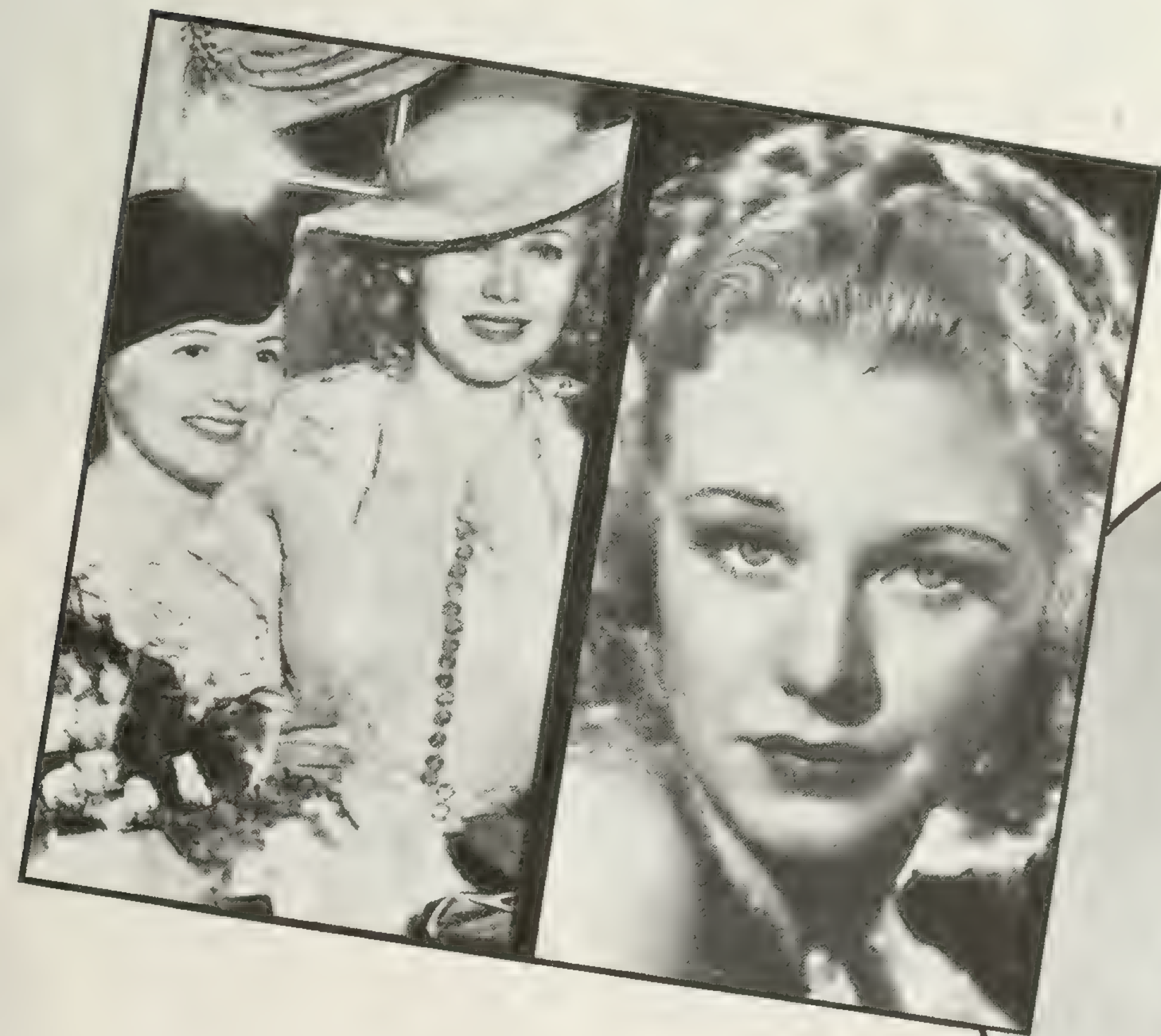
"Let's skip it—I'll meet you in some *real* clothes."

And the going away outfit of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ayres (née Ginger Rogers) as they fled in a Ford for the mountains, would hardly have made the style section of the Leadville Bugle.

Lew sported squeaking corduroys, a lumberjack shirt and an old battered hat he had acquired at the World's Fair for fifty cents. Ginger blushed properly in beach slacks, sweater, a somewhat age-blackened leather coat and a beret!

That'll be all the prologues. Now down to current cases.

It is true that Mr. and Mrs. Lew Ayres at home [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]



The Texas personality girl with pumpkin-seed hair, fresh out of high school, made all the parties and met all the people when she first came to Hollywood. Now she is a glamorous dancer of stardom. But she reflects the happiness of her new home life, a quiet life. Her pet Siamese's name is "Sime"



THE SEX-JINX

If you have it, advertise. If you haven't, advertise just the same. There's



Peggy Hopkins Joyce said: "I don't think anyone has been really in love with me, but it doesn't matter, because nobody would believe it." Lupe Velez cleverly "sold" her appeal, while Jean Harlow may be "emotionally cool" after all

By MARY

WHEN Elinor Glyn gave out her now famous dictum, the sex-shot that was heard around the world—"You either have *IT* or you haven't it," she forgot one important reservation!

You don't even need it, if you can fool people into thinking you have it!

The "name" for lure-appeal is as good as the "game" at the box-office; and no place in the world is this more true than in Hollywood, where we really prefer to be fooled, if the act is good enough.

I'll never forget something Peggy Hopkins Joyce said when she was in Hollywood for a picture a couple of years ago. Peggy, whose chief claim to man-trapping seemed to lie in a perfectly gorgeous disposition and an almost touching sense of gratitude, let down her braids one afternoon and remarked: "I haven't been in love with anyone for years and I don't think

anyone has been really in love with me. But it doesn't matter, because no one would believe it—and so my box-office goes on just the same!"

I know Jean Harlow pretty well, and it is my personal opinion that she is an emotionally cool girl. Jean is attracted to the type of man who pampers and babies her rather than to the thrill-packing Clark Gables of life, as witness the mature, older-type men she has married. Yet people look at me as though I'd taken leave of my senses when I advance this theory. Jean's reputation for T. N. T. and sex-dynamite is so firmly planted that she could trade on her siren-reputation the rest of her life if she never looked at another man.

Mae West talks the best sex-appeal you've ever heard. The world, the more important, Hollywood, is completely sold on the idea that Mae slays 'em. The result is the pleasant tinkle of silver running through the box-office. Every new husband-

ON STARDOM

the formula that brings success in Hollywood. They believe what you tell them



Robert Young can't get away from the effects of his conventional private life. The public tacks a non-sex label on him. Claudette Colbert turned vamp with startling results. Rumors Charles Boyer was flirting won many admirers



ANDERSON

claim to crop up is just so much fuel on the bonfire of her reputation. So Mae, who has devoted the last fifteen years of her life to her work, can go on her hard-working way unworried . . . with a wise-crack now and then serving the same purpose as a new scalp at her belt!

Merle Oberon, with the generous sprinkling of freckles across her nose, laughed when she said:

"I'm glad the reputation for being a charmer preceded me to Hollywood. Now I don't have to do anything about it. The men will automatically flirt with me and the women will automatically dislike me."

Lupe Velez has lasted for years, and outlasted far stronger talents than her own on the strength of her "bad, bad Lupe" salesmanship. Another way of saying it is, "smart, smart Lupe" . . . smart Mae, clever Jean and super-clever Peggy Joyce.

But if the reputation for having sex-appeal can work miracles . . . the reputation for *not having it* can put a blight on the most promising career in Hollywood!

In spite of Hays office rulings and clean-up drives Glamour . . . Lure . . . Personal Excitement are still the open sesame to screen opportunity. Sell Hollywood and you've sold the world!

The system is a cinch; romance rumors to the gossip columnists; a new escort with every new gown; scads of orchids if you have to send them to yourself; a narrowed-eye and a slanting eyebrow, coupled with just the vaguest hint that your new leading man is intrigued . . . and the smarties of Hollywood fall hook, line, and sinker.

On the other hand, you could have the innate, but unadvertised, lure of a Cleopatra, and the acting ability of a Bernhardt or a Mansfield. and if you don't [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

I KNOW MYRNA LOY— BUT NOT VERY WELL



In her quiet way, Myrna Loy is proud of her work in "Broadway Bill," with Warner Baxter



Hollywood tried hard to type Myrna in Oriental and half-breed rôles which she disliked



Myrna Loy's shyness permits her to unfold her charm and beauty only before the camera

THERE are three stories going the rounds why Myrna Loy is absent-without-leave in Europe as this is written:

First, that she did a run-out on "Masquerade," retitled "Escapade," because the unsophisticated heroine was not congenial and because she believed she could not do her best work.

Second, that M-G-M replaced her with Luise Rainer in the cast opposite William Powell as a disciplinary step over contract and salary arguments

The third concerns the insistent rumor that Myrna will become the bride of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., as soon as his legal separation from his wife becomes final in divorce. And Hornblow is now in Europe on business.

But, as is usually the case with anything directly concerning

the red-headed girl who shared box-office honors with Claudette Colbert for the most successful picture of the past year, *no one knows a darn thing about the truth*

of any of it! Simply because they don't know!

If Garbo's isolation has earned her the title of Hollywood recluse; if Dietrich's Teutonic sullenness sets her apart as our leading "mystery," then, surely, our own Montana-bred Myrna is the authentic Miss X of Hollywood—the provocative "unknown quality."

Searching about for story angles on Myrna, the puzzled Hollywood writer is invariably met with the press agent query: "Why not do a story on the angle of *The Star Without Stardom* . . . or those tricks that have come to mean stardom with the average player? Why, she's never been out of the State in ten



Many call her the star without stardom yet they find no explanation for her utter indifference to publicity. She is actually miserable in the spotlight

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Montana-bred Myrna Loy is the authentic Miss X about Hollywood. No one seems to know the *whys* to the riddle of her personality

Despite her success in "The Thin Man," Myrna feels that too many pictures with even William Powell is not a good thing for either

years until recently. Only been in Montana and California in her whole life. Never seen a Broadway play (this was before her recent flight), never been married, never been rumored engaged to a millionaire, never had her name on the front page of a newspaper. She behaves more like somebody's secretary than a famous actress." So you say: "Yes—but *why?*"

That's where you have them.

No one seems to know the *whys* to the riddle of her strange, evasive personality.

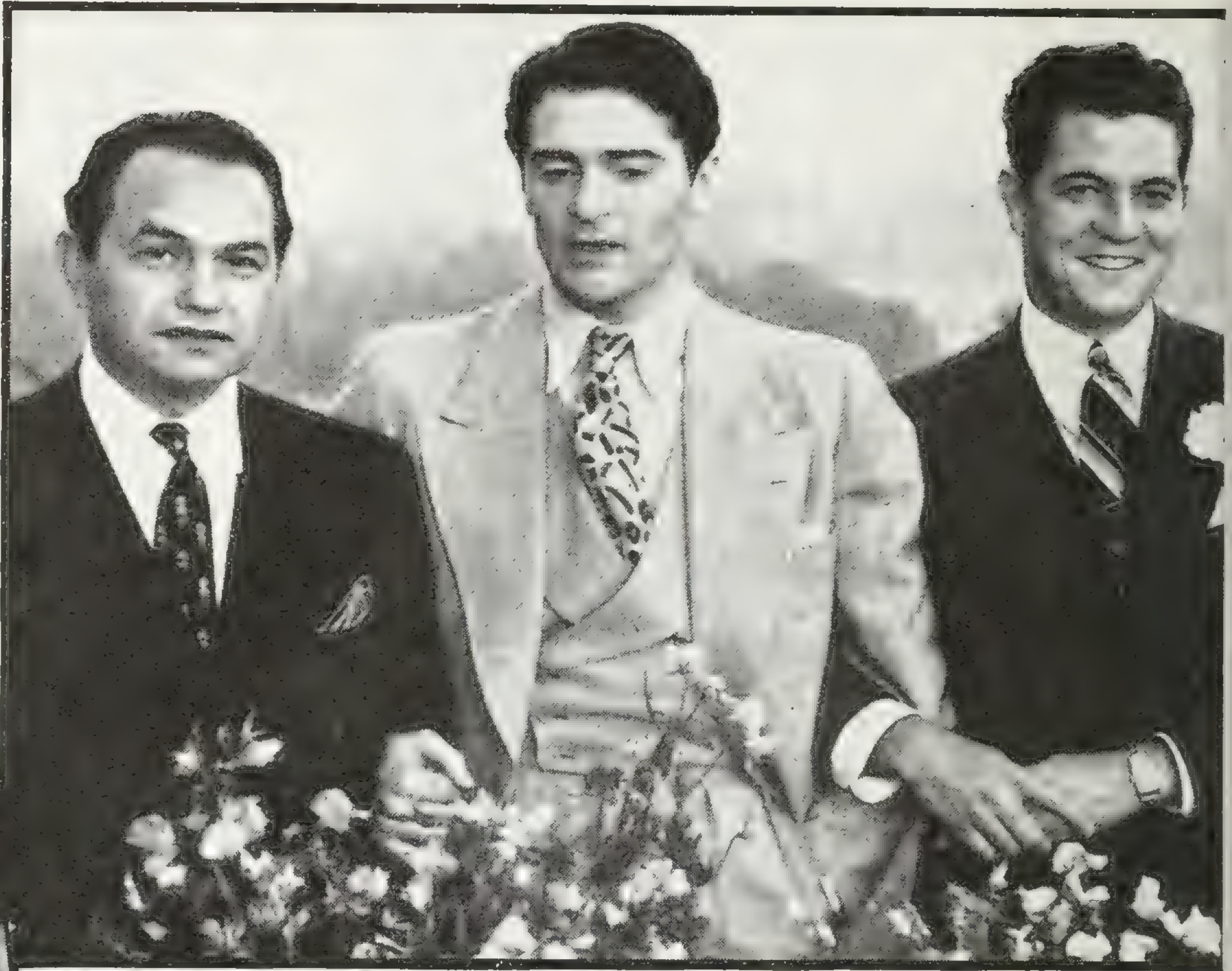
For the past six months Myrna and I have enjoyed the status of tenant and landlord, respectively. Last October she rented my home in Westwood for six months; and it was from the old ancestral manse that she shook the dust of Hollywood, M-G-M and Westwood from her slender heels during business battles (anyway, I hope that leak in the roof had nothing to do with it).

It is typical of the secretive way [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87]

CALYORK'S GOSSIP



All alone! Regal Dolores Costello who has finally sued tempestuous John Barrymore for a divorce and a flat settlement of \$75,000 attends a peaceful symphony concert



Ernst Lubitsch and his inseparable cigar were hosts at a gathering honoring Princess Catherine of Greece (left). Also there were Gladys Swarthout (opera star), Jeanette MacDonald and Marlene Dietrich

LELA ROGERS called up her daughter, Ginger.

"The apartment's on fire!" she shouted
"We'll be right over," said Ginger.

When they arrived the blaze was out. Lew Ayres, carrying his ever present miniature movie camera, was disgusted and bitterly disappointed.

"I wanted to get some fire shots," he explained.

That's how bad the movie making bug has bitten Lew

MAE WEST'S tastes in art are simple.

In her gold-and-white apartment in the fashionable Ravenswood in Hollywood, Mae has but one picture in the front room.

It is a painting of herself a bit *au naturel* and it's labeled "Sex."

Incidentally, Mae's skyscraper ménage is now in the hands of a new majordomo. Daisy is her name. She took the place of Mae's former maid Libby, who succumbed to the lure of the camera. Libby now goes in exclusively for the celluloid drama. She's making a

picture with Walter Wanger, affectionately known in Hollywood as "The Lone Star Wanger."

MISS DVORAK," quavered an ardent collegiate admirer on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, "will you scratch your name on my new car?"

Ann gasped. Such a nice, shiny new car. "I don't want to do that," she protested.

But he wanted her to—so there you are—another concession to the autograph craze.

OF HOLLYWOOD



Nino Martini, the latest movie "find" from the opera and radio fields, now under the Fox banner, was the guest of honor at a party given by Jesse Lasky. Everybody who was anybody was there. You'll readily recognize this galaxy: Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Bob Hoover and Anita Louise ('tis said it's a romance!), then Frank Morgan, Mr. Lasky, Janet Beecher, and last but far from least, Nino Martini, in person



Presenting another well-known couple at the Lasky festivities for Nino Martini: readily recognizable, Herbert Marshall, Gloria Swanson, and a friend

Ann appeared at the University while in San Francisco.

BET you didn't know that Lyle Talbot's name is "Lysle Hollywood Talbot," but, if you do, then you'll know it's no gag when you read here that his grandmother Hollywood has been visiting him.

Grandmother Hollywood is a sprightly little lady from Omaha, Nebraska. Maybe she thought she had better run out and look over these girls she'd been reading about who were toying with her grandson's heart. Anyway, when she arrived a few weeks ago, Lyle took her on a tour of the night spots and held a few gay Hollywood parties for her. She made a big hit with everyone, but she did *not* try to crash the movies. Said Omaha might be a little dull after the visit but it was better for a steady diet

CHARLIE FARRELL and Ralph Bellamy started their Palm Springs Racquet Club for pleasure.

Then they discovered, after the season was over, that they'd cleared \$49 on the sandwich stand and had cleared their investment carrying charges.

Next year they're going to expand. Two new courts and a membership campaign.



Virginia Bruce's latest escort is a count, Count Carpegna. They are about to join the host of celebrities at the noted gathering place, the Trocadero



Do you recognize the gentleman? It's Harold Lloyd with Mrs. Lloyd, left, and it looks as though Harold is getting off a story for Joan Marsh's delight



Paul Muni takes time out from his heavy dramatic rôles and escorts Mrs. Muni to the popular Children's Benefit show, in which they take a very lively interest

Can this be possible? Here's Howard Hughes as escort to the delectable Merle Oberon at the Children's Benefit and looking glum! But Merle seems to be far, far away as well!



It was Frank Fay's honor (and he seems well pleased about it) to be Master of Ceremonies at the Benefit. Wife Barbara Stanwyck is quite delighted, also. Frank and Barbara are the closest of family twosomes in all Hollywood. Great pals

Hollywood so far has given them grand support—because most of Hollywood is in Palm Springs during the winter—that is, outside of working hours.

RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI, the famous foreign director, was a bit late on the set that morning. To make matters worse, he was holding up a horde of extras

As he finally entered, one of the \$7.50-a-day boys, unaware of his nearness, said, "What does that Russian so-and-so mean, holding us up like this?"

Boleslawski stepped up and bowed.

"Pardon me," he said, "you mean that Polish so-and-so."

YOU won't have much trouble running a popularity contest at Warner Brothers since Marion Davies moved in.

Whenever Marion is hungry or thirsty on

her set she assumes everyone else is too. So instead of ordering sandwiches for herself, she orders mammoth trays. And instead of orange juice in glasses, she commands buckets for the entire crew.

Nice lady.

IN Copenhagen, capital of Jean Hersholt's homeland, Denmark, there is a meeting place for all good Americans known as the "State Park."

There they gather on Fourth of Julys and such to ease their nostalgia. About the place hang flags of every state in the Union—except Oklahoma.

Recently Jean approached Will Rogers and asked him to send a flag of his native state where it was sadly lacking. The gift would be most welcome and appreciated, he said.

"Dern," said Will, "I don't even know what the state flag looks like."

Volunteered a nearby helper: "They're all in the dictionary, Mr. Rogers."

"That doesn't help me," said Will, "I know less about the dictionary than I do about state flags!"

ANN DVORAK'S comeback trail has been a rough one. The girl who zoomed starwards after "Scarface" has never recaptured her promise since she deserted films for her honeymoon with Leslie Fenton.

But now in "G Men"—the reverse English on the "Scarface" picture—Ann has apparently hit her stride again. When the picture was released, she was billed third, beneath Margaret Lindsay. But so many people wrote to Warners protesting that she should be right next to Jimmy Cagney that they've changed the order. And that changed her status at the studio. Now she's a Number One leading lady.



Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March (the beautiful Florence Eldridge) were no small part of the throng of great and small which turned out for the Benefit which will provide aid to many underprivileged children about Hollywood

Above, Stephen Ames is obviously a great deal more interested in wife Raquel Torres than in what is going on on the stage at the Benefit. Can you blame him, say we?

Here's a foursome you see frequently palling around: Sandra Shaw and handsome husband Gary Cooper, exotic Dolores Del Rio and husband-star director Cedric Gibbons

YOU'LL never know just how happy the double arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix's sons made Hollywood's most expanding proud papa.

Rich has been praying for a son ever since the stork flapped his wings. Nothing against daughters, at all, for Rich is devoted to his daughter. But daughters change names, and it just happens that there are only two Brimmers (his real name) in the country—Rich and his father. And now there are four

Incidentally, the Dix's hadn't decided on names for the two husky "football players" when I talked them over with Richard. But when he was a kid, his nick name was "Pete."

So the monikers, *pro tem*, are "Pete" and "Re-Pete."

THE Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern "orchid feud" put a crimp in Cupid's arrows—but it did all right for art.

Gene and Ann, working together in "Hooray for Love," started a romance, which looked verra, verra promising to Hollywood. Then a columnist, doubtless twisting his black moustache, wrote that Gene sent Ann orchids daily. Gene denied vehemently, saying he wouldn't send orchids to *any* gal. And this burned Ann to cinders.

Well—the air was a bit frigid the rest of the picture—and what made it worse was that the big love scenes hadn't been shot!

Just to show you that everything's backwards in Hollywood—when they were made, they turned out to be the best love scenes either Gene or Ann had ever made!

But it didn't patch things up privately.

AN ardent press agent at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released to the waiting world the news that Clark Gable was planning to cut short a glorious career as a star in 1940

Immediately Clark was besieged by anxious inquiries about his "five year plan."

Said Clark with honest humility: "I haven't any such plan. How do I know I'll even be here in 1940? How do I know I'll last that long on the screen? I'll have to wait until 1940 to tell you about my plans."

THE erection of Connie Bennett's Holmby Hills house was a drawn out saga in Hollywood. Connie busied herself about the building for the many months that the carpenters toiled on it.

It was practically a career.

Then when it was finally finished, after a labor of love, she went down town on one afternoon off from the studio and bought all the furniture for the whole house—in four hours! It was auspiciously warmed with a very fancy and official housewarming

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112 |

Rochelle did not know Rogers in Claremore, Oklahoma, but now he calls her "Ro-shelley" and she always calls him "Uncle Bill." He is grand to her, too



On the Set With WILL ROGERS

As told by

ROCHELLE HUDSON

to REGINALD TAVINER

After making four pictures with her fellow townsman of world fame, this pretty ingénue tells us how Will behaves in the studio

WELL maybe all Will Rogers does know is what he reads in the papers—but you should see the stacks and stacks of papers he reads!

I've watched him reading them now while playing with him in four of his recent pictures—"Doctor Bull," "Mr. Skitch," "Judge Priest" and "Life Begins at 40"—and although reading newspapers isn't all Will Rogers does on the set by a long shot, his newspaper reading would be considered a career in itself by almost any other man. And all he knows is undoubtedly the reason why Vice-President Garner sent him the telegram he did

It seems that each year, according to an old Washington custom, the Vice-President has to give a dinner to the President and his Cabinet. It seems also that Garner had never been known to stay up until nine P.M. and that presidential dinners ordinarily begin then. And President Roosevelt, well aware of all this, was "ribbing" his running-mate a bit

Anyway, it was while we were making "Doctor Bull" that Will—who will hereinafter be called Bill because that's what he's always called at the studio—told us on the set that when the usual time came for the presidential dinner and Mr. Garner had apparently decided to skip it so that he could go to bed at his accustomed hour, Mr. Roosevelt wrote him a letter asking, in effect, "What about that dinner you're supposed to give me?"



"Uncle Bill is the exact opposite of a lens hog," says Rochelle. He lets her have all the breaks in photography. But he likes to do the talking himself



The next day Bill got the telegram from Mr. Garner saying, "What do I do?" Bill immediately wired back to hold everything—he'd fly right over. He did, and in Washington he arranged for a bang-up bill of talent to come and entertain at the dinner, and among the acts was a juggler from New York, to whom Bill gave certain instructions.

Bill fixed everything beautifully. President Roosevelt and all the Cabinet ministers, all waiting for Mr. Garner to nod off in his chair so that they could give him the works, never got the chance. Bill kept his eye on the Vice-President constantly, and every time he suspected Mr. Garner might be getting sleepy he gave the juggler a wink. Whereupon the juggler would start juggling, let a few dinner plates and so on come down on the floor with a crash.

Vice-President Garner stayed awake until the wee small hours of the morning and that is why, when the dinner was given this year, we had to finish up "Life Begins at 40" so that Bill could attend. Mr. Garner wired him again to come without fail—and to be sure and bring the juggler with him.

That's just one of the stories Bill loves to tell when he grows reminiscent on the set, and when Bill grows reminiscent the cameras wait.

Nothing is photographed at such times, of course, because we're not in front of the cameras. Just the same, there are millions of feet of priceless Rogers film left on the Fox cutting-room floors because of Bill's habit of ad libbing his dialogue as he goes along. Nobody ever knows just what he's going to do or just what he's going to say.

Incidentally, my own four pictures with him are probably some sort of a record for an ingénue in Rogers films. You never know when your cue is coming or whether you're going

to get it at all. I know that in my own case listening for cues that never came had me ad libbing to myself in my sleep long before my first picture with Bill was finished.

Just occasionally, however, Bill himself goes "up" in his lines. I remember in particular one scene in "Life Begins at 40" which we took fifteen times, and that's a record for a Rogers picture. In the scene Bill and I were walking down a street and he had one of those long philosophical dialogues of his to say. Bill always rewrites his script so that yours is quite useless and even after he's rewritten it he changes it some more with every take.

Previous to taking this scene I had been following him around the set asking him; "Bill, what are you going to say?" and when George Marshall, the director, called us I still hadn't the remotest idea. I told George so.

"Just sit tight," he replied, "and we'll see what happens."

What actually happened was that we took it twelve times, over and over, each time Bill stubbing his tongue somewhere. By some miracle I managed to come in just right each time. Then, on the thirteenth take, Bill got his long speech off perfectly—and I blew up.

I just stood there with my mouth wide open, staring at him, and couldn't say a thing. The whole scene, of course, was ruined.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



MAE WEST TALKS

"I'm a single gal with a single track mind, and it doesn't run to matrimony," Mae says, emphatically



Mae West is not only an ardent fight fan (seen here at a bout), but a scrapper in her own right, as eight men who phoned and called her "wife" know to their own sorrow

"Every time the postman rings," says Mae, "I get a dozen proposals. I ought to sue 'husbands' for alienation of propositions." She's with Paul Cavanagh, "Goin' to Town"

"MARRIAGE," said Mae West, "is wonderful!" "Of course," she added, "I'm just guessing, but it must be wonderful. Already I've got for a husband a dozen guys I've never met. Peggy Hopkins Joyce can't tie that."

Hollywood's Number One bachelor girl, grass widow or spouse (you name it) flashed her famous upper row of ivory and then curtained it quickly with serious lips. Her arched brows lowered.

"Look here," she said, "you say you want to know the truth about my 'marriage.' Well, if you want to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, I'm beginning to get just a little burned up about this whole marriage business. It was funny for a while—even to me. Then I got a little annoyed. Now I'm getting just plain sore. I didn't mind it so much when it was just one marriage—but now it's practically bigamy!"

We were talking, of course, about the completely crazy-quilt pattern of mixed dates, double identities, confusing coincidences and controversial claims which have made the marital (or un-marital) status of La Belle West on a puzzling par with the eternal hen-egg-egg-hen dispute. Did she or didn't she? Is she or isn't she? Newspapers have even printed editorials congratulating Mae on pushing Hitler's jingoistic jitters and the Veterans' Bonus off the front page.

It was the first time Mae had unbossed herself on the subject which she had just confessed, was giving her fits. Up until now she had contented herself with a rapid fire volley of telephonic "no's" to all questions, ranging from the laughing, amused "No" to the dangerous, now-you-lay-off-of-me "NO!"

"There's a saying," she reminded, "that when a woman says 'maybe' she means 'yes' and when she says 'no' she means 'maybe.' But not me. When I said 'no'—I didn't mean maybe!"

Just picture a penthouse—or anyway an apartment—way up in the sky. All in white and gold and satin and silk. With a couple of polar bear skins spread out on the floor to lend their cooling effect to the heated lady of the house in a mood to slam the door on the Fuller brush man's foot. And all because a scattered crop of Mae Wests and Frank Wallaces had apparently put the Marrying Mdivanis to shame—and put all the answers up to Mae.

"Since the first of the year," Mae revealed, "eight different guys have called me up to tell me I married 'em. In Oshkosh or Oscaloosa, in Tulsa or Toledo. Now it's Milwaukee and points East. They've been traveling men, singing waiters dance men, reporters—but not a single millionaire—darn it!"

"Which makes it bigamy—and big o'me, too, if you'll stand for a punk pun. The point is," pointed Mae, "I like a laugh, like anyone else. I've got an elastic sense of humor—but if you stretch it too far, it snaps. A gag is a gag—and if this one gave the guy a chance for a job, then it's all right, with me. But the gag has gone too far."

The determined jaw of Battling Jack West's daughter settled back into place. She smiled.

"It's all right to have a man around the house," she explained, "but when you wake up every morning to find a new husband with your grapefruit—say, I'm beginning to feel like the Dionne quintuplets. When you come up to see me now you have to look cross-eyed—or use mirrors."

"Getting down to one particular lord and master," I said "what about this Frank Wallace in New York?"

Mae dropped a stitch with her eyebrows. "Well—*what* about him?" she repeated. "I'm like Will Rogers—all I know is what I read in the papers, and I've quit reading about Wallace. I never went much for the comics, anyway."

"He says you married him in Milwaukee."

ABOUT HER "MARRIAGE"

To
KIRTLEY BASKETTE



Frank Wallace of New York might have paraphrased the title of one of Mae's pictures, "She Done Him Wrong." He claims that Mae's denial has made him suffer

"It was funny for a while—even to me," says Mae. "It wasn't so bad when it was just one marriage, but now it's practically bigamy!"



Genial Jim Timony, Mae's manager, has not escaped the "husband" touch. They labeled him such last year



Mae's "Belle of the Nineties" (with Roger Pryor) could apply to the number of males who are yelping that she deserted them

"The only thing I know about Milwaukee," said Mae, "is that they make beer there. It's pretty good beer—but it never was good enough to make me get married and then forget about it."

"Then," I rallied, "he says you played Omaha."

"Wrong again," said Mae, "I picked Nellie Flag. Us girls have got to stick together," she explained. "I wish I had played Omaha," she sighed wistfully, "on the nose."

"Pardon me," I said, "but I mean the town."

"Oh," said Mae, "I thought you meant the horse. Well, either way, it's a horse on me. I never played either one."

"This Wallace quotes certain figures," I began.

"I've heard some favorable quotes on mine," interrupted Mae.

"Let's take a look at his figures—" I began again.

"You wouldn't be interested in taking a look at mine, would you?" queried Mae. "I think it speaks for itself. What do you think?"



All these so-styled ex-husbands of Mae's have quoted heart-balm figures. "But," says Mae, "I've heard some favorable quotes on mine." And these two pictures can well bear that out

"I'm not thinking," I assured her. "Do you mind if I open a window?"

"Not at all," said Mae, "but don't fall out—and don't shout for help."

"Hardly," I replied gallantly. "Now about these husbands—"

"Husbands," said Mae airily, "are all right in their place."

"But you never placed one?"

"Listen—" said Mae, poking the polar bear rug with a determined French heel, "let's get this settled once and for all. *I'm not married. I never have been married.* Not to Frank Wallace. Not to Jim Timony, my manager—they used that one last year. Not to that fellow in Texas—what was his name—Burmeister? Nor to the guy in Illinois, nor to anybody else. Shall I draw a diagram? I'm a single gal with a single-track mind—and it doesn't run to matrimony."

"Well—that seems to be that," I gasped. "You wouldn't be kidding me?"

Mae's glance missed me and killed a fly on the wall.

"And another thing," she proceeded in the same tone of voice, "if I ever do get married, nobody is going to have to dig around into a lot of records to find out about it. After a girl has put a lot of time and effort into getting her man, she's got a right to brag about it. Believe me, I'll brag plenty."

"I can say then," said I, "that you consider marriage a commendable condition?"

"Marriage," quoted Mae, "is a great institution. As I've always said, no family should be without it. What's the matter, don't you feel well?"

"I was just wondering," I ventured, to explain that vacant look, "how come with your-uh-appeal, you've managed to stay in that well known state of single blessedness as long as you—uh—say you have?"

"Stop wondering," said Mae. Her eyes became serious, "In the first place, I've never felt up until just recently that I could



get married, if I'd wanted to. My folks made a lot of sacrifices for me when I was a kid. We were a family that was close together. I had obligations as long as my mother and dad were alive. My life hasn't been any bed of roses. I never felt anything like secure until just recently. I've never felt free to get married."

I knew the story of Mae's devotion to her parents. It was a pretty fine thing, as anyone in Hollywood knows

She shook off the serious mood with a grin.

"Besides," she said, "maybe I've never met the right guy—one that I liked well enough to tie up with for life."

"No chances?"

"What do you mean, 'no chances'?" Mae bridled, "say, every time the postman rings twice I get a dozen proposals from guys who must have gone to school at a mail order college. Not bad, either. Of course, there was the widower who said he'd let me mother his six kids, but then there was another from a gent in some foreign country who wanted to make me a duchess, or a maharanee—maybe it was a queen. And that reminds me—since the papers have been full of this marriage stuff, I don't get as many offers [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]



NO wonder Irene Hervey photographs beautifully. She's had a lot of practice at it. Irene's father was a picture-taker in Santa Monica, and his daughter grew up around cameras, so she doesn't scare. She is considered one of the most promising young actresses on the Metro lot

WHAT REALLY HAPPENS TO MOVIE CHILDREN?

Here's the answer to that question by the mother of one of the few really "gifted children" in pictures. It's the true story of little Anne Shirley

By HELEN WHITFIELD



The Anne of today and the Anne of only three years ago. She's growing! At left she's taking a cameraman's eye view of the set. Above (down front, second from right) as the Czar Nicholas' youngest daughter in "Rasputin and the Empress"

THIRTEEN years ago a frail, travel-stained woman, carrying a heavy three-year-old child, stood beside a meager pile of luggage in the Los Angeles Santa Fe station and wept.

Hurrying passengers stared curiously for a moment and then rushed on. She was, obviously, one of the swarm of movie-struck mothers who, along with their inevitably pretty progeny, had laid siege to Hollywood ever since Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan had tripped over a few pots of gold so unexpectedly the year before.



The simple naturalness of her acting in "Anne of Green Gables" brought new fame to Miss Shirley. Tom Brown is the boy in the picture

Though Anne has been in pictures for some thirteen years, Mrs. Shirley begs mothers to keep their children away from the studios



No one stopped to question the woman's unchecked tears, because the townfolk were wary of a hard luck story and a touch for carfare to the film suburb.

But the other day Mrs. Mimi Shirley, mother of Anne Shirley, Hollywood's sixteen-year-old talent find of 1935, told me why she sobbed on that soot-darkened platform thirteen years ago.

"I had come from New York to put my baby into pictures, and I wept because I could find no other way of surviving in a world that has no work to offer a mother who insists upon keeping her child with her.

"I had in my handbag two letters to two prominent directors and those bits of paper represented my final hope of keeping a single roof over both our heads, and the certainty of two quarts of milk a day for Anne. And I let those tired and bitter tears fall because I had to trade my baby's beauty for such necessities."

But there were many months during the thirteen years that followed when this child's immature talent and loveliness did not earn even the scraps.

And although Anne Shirley signed a featured RKO contract six months ago following her first grown-up rôle in "Anne of Green Gables," her mother refuses to discuss or consider the eminent possibility of her child's belated stardom or its golden sequel of comfort and security.

It is about those barren months, those thorny thirteen years that Mimi Shirley wants to talk, and talk loud enough for every mother in America to hear her

"I want to tell the truth about what really happens to the average movie child and its family in Hollywood," she told me. "If only it were possible for me to speak directly and personally to all those mothers who are now looking with envious eyes at the rocketing fame and salary of little Shirley Temple, I know I could save hundreds, perhaps thousands of homes.

"Whenever I see a newly-arrived, hopeful mother leading her child to the studio gates, I want to shriek out at her, stop her by force and make her listen to me. I want to ask her if she can go three days in a row without food, manage to keep a landlady waiting a year and a half for the rent, work twelve hours a day on her feet in a grocery store to keep her baby from starving between studio calls.

"I want to scream at her that my own child with excellent personal introductions to the biggest directors was able to earn only an average of seventeen dollars a week during the best seasons. And I want to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

WHAT WAS THE BEST Picture of 1934?

**Vote for the one you think
should win. Your ballot counts.**

FIFTY OUTSTANDING PICTURES OF 1934



Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"

Affairs of Cellini, The
Age of Innocence, The
Barretts of Wimpole
Street, The
Belle of the Nineties
British Agent

Broadway Bill
Bulldog Drummond
Strikes Back
Catherine the Great
Chained
Cleopatra
Count of Monte Cristo,
The
Death Takes a Holiday
Evelyn Prentice
Flying Down to Rio
Gallant Lady
Gay Divorcee, The
George White's Scandals
Great Expectations
Handy Andy
Here Comes the Navy
House of Rothschild, The
It Happened One Night
Judge Priest
Kid Millions
Life of Vergie Winters,
The
Little Miss Marker
Lost Patrol, The

Madame Du Barry
Men in White
Merry Widow, The
Mrs. Wiggs of the
Cabbage Patch
Music in the Air
Nana
No Greater Glory
Now and Forever
Of Human Bondage
One Night of Love
Operator 13
Painted Veil, The
Queen Christina
Sadie McKee
She Loves Me Not
Thin Man, The
Treasure Island
Twentieth Century
Viva Villa
We Live Again
What Every Woman
Knows
Wild Cargo
Wonder Bar

HAVE you cast your vote for the best picture of 1934? Ballots are pouring in, and if you haven't sent in your choice, do it now and help award the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

The Gold Medal is the supreme award of the year for a motion picture. It is the only honorary distinction that movie-goers themselves have a chance to bestow on a film. The entire movie world watches and waits for your decision with great interest, because your choice indicates, not what an individual or a small group think, but what the motion picture public considers best.

Think back over all the pictures you saw and enjoyed during the past year. Consider them carefully, then choose one of them, and send in your choice. Before making your final decision, consider critically the film's outstanding performances, the expertness of direction, the effectiveness of photography.

Above is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released during 1934. This list will help you recall many films you enjoyed. But your choice is not limited to these.

There are no rules for you to follow, no restrictions. All you need to do is vote for the picture you liked best. A ballot is printed on this page for your convenience. But you do not need to use the ballot—a scrap of paper or a postal card will do as well.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
1926 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

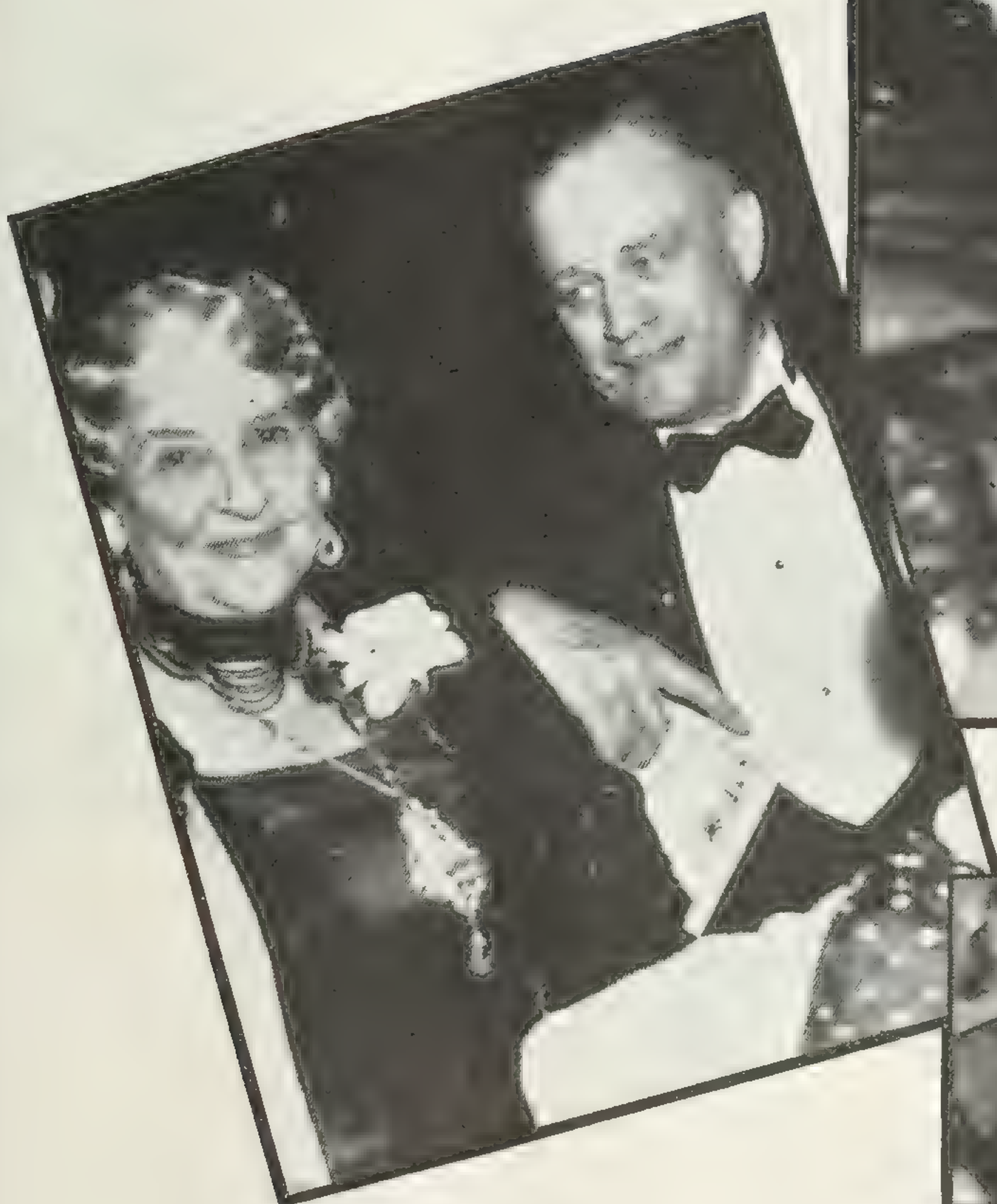
In my opinion the picture named below is the
best motion picture production released in 1934

NAME OF PICTURE _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

3 Men On A Horse



The grand old lady May Robson, who has a good sense of humor in her own right, enjoyed the hilarities of the play to the full. And isn't she looking smart?



Screen is screen and stage is stage, but often the twain meet. This page of pictures is a case in point. The lively comedy, "3 Men On A Horse," had a big turnout. Here's the Warren William (above) getting a good laugh



Paul Kelly took the comedy quite seriously, but Mrs. Kelly had some quiet fun out of it. Paul and his wife (Dorothy Mackaye, a writer herself) once wrote a play. Paul's from the stage, you know



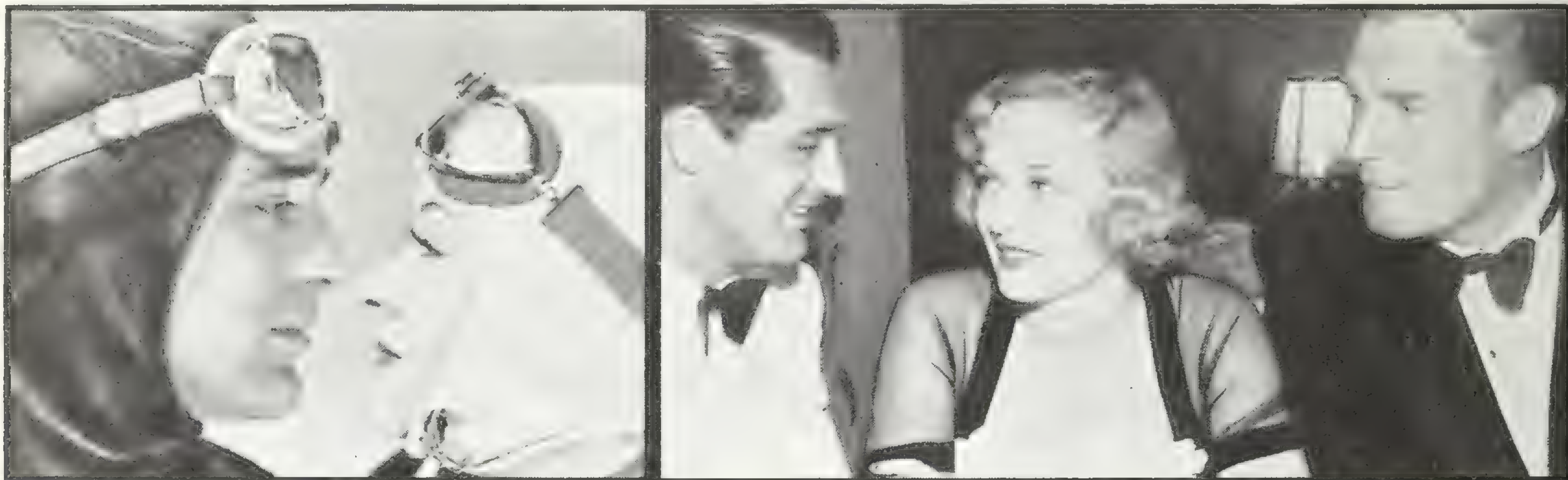
Director Lloyd Bacon and Camera man George Barnes and wife, Joan Blondell, had a long chat between acts. But they can't be talking comedy!

There is no doubt that "3 Men On A Horse" is right up Bill Gargan's alley. Mrs. Gargan is taking it quietly, but you can see a twinkle about to break



WE WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND Cary Grant in Hollywood

This charming person has built around his inner self a dam of isolation that is impenetrable!



Possibly "Wings in the Dark," which he did with Myrna Loy, is a fitting title for Cary

This was once a triangle without a rift—Cary, his wife Virginia Cherrill, and Randolph Scott—but then Virginia sued for divorce

THIS is my first and last story on Cary Grant.

For I know our friendship will never survive a second pen and ink vivisection of his soul. And not, mind you, because there are any secret corners in this tall Englishman's past that would flare up painfully under a thorough biographical probing.

Cary suffers from the strangest of Hollywood phobias.

At the risk of sounding hopelessly trite, I must somehow make you believe that honestly and sincerely, he cannot bear to see his name in print.

This malaise, naturally, is not stirred up by good or bad reviews of his pictures, art in magazines or routine news items concerning his picture work. But I have seen Cary look appalled and liverish for days following the publication of what most players would consider an innocuous enough interview.

A misquotation or a misstatement of fact in a newspaper which is considered all in the day's work by the average Hollywood celebrity, can make him actively ill.

Call it what you will, an act, a fetish, a Garbo pose. But I know that Cary carries this burden honestly, and what is really admirable, he keeps taking it on the chin in absolute silence. Only a handful of his closest friends have discovered this superfastidious streak that makes him cringe from any public revelation with a self-consciousness that is torture.

I experienced repeated head-on collisions with Cary's peculiar aversion dating from the day he signed his Paramount contract in 1931.

Because I was, at that time, in charge of magazine publicity for the same studio, I received must-go orders to get a story on Grant published in every motion picture publication. A large order, but I considered the job a cinch with a new personality to present, especially a personality that was six feet, two inches tall, handsome and undeniably charming.

But the Cary Grant publicity campaign proved to be the greatest flop of my press agent career. I worked like a fiend for months. I dragged scribes in droves to his dressing-room onto the set, into his home.

My efforts were rewarded with a mere dribble of stories concerning the facts of his birth, education and stage career and then things came to a complete and dismaying standstill.

I did not know then that Cary was running a campaign of his own, and directing it more skilfully than mine. His graciousness to the press was as flawless as it was disarming. He showered reporters with sincere hospitality. There was always lunch, tea or cocktails awaiting them as well as an avalanche of talk that never quite got around to Mr. Grant's opinions on anything less abstract than the Versailles Treaty. And the adjective jerkers never failed to leave him smiling broad smiles that vanished abruptly enough when they sat down at their typewriters to turn out a Cary Grant yarn.

And because Hollywood publicists die very, very hard, I stooped to pumping his few close friends, even his cook and John, the negro house boy. And I garnished the few ill-gotten crumbs with appetizing bait and fed it to a press hungry for intimate news on Cary. But when the first of those distinctly personal items flared into print, my studio-toughened conscience felt its only painful tweak in a full decade.

I saw, for the first time, Cary's eyes lacerated with a soundless writhing.

I thought then that time and Hollywood would teach Cary as it had other reticent Britishers before him, to ignore film-land's peep-show publicity. I recalled my lively jousts with Clive Brook and Herbert Marshall and felt assured that Cary's complete cure was just around the corner. But I was wrong.

Cary Grant will never know peace as long as his name spells



Not even Randy Scott, his closest pal, has the key to Grant's nature. This is in happier days: Vivienne Gaye, Randy, Virginia, Cary



By JULIE LANG HUNT

news. His fixation, or complex or mania (it is difficult to find the exact words for Cary's hyper-sensitivity) was planted during his childhood, and it was unwittingly nurtured during a strangely solitary youth.

He was only ten the winter he was called home from school because his mother had died suddenly. At that age a boy is very close to his mother

He found himself unexpectedly bereft of a single outlet for all his boyish confidences. There was no one in his small world to listen with sympathy and patience to his imaginative secrets and immature philosophies.

The average hobble-de-hoy of ten would rapidly fill such a breach with boon companions, but Cary unfortunately (or was it really fortunate) was never the robust, commonplace, game-loving English schoolboy.

He recalls but a single chum during his entire term at school, a Horace Phillips. And the tie between them has never been broken although many years and endless miles have separated them since they were twelve.

During his final years at school, Cary remembers that he spent most of his game and play hours studying because he had to win scholarships to pay his tuition. There was no time left to join the rowdy cliques that gathered nightly in the dormitories for the natural adolescent recreation of snickering confessions and boastful bullyragging.

You see, he missed all the elementary lessons in the art of expressing to outsiders his hopes, his dreams and his despairs. Next to Horace, his closest companion was silence.

Perhaps all this explains the few women who have played any serious part in his life. Recently Cary told me that in spite of all his splendid [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Locked up in his own past, present, and future, Cary Grant is somewhat of an enigma—no one can get over the outside barriers into what he thinks



THE FIGHTS

The American Legion's fights drew a host of movie stars. Above, Pat O'Brien and his wife are absorbed in the movements of the fighters. Leaning out, Pat senses a knockout



Chester Morris with his beautiful wife, Suzanne, study the program for the next bout on the schedule



Clark Gable takes his eyes from the fighters in the ring long enough to light up. Countess di Frasso at his right. Clark's wife was in the party



There is considerable yelling to do at the fights, so Bert Wheeler wants Joe E. Brown to give him a few pointers. But Joe turns bashful, only giving Wheeler a grin



George Raft knows what the fighting game is all about. He did some of it himself in the old days. But now he enjoys most of the bouts held around Hollywood. His lady friend is Virginia Pine



Cameraman Fink catches three ardent fight fans enjoying themselves at the American Legion's fights. Ann Dvorak and hubby Leslie Fenton look right happy, as does Charlie Ruggles, at left

DON'T LOVE ME!

(synopsis of preceding installments)

SHE was a nurse, and two men came under her care. Sam Werks coveted her, Gregory Cooper loved her. He faced a serious operation, but told her if she'd marry him, he'd live. She married him, and he lived, only to die under suspicious circumstances. On Werks's testimony, she was cleared in the death, but then Werks demanded her to turn over to him a \$10,000 check left her by Cooper. Werks said he had falsified his testimony to clear her in Cooper's death. She ran away, to Hollywood, and a break in the movies. But then her first director, Sohlki, the most noted in Hollywood, was murdered—as she waited outside his home in his

car. She had seen a mysterious woman enter the house, and not leave, but she remained silent in the subsequent investigation because it would mean her career. Her second director, Scott Deering, fell in love with her, but remained strangely aloof until the night of a party, at which she learned the identity of the mysterious woman who had entered Sohlki's house. That night, Scott proposed. Less than a week later she was seated at Scott's desk, in his apartment, happily content with Scott, when she noticed the return address of a letter to Scott—it was from Sam Werks! Did he intend to blast her first peace and happiness?

WAS staring fascinated at the fateful envelope when Scott came back with two steaming hot toddies. That's what had taken him so long—boiling the water—and probably lapping up a couple of quick ones for himself in the meantime

It was too late now to put the letter in my bag and run away with it. Besides, I wasn't sure that was what I wanted to do. Did it matter what Sam Werks had to say to Scott? I somehow felt that my fiancé would not believe it. Or, if he did believe it, that he wouldn't care.

Scott swept Sam's letter and everything else onto the floor to make a space for himself to sit on the edge of his desk facing me.

He handed me a goblet. "Drink that, Moppet. We're going to play the last sequence of our picture and you'll need a stimulant." He sat facing me, but not looking directly at me.

"You've had too much yourself already," I said, putting the steaming drink on the desk.

"Don't be prim, Moppet," he admonished, gulping down half the contents of his own glass. "I haven't had nearly enough Dutch courage. I know, because I'm still afraid of what I've got to tell you."

I started to get up from the swivel chair. He gave me a push back into it.

"Sight tight, Rochelle. As usual we're going to play this scene around you." He laughed, bitterly and a little uncontrollably. "The camera moves, the actor moves, but you just sit the way you always do—merely looking your own damnable desirable self."

Scott grinned, his most sardonic, exasperated grin. "I've laughed myself sick when I've done this on the set—watched poor saps go slowly crazy while I directed you to look at them the way you're doing now and ordered you not to let them touch you."

"But Scott, *you* can touch me."

"No I can't. That's not in the script."

"Please—take me in your arms." I rose from the chair again and put my hands on his shoulders.

He looked at me strangely—his eyes were level with mine as he sat there on the edge of the desk and I stood before him.

He shook his head. "You'd only be sorry—and God help me, so would I."

"Is it because of what you think I've done?" My mind was on that letter lying on the floor. Perhaps it *had* been opened.

"What *you've* done! My dear, what have you ever done except look like an angel from hell? Why do you think I never touch you—why I've never really kissed you?"

I tried to remember back. He never had embraced me except casually—as a friend might do. I had liked being with him for that reason. It was the English reserved manner, I had thought.

The effort of trying to recollect must have clouded my eyes. Anyway, he misinterpreted it.

"You see," he said. "It isn't what you've done—it's what I am. Once—that day when I asked you to come and live with me—I hoped that it wouldn't make any difference. We have so much fun together that I thought companionship would

be enough. But when I saw you this afternoon with those babies and you held that little one close—"

I smiled. "She *was* sweet wasn't she?"

"—then I knew what you were put on earth for." He finished his drink. Slowly he said, "My dear, I can't have any babies."

My expression must have been one of dazed incomprehension. But he went on: "You've been a nurse and you've lived in Hollywood for three years—

surely I don't have to draw you a diagram."

"It wouldn't matter," I started to say.

He interrupted. "Not at first. I know that. But later, when you began to grow old, when you were no longer the poster idol of the public, you'd begin to wonder why life had cheated you. You see, a man like myself understands—he understands too much. If you don't want this toddy I'll drink it before it gets cold—no good when they're cold."

My next move was wrong. I did finally understand what he was trying to tell me and a great wave of pity surged up in my breast. He was like a child himself and my impulse was to pillow his head on my shoulder and comfort him.

But when I made the gesture he repulsed me.

"Get away from me," he ordered, and pushed me aside with a wide sweep of his arm.

There was a huge bookcase at that side of the desk. I fell

She seemed cursed with tragedy and death—a beautiful woman all men fell in love with or desired, fatally so—a woman misunderstood and maligned or feared by others of her sex!

No man can strike me, even when he's drunk. "Damn you," I cried hotly, "if you want me to hate you, I do—and you'd better look out!" Then I noticed Scott's man at the door

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

against it with a crash that shattered the glass in both of the doors.

No man can do that to me even when he's drunk. I picked myself up. There were no punctures, although I would not have known it if there had been.

"Damn you," I said hotly. "If you want me to hate you, all right. I do and you'd better look out—"

Scott started to laugh. Then he stopped—and I followed his gaze toward the door.

It stood open and on the sill stood a Jap—Scott's man, I supposed.

"What are you doing here, Tamaki?" Scott demanded.

The boy hesitated. "I come back for top-coat Cold night. Door she is unlock."

"I left it that way. Get out and stay out. This is a private fight." Scott threw an empty glass at his servant. It broke against the closing door.

Scott yelled with laughter. "What a swell topper for our scene, Moppet! I'm sorry I shall never direct it."

He was drunker than I thought. My anger melted instantly. "Let me put you to bed," I suggested.

"Not going to bed," he declared. "Going to have a drink—all by myself, as usual."

He started, weaving a little, toward the kitchen door.

But he didn't make it. Instead he toppled, like a falling tower in the newsreel shots, and lay inert upon the floor.

I tried to move him, to drag him to the sofa, but he was too heavy. So I compromised by bringing some of the pillows to him and arranging them under his head, and putting a blanket from the bedroom over him.

He opened his eyes and looked up at me dully. "Thanks, Moppet. Nice to have seen you. Good-bye."

I watched him for a minute. He was sleeping very soundly.

So I cried a little. I don't often do that. I wasn't sure that I knew whom I was sorry for—both of us, I guess. I had never cared that much for anyone before.

And he seemed very gone away from me.

Finally I turned to go. My gloves were on the desk. I put them on and turned out all the lights but one.

Then I let myself out of the apartment.

CHAPTER XXIII

The switchboard attendant, in the lobby, was reading and paid no attention to me when I let myself out of the elevator and went out to the street.

I recollected when I stood on the sidewalk that I did not have a car but, fortunately, a cruising taxicab swung in toward

the curb and the driver held the door invitingly open. When he inquired, "Where to?" I didn't know the answer. I had no desire to go home—not yet anyway. "Sunset Boulevard," I decided. "I'll tell you where later."





I relaxed my body against the seat cushions but my mind climbed tirelessly against the glass walls of the pit into which I seemed to have fallen.

In a way I loved Scott. And, in much the same way, I

imagine, he loved me. It seemed as if he needed me. And yet perhaps I only drove him to deeper depths of despair. I didn't know what to do—never see him again or go back as soon as I had composed myself and try to make him think

that everything was all right. Perhaps he would awaken with no recollection of the nightmare of our recent interview.

I wished desperately that there was someone to whom I could turn for advice. I tried to think! Uncle Lou. He was in New York. Freddie Gay. He would laugh at me—it would be a boisterous joke to him.

Perhaps someone who did not even know me—an impersonal father confessor. I don't know why or how the name of Dr. Khanandi flashed into my brain. Perhaps it was because I had been hearing it so often recently. His success as a psychic consultant was at its heights. He had helped others—so they said; maybe he could tell me what to do.

I tapped on the glass window to the driver.

"Do you know where Dr. Khanandi lives?" I asked.

"Sure. I've been there a coupla times."

"Take me, please."

I have told elsewhere in this narrative of my visit to the turbaned soothsayer, of his warning to me that death was the inevitable fate of men who came into the intimate circle of association with me, and of my departure from his office with his heartfelt wish that he would never see me again ringing in my ears

A BREA Avenue, where Dr. Khanandi's sanctum was located, is not a very good place to pick up a taxi.

I got all the way to Hollywood Boulevard without seeing any but private conveyances. There would be a cab-stand at the Roosevelt Hotel, so I turned in that direction.

The Boulevard was very gay. I've said that it was just before Christmas. All the shops were open late and the street itself was brilliantly illuminated with colored lights. Every lamp-post during the holiday season bore a shield or a star-spangled device of some sort and on it was painted the likeness of one of the motion picture stars. There was one of me just the other side of the El Capitan Theater. Across the street, Grauman's Chinese Theater was showing an all-star picture in which I had a part. My name was in electric letters strung across the highway above the traffic. Red flannel Santa Claus suits, stuffed with weary men, stood on the corners.

I wasn't seeing any of this but I knew it was there. Actually my mind was in the throes of a terrible fear. Khanandi had said that men who loved me must die. Of course I didn't believe that he knew anything about it, but I wished I had not gone to talk to him. Instead of comfort from the interview I had gained only added trepidation.

He had been right about my past. Gregory Cooper had loved me. He had died. William Sohlki had tried to make me his mistress. He was dead. Scott Deering!

SCOTT loved me—in his own way perhaps, but it was the nearest to affection of which he was capable.

All of a sudden I wanted to be by his side. I felt somehow that if I were there nothing could happen to him.

So I quickened my pace.

In front of the Egyptian Theater a man turning out from the forecourt nearly bumped into me.

He started to apologize and then said, "Hello, Miss Adair."

It was Lanny Barnes, grinning from ear to ear under his funny stubbly little moustache.

I could have hugged the boy. Here was a friend at last.

"Lanny," I said, "have you got a car anywhere near?"

He laughed. "It ain't much of a car but it's parked right around the corner."

"Will you take me to Mr. Deering's apartment?"

"Sure will," he answered evenly, although I am positive that his bushy eyebrows elevated slightly as he remembered how late it was.

I laughed a little. Lanny had such a high opinion of me. "I'm worried about him," I explained. "He was tight and we quarreled. I want to see if he's all right."

Lanny was reassuring. "Sure, he's all right. Can't faze that Britisher."

But he took me to his car just the same and we started off toward the Grassmere Apartments. Lanny's automobile made

so much noise that conversation was well-nigh impossible. There wasn't anything I wanted to explain to him anyway. Not then. It might have been better if I had explained.

At the entrance of the apartment building two cars were standing. One of them had a driver in police uniform. I must have looked closely at him as I passed because he spoke to me.

"Good evening, Miss Adair."

"Hello, officer," I was rather popular with the police force because I'd appeared at a couple of their benefits.

Lanny Barnes took me to the elevator inside and pushed the button.

"Shall I—er—can I do anything else for you?" he asked diffidently.

I read his thoughts "Would you mind waiting, Lanny? I'm not going to stay."

There was no attendant at the switchboard and before the elevator came down from the upper floors a red light popped out on the board and a call began to buzz.

I had that impulse we always have to answer a telephone summons, but the elevator door opened just then and, after a man got out, I entered.

The door closed and I pushed the fourth floor button.

When I got out of the elevator and looked down the corridor towards Scott Deering's apartment I was surprised to see that his door stood open.

As I drew nearer I heard voices and when I started to go in a policeman barred my way.

But I could see through the doorway.

Scott Deering lay on the floor just where I had left him, his head on a pillow but the blanket thrown back.

Every window in the room was wide open and a man with a stethoscope was leaning over Scott listening to his heart.

Another man sat at Scott's desk writing notes, while a third was standing in the middle of the floor questioning the Japanese house-boy whom Scott had called Tamaki.

I TOOK in most of this subconsciously. My attention was primarily focused on Scott Deering as he lay there on the floor. The color of his face and the set expression of his slightly open mouth told me more than the perfunctory activities of the doctor.

I must have gasped in horror.

The Jap turned toward the door. When he saw me he began to speak rapidly in Japanese.

"Say it in American," the detective sergeant ordered.

Tamaki realized that his excitement had carried him back to his more familiar language. "Excuse, pliss, Honorable Policeman." Then he pointed at me. "There stands woman who make high talk with my master."

"Oh—quarreled with him, huh?"

"Like I tell you before."

"Let her in, Joe."

I entered the room reluctantly.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Adair," said the detective sergeant, a little less harshly. "What do you know about this?"

"What—what's the matter?"

"Deering's suffocated—dead, ain't he, Doc?"

The doctor, who was putting away his stethoscope, nodded.

"We couldn't have saved him if we'd got here half an hour ago."

"Suffocated?" I echoed. "How?"

"Gas," replied the detective sergeant—his name was Clancy. "We found the gas radiator turned on full and all the windows tight shut. Suicide, I guess."

"But I turned on that radiator," I said.

"What for?"

"To heat the room. It was cold when we came in earlier in the evening."

"You have to light those things," the detective observed mildly, "or else they don't do any good."

"I did light it—I remember distinctly."

The detective wasn't paying much attention to my reply. He was jiggling the telephone [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

Fashion

FORECAST FOR EARLY FALL

BY KALLOCH
COLUMBIA DESIGNER

THE woman who will appear fashionable this Fall, and at all other times, for that matter, will have a certain *vagueness* about her clothes. She will look as if she doesn't know what she has on. All worry, fuss and study will be over and forgotten with the planning and fitting. The clothes will play up to her. They will launch her. She will never launch them. Hair, too, will follow this idea of *vagueness* or lack of self-consciousness. No fancy coiffures. It will be worn close, restrained, with the feeling of the small, sleek head.

Much fur for trimming any time in the year but especially in the Fall, is one of my favorite ideas.

Our smart young woman this Autumn will wear tweeds. One of my thoughts would be a combination of two different patterns in tweed of the same weight. A dress of the semi-chemise type (loose top and slim, straight skirt) in tiny checked tweed with an enormously wide leather belt. Over it, a plaid or large checked coat lined with the tiny checked material of the dress. With this should be worn a stitched hat of either design of the costume. The fur used on the coat should be either lynx or badger.

There will be some new and interesting innovations throughout the entire Autumn wardrobe:

DAYTIME CLOTHES

Colors: Henna, battleship gray, dark red. Any colors that suggest warmth, coziness and durability are good for Fall.



The star of "Love Me Forever," Grace Moore, in a Kalloch design, featuring the plentiful use of gray krimmer, an Autumn favorite. Hip-length cape is lined with sheer gray wool of the frock. Four-square cap of krimmer and fabric by John Frederics

Fabrics: A return to fur suits in a large way, the best furs being broadtail and leopard. A great deal of stiff Lyons velvet for suits and luncheon dresses.

Line: Extremely short skirts will be worn, fourteen, fifteen inches from the floor, even sixteen if the wearer has good legs. We shall revert to the old [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Grace Moore's

AUTUMN WARDROBE from "LOVE ME FOREVER"



Over this gray sheer wool frock, Miss Moore wears the krimmer cape shown on the previous page. Stitched lacings, bows, belt and pocket flap, with tiny nickel buttons and belt buckle for a metal touch. The matching John Fredericks hat has a veil, the ends hanging down at the back

Miss Moore's daytime suit is made of finely checked black and white wool with a blouse of black velvet. Twin nickel leaves clasp cravat and belt. The draped black velvet hat has a suspicion of forehead veil, and the half-moon bag is of black suede with trimming of gunmetal kid





Hunter's green Lyons velvet and leopard combine their richness in an afternoon suit. There is a decided flare in the cut of Miss Moore's jacket and the sleeves are gathered at the shoulder. The hat of costume fur and fabric is the new eyeline type, the bag of briefcase style. Opposite, is the blouse of gold and green lamé



The shorter skirt is evidenced in Miss Moore's restaurant frock of black Lyons velvet. Chalk-white Venetian lace at collar, cuffs and drawn through twin paillette eyelets at front. The jacket back peplum and skirt are scalloped. A John Fredericks sailor of black velvet completes the costume. All other fashions are by Kalloch

FAY WRAY *Shop*



On returning from London to Hollywood, Fay Wray replenished her Paris wardrobe with smart late-Summer additions. Above, a red and white printed crêpe, two-piece, with red belt. White hat, fabric crown, shantung brim and flat bow. An unusual white calf bag



For early Autumn, Miss Wray will wear a navy-blue crêpe frock of exquisite lines. Very fine shirring moulds waistline, which is circled by a red patent leather belt in leaf design. Upstanding detachable collar of white piqué, waffle design

Opposite, a dinner gown of printed chiffon that looks as if its flowers were hand-brushed on in water colors. Narrow floral panels form skirt back with slight train. Miss Wray's "flop hat" is natural leghorn with red poppies and facing



N NEW YORK



An afternoon or dinner scene, this large shantung picture hat in a shiny brilliant blue. From the velvet band are scattered colorful field flowers. A flatteringly fashionable shape for many. All of Miss Wray's hats, gowns, and bags are from Bruck-Weiss, New York

Silhouette for evening. Yards of diaphanous black net, embroidered with huge white flowers, worn over a trim taffeta foundation. At the waistline are two great flowers, one white, one red. A setting for a grand entrance. Miss Wray's bag is a circular frou-frou of black net ruffles

BY
COURTENAY
MARVIN

THE

Youthful



Jean Parker, embodiment of youth, in a style repertoire for the débutante. For late-Summer dining and dancing, a white embroidered organdy, its bouffant sleeves caught with flaming poppies, a wide red belt at the slim waist. Tiny covered button closure

Floral tones on a printed dimity, quaintly styled to complement Jean's curls. Above puffed sleeves, ruffles outline the shoulders; small velvet bows parade down the bodice, and the skirt has the new smart fulness below hips. A lovely late-Summer inspiration

For early Fall formals—gray chiffon with a cluster of pink apple blossoms at front waistline. Tiny capelets below front and back shoulders and a gracious swirl in Jean's skirt. Fashion flashes from Hollywood emphasize gray for both daytime and evening styles

ACCENT



Removal of Jean's loose jacket shows a petal-pink crêpe top, horizontally tucked and with the important new full sleeves. Charming across a candle-lighted table and sophisticated enough for dinner

Much can be said in favor of Jean's navy-blue silk crêpe suit. Here is the practical aspect for afternoon shopping or other errands. Meet a dinner escort with a correct dinner dress beneath

Above, plaid tie silk, for early Fall. Jean's Royal Stewart plaid has a cravat and belt of navy-blue taffeta, intricate seaming above the waistline and a collar fastening over tie

Jean's year-around: tailleur in a gray wool. A surprise-blouse and slip are one, to assure neat waistline. "Blouslip," in blue taffeta dotted in white, is a grand, new thought

Fashions from Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

GLENDA FARRELL

Glenda Farrell



Against Miss Farrell's white grand piano, black chiffon and lace make a striking picture. Bands of lace and chiffon for the graceful kimono sleeves; numerous shirred-in godets for the floating fulness at skirt hemline. Rhinestone clips on the belt for a little sparkle

Studies of Glenda Farrell in her San Fernando Valley home. For leisure hours the blonde comedienne wears a geometrically designed waffle print in turquoise. The cowl cape fastens to the square neckline with magenta clips. From Fashionette Shop, Hollywood



An Oriental trend in Miss Farrell's two-piece dinner gown of heavy striped white crêpe with its enormous buttons of rhinestones and rubies. The type that solves the question of whether or not to dress. Miss Farrell's next picture will be "We're in the Money"

Young

IDEAS



Ann Dvorak, star of "Broadway Joe," caught in a playful moment at Malibu. Ann is holding thrillingly dangerous water skis and wearing a figure moulding Catalina Swim Suit. The suit is designed for comfort and a slim, graceful silhouette for sand and sea



Knee-lengths for the sports girl and for Maxine Doyle, who shows the extreme freedom and comfort of the abbreviated stocking. Elastic woven-in tops finished with a lacy design. Mojud Hosiery, also showing smart navy hose popular this navy-blue year



Our grandmothers' palm leaf fans undoubtedly inspired this coquettish air cooler in glass and cellophane composition. Frances Drake found this in I. Magnin's, Hollywood. The handle and wrist strap are of gold or silver kid. An import, useful as well as ornamental



It took years of pleading to lure Helen Gahagan from Broadway to Hollywood. The stage star is now under contract to RKO-Radio and working on her first film, "She," in which Miss Gahagan plays the rôle of queen of the mythical kingdom of Kor. In private life she is the wife of Melvyn Douglas

Robert W. Coburn



Manott

PERT and pretty is Marion Davies, wearing a smocked taffeta jacket for her rôle in "Page Miss Glory." Long known as one of the easiest and most amiable of stars to work with, Marion, in this picture, plays the rôle of a highly temperamental actress. It's her first Warner film



William Walling, Jr.

WHEN Gertrude Michael went on her vacation she spurned the fashionable beach and desert resorts, and chose a secluded ranch in the Central California country. When friends sought her out, they found the young Paramount actress enjoying her sun bathing in a field of sweet clover



When Mr. Muni flees, the only person he contacts is Mrs. Muni. And when he's gone, she's in full charge. While he was doing a disappearing act Bella signed a movie contract for him. Otherwise Paul Muni might never have entered films

By RUTH
RANKIN



THE DISAPPEARING MUNI

Now you see him, now you don't! But if you do, don't follow, for it's ten to one that Paul is vanishing again

EVERY six months or so, Paul Muni gets fed up and walks out.

Well, if it were not for your job and the little woman, wouldn't you? Of course Muni has both—but they're different. They give him time off. They have to. If it hadn't been for that time off, there wouldn't be any Muni on the screen today!

After he made "Seven Faces" for Fox, some time ago, Muni called it quits. That was the end of his screen career, so far as he was concerned. He went through a make-up ordeal in this picture seldom equalled by any actor. Then it turned out that the seven characters he played were so well realized and so different that few persons were aware Muni was playing all of them! To top it all, a fan letter came from Europe saying the writer liked best his characterization of the judge—which was practically the only character Muni *didn't* play

They wanted him to be a second Lon Chaney, and Muni didn't want to be a second anyone. He had other ideas.

He left Hollywood in a fine attack of the doldrums and vowed he would never come back. The stage was his metier anyway and he would stick to it. . . .

And Muni would never have returned—if he hadn't disappeared.

He hasn't discussed the subject before, because Muni isn't much of a discussor of his personal experiences, as you may have heard. This account of his return to pictures came up casually during a conversation.

"I used to go away alone often," Muni was saying. "I think when a man feels he isn't fit to live with another minute, the kindest thing he can do is go off by himself until he gets over it."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

Seeing Stars with Mitzi

Hollywood's a very merry spot these days! But Mitzi takes time out for a mysterious, tow-headed Romeo and a peep into a gay future



How that Lombard lady gathers the men around her! Here's Carole with Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Ricardo Cortez—a trio most other women just dream of. Ah, Hollywood!

The Countess de Margret and Mr. Cary Grant were cornered for a picture at a birthday party. The Countess de Margret is one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood

HEY-HEY, JOANIE!

You know what you are? A little oink-oink! I scribble my fingers to the bone telling you where I've been, and what I've did, and how do you reply? "Tell me more!" Not even a teensy word about your folks, your figger, or your big, tall 'n' handsome. Step into the corner and make shame!

Well, come out of the corner and I'll tell you about my mysterious hero. I don't know much about him, but Glenda Farrell found him in the cards. She says he's strong and handsome and . . . tow-headed! Who do you suppose that could be? Glenda thinks she's such a whiz at the future stuff.

She was taking fashion pitchers one day for our magazine and I galloped in 'cause I wanted to see her new clothes, and also the

new interior decorations that she's been doing all by herself. (Very nifty, and inexpensive, too.) In between posing in her new black dinner dress and slipping into a smartie sports rig, I got to showing her some exercises. Where? On her beauteous white rug in her bedroom. We waved our props and clutched our tummies and wriggled to 1, 2, 3, 4. After these contortions, Glenda slipped into her dress, draped herself languidly in the doorway of her living-room, and Art went on undisturbed.

Of course, food had to come in somewhere. So, after the fashions were on film, we slipped upstairs to her brown, white and copper play-room and et offn card-tables . . . white leather ones with big copper tacks. Then Glenda the Mystic got out her cards. I have a gaily pink future. Money, travel marriage, infants. Familiar? But Glenda did give it a bit of a twist, Joan. To the four winds with the dark, slender Romeos. I get me a hootin'-tootin' tow-head! Whee-ee-ee-e!

Poddon me while I tear off a sigh. Talking of heroes, and



Card sharp—when it comes to telling fortunes. Glenda Farrell is advising Mitzi what the future holds. At the moment it seems that Glenda has found something very exciting. But Mitzi looks dubious about it all

When Billie Burke (right) was guest speaker on a radio program to raise funds for the Children's Home Finding Society, Josephine Hutchinson, one of Hollywood's newest stars from the stage, went down to the station to applaud

big, black-eyed ones makes me rage at that there Carole Lombard who magnetized three of the nicest gents at a birthday party. Cary Grant was one. Ricardo Cortez was two. And Heart-Throbs Gable was three! Wadda wench! All fancied up in floaty gray chiffon that gives one that irresistible allure, she left all of the other wimmen sitting on the edges while she blithely, and hilariously held court.

There was another dame who didn't do so badly, the Countess de Margret in stiff black taffeta, who, we decided, looked so much like Garbo and a little like Dietrich, but is much more fun than both.

While generously orchiding the beauties, a Winchell to Ann Alvarado who is a bit of a luscious herself. And it was good to see stunning Aileen Pringle again. Pixie-faced Buster Collier was there with his fine new bride. Present also were Sally Eilers, Doris Warner LeRoy, Mrs. Gable and Louella Parsons, the columnist. But where were [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]





★ BREAK OF HEARTS—RKO-Radio

KATHARINE HEPBURN discards her old-fashioned costumes and returns to a modern rôle, giving one of the finest performances of her career.

Hepburn is the sensitive and impoverished young composer who marries a famous symphonic director (Charles Boyer) after a Cinderella romance. Her happiness and her marriage are suddenly wrecked when she overhears two gossips linking her husband's name with another woman. From this point on the film builds up a terrific emotional suspense. Its poignancy is heightened in the telling by being presented against a background of really fine symphonic music.

Hepburn and Boyer give performances of sterling merit. John Beal, as the millionaire playboy who rescues Hepburn and Jean Hersholt as the old music master, are excellent.



★ PUBLIC HERO NO. 1—M-G-M

THE second G-men picture to hit the screen, and plenty happens. With a lot of grand humor, and a well knit story, this almost escapes the gangster stigma. It would have been a good picture without a shot fired.

Chester Morris, as *Jeff Crane* of the Department of Justice, has his first real chance since "Alibi" and uses it. Jean Arthur establishes herself firmly as the leading flip-but-serious ingenue with all the answers. Joseph Calleia plays perfectly the rôle of *Sonny*, the Dillinger of the gang. And Lionel Barrymore has a character rôle he can really get his teeth in, as the gang's doctor, a delightful banjo-playing old dipsomaniac.

Paul Kelly, Lewis Stone and others complete the capable cast. Direction is good.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ ESCAPE ME NEVER—British & Dominions-United Artists

LIGHTED by the magic of Elisabeth Bergner's divine acting, this is a magnificent motion picture. With virtually the same cast that appeared in the stage play in New York and London, and with the story changed but little, "Escape Me Never" loses nothing in the screening and gains much. It is a better film than it was a play.

You have never seen a finer performance on the screen than the one Miss Bergner gives as *Gemma*, the waif who, with her tiny baby, is "adopted" by *Sebastian Sanger*, a young musical genius. Their mad-cap, poverty-stricken existence together, the complications that arise when *Sebastian* is attracted by the wealthy fiancée of his brother, *Caryl*, are woven into a story which gets pretty whimsical in spots but is always vivid and engrossing.

The rôle of *Gemma* gives Miss Bergner a wide range for her talents. And she plays the waifish, comedy bits in the early part of the film and the later scenes of tragedy and heartbreak, with equal brilliance and beauty.

Miss Bergner was fortunate, too, in having excellent support. Hugh Sinclair is always convincing as the egocentric young *Sebastian* and Griffith Jones is perfectly cast as *Caryl*.

Dr. Paul Czinner (Elisabeth Bergner's husband) directed and the direction and camera work are well-nigh flawless. Some of the scenes in Venice and in the Dolomites are breathtaking in their beauty. Don't miss this one.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

ESCAPE ME NEVER
PUBLIC HERO NO. 1
IN CALIENTE

BREAK OF HEARTS
OUR LITTLE GIRL
NO MORE LADIES

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Elisabeth Bergner in "Escape Me Never"
Katharine Hepburn in "Break of Hearts"
Charles Boyer in "Break of Hearts"
John Beal in "Break of Hearts"
Robert Montgomery in "No More Ladies"
Arthur Treacher in "No More Ladies"
Edward Everett Horton in "In Caliente"
Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Flame Within"
Jane Withers in "Ginger"
Chester Morris in "Public Hero No. 1"
Jean Arthur in "Public Hero No. 1"
Bette Davis in "The Girl from 10th Avenue"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 110



★ OUR LITTLE GIRL—Fox

MADE to order for you Shirley Temple fans, Shirley is cuter than ever, refreshingly natural and talented enough to carry the trite story. She is the daughter of a nice young doctor, Joel McCrea, and Rosemary Ames. The doctor's work interferes with his home life—and then arrives Lyle Talbot, the other man. Shirley keeps the home intact, with the triangle problem glossed over in favor of cute youngsters, led by Shirley, behaving with natural charm. No harrowing emphasis on pathos, and the proper spirit is maintained to make it a suitable vehicle for the little star. Erin O'Brien Moore is the doctor's nurse. J. Farrell MacDonald lends good support, plus a Scotty puppy. Human and pleasant picture—and it's all Shirley's



★ NO MORE LADIES—M-G-M

A PERFECT darb of a flossy comedy, with Robert Montgomery at his best and Edna May Oliver a lovely anachronistic grande dame who wears trains all the time and says "scram." Joan Crawford looks lovely though as exaggerated as ever, but she has some grand dialogue, as has the entire cast. It's about a girl who marries a so-called incurable polygamous play-boy, with the idea that it can't last, that they will be absolutely "honest." She cures him with his own medicine. The medicine Joan uses is Franchot Tone and he is very easy to take. Charlie Ruggles decorates the cast with his amiable dipsomania and a sheep-dog named Rover.

Arthur Treacher is a very delightful Englishman-being-English. Reginald Denny, Vivienne Osborne, Joan Burfield, David Horsley, complete the cast which provides a laugh a minute. The picture is elaborately dressed in clothes you will never see anyone wear, the characters live in amazing houses like operating rooms with white net curtains. None of it will ever happen to anyone, but it's fun to see.

While "No More Ladies" is the grandest possible vehicle for Robert Montgomery—as it is a picture that brings out his dashing, care-free qualities beautifully, and thereby perhaps he overshadows Crawford—yet M-G-M's brilliant lady will prove as pleasing as ever. A picture you must see.



★ IN CALIENTE—First National

HERE'S a bright spot of entertainment, if you're in the mood for musical comedy and lots of foolishness in a gay Mexican setting.

Financier Edward Everett Horton shanghies his pal, Pat O'Brien to Agua Caliente to keep him from marrying gold-digger Glenda Farrell. Down there Horton hires beautiful Dolores Del Rio to vamp O'Brien, and Del Rio, a famous dancer, agrees when she learns that O'Brien is the editor of a magazine who panned her dancing. Things get complicated when Pat proposes to Del Rio and Glenda appears.

There are plenty of laughs, for Horton is at his funniest. Besides the headliners, you'll enjoy Leo Carrillo as Del Rio's villain uncle, the dancing of the famous De Marcos team, and the singing of Phil Regan and Winifred Shaw.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



UNDER THE
PAMPAS
MOON—Fox

A FAST romantic comedy, with Warner Baxter and Ketti Gallian. It's all about a man chasing a stolen race-horse and finding a girl. Baxter with his "Old Arizona" accent, vigor and gaucho wardrobe, is the Warner we have missed. A good evening with stirring music and lyrics. John Miljan, Jack LaRue, Rita Cansino, Armida, all excellent



GINGER—
Fox

JANE WITHERS is your excuse to hunt this up right away. Despite a thick layer of hokum and familiar story twists—a little slum girl humanizes a Park Avenue family—the performance of Hollywood's latest wonder child makes it grand entertainment. Jackie Searl is at home as the regenerated sissy O. P. Heggie and Walter King top the adults



THE FLAME
WITHIN—
M-G-M

WOMAN psychiatrist Ann Harding cures her dipsomaniac patient, Louis Hayward, then almost falls in love with him. But the sober, industrious Herbert Marshall wins out. Maureen O'Sullivan gives a brilliant performance as the neurotic heiress. Edmund Goulding wrote and directed. His penchant for masquerades is shown in two fancy dress parties



LET 'EM HAVE
IT—Reliance-
United Artists

AGAIN machine guns rattle as the G-men close in on the underworld. All the thrills of the old gangster pictures but with your sympathies this time for Uncle Sam's heroic sleuths. Richard Arlen, Harvey Stephens, Eric Linden, on the side of justice, with Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady lending sentiment and comedy. Destined to be big box-office



THE GIRL
FROM 10th
AVENUE—
First National

THIS is the old, old story of the millionaire socialite who marries, in a drunken moment, the poor little shop girl. Bette Davis gives a good performance as the girl who reforms her husband, braves his snobbish friends and tries to win his love. Colin Clive, Alison Skipworth and Ian Hunter top the support. Just so-so entertainment



AGE OF
INDISCRETION
—M-G-M

THIS is the old divorce question all over again. The sympathy here is with the father (Paul Lukas) and the climax is a courtroom scene where Lukas and his wife, Helen Vinson, battle for little David Jack Holt, their son. May Robson has a dramatic moment that is a highlight. Madge Evans supplies sweet, silent love interest. David steals the picture.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



ALIAS MARY DOW—
Universal

A PLEASANT, interesting little picture which is important because of Sally Eilers' performance. Sally is at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped in the midst of riches, when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Complications are logical, and the cast is well chosen. Ray Milland is an up-and-coming leading man who gets better and better



HOORAY FOR LOVE—
RKO-Radio

THIS back-stage musical is a luzzy carbon copy of the original "42nd Street" formula. Bill Robinson and "Fats" Waller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond carry a luke-warm love story but their voices don't quite put over the catchy tunes. Pert Kelton. Thurston Hall. Etienne Girardot



BLACK SHEEP—
Fox

YOU'LL enjoy this cleverly concocted, smartly produced picture. Edmund Lowe, in top form as a shipboard card-sharp, finds his own son, Tom Brown, caught in the foils of beautiful lady thief Adrienne Ames. He forms a partnership with Claire Trevor, saving Tom but losing his heart to Claire. A nice comeback triumph for veteran director Allan Dwan



CHINATOWN SQUAD—
Universal

LYLE TALBOT, an ex-detective, runs a rubber-neck bus through Chinatown and solves two murders, in this so-so mystery. To show up his old sergeant-enemy, Lyle sleuths on the side and scares out a confession, landing back on the force and rating Valerie Hobson in the bargain. Direction is skilful and speedy. Competent cast



THE GLASS KEY—
Paramount

A MURDER mystery with George Raft the loyal Man Friday of political boss, Edward Arnold. When a senatorial candidate's son is murdered, Raft solves and saves in his saue but exciting manner. It's one of his most believable rôles. You'll enjoy George, Edward Arnold in another robust rôle, Claire Dodd, Ray Milland and others. Don't seek it



PARIS IN SPRING—
Paramount

TUNEFUL, with no outstanding tunes, colorful, with no particular color, this picture presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and the Latin fretfulness of Tullio Carminati. The lovers quarrels and mix-ups of this pair and of Ida Lupino and James Blakeley are smoothed by Grandma Jessie Ralph. Lynne Overman is an enchanting gendarme. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



Eddie Robinson is an up-to-date intellectual—hard-working, conscientious to a fault in his work, with a tolerance for his characters born of understanding

An Actor With Strange Ideas

Edward G. Robinson hates hate, loathes all things phony, believes in a universal language—the heart

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

IN front of the monkey cage, at the Denver zoo, stood a dark complexioned man, stockily built, with thoughtful eyes and a wide, clever mouth. There were no other people around. He talked to the monkeys.

"You boys," he said, "ought not to be locked up here for dumb humans to stare at. I wonder what you think of us, anyway."

The particular monkey to whom he addressed these words was a quiet, wise-faced prisoner. But all of a sudden that monkey underwent a violent change. It began to make hideous faces. Then it spread itself across the front of the cage in a convulsion of fury, screeching hatred at the man who had spoken.

Looking straight into the monkey's eyes, the man's expression altered swiftly from sympathy to anger. He shook his fist at the animal.

"You ape!" he shouted. "Here am I full of kindness for you—and you insult me! You haven't got sense enough to know the difference between an enemy and a friend. You belong in a cage. You *deserve* to be a monkey!"

From its cage, the monkey spat savage wrath at the man. "And I was so mad," says Edward G. Robinson "that I had to spit right back."

Eddie Robinson told me this story about himself and the monkey in the Denver zoo. He told it to illustrate his belief in Darwinism and the origin of species. I think it is his idea that we surely must be related to the monkeys since we can share, so easily, their primitive likes and dislikes.

But that is not how I interpret Mr. Robinson's performance in front of the monkey cage. To me it is evidence of his authentic rank as a modern artist and modern intellectual.

Understanding is certainly the keynote of modern art, of modern culture. Our current highbrows write tough-baby literature, compose boiler-shop symphonies, paint pretty pictures of garbage dumps and sailor dives. To be intellectual, nowadays, you must be intimately in touch with the egg in all its hard-boiled aspects.

In this respect Eddie Robinson is intellectually up-to-date. He is *modern*. The cry from Denver monkeys to Hollywood studios may be a far one, yet both [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



HURRELL

HOOT GIBSON and his buckskin pony, Mutt, take time out for a drink and a chat. Hoot but recently returned to pictures from a two-year absence, necessitated by a very bad airplane accident. Yet now Buck has completed two starring films for First Division, and he's in "The Roaring West," for Universal

SO YOU'RE SUNBURNED!



Frances reminds you that eyes, too, need care after a sunburn. Any good eye wash, lotion or boric acid solution cools, soothes, and prevents swelling. Apply freely with a dropper

Next, Frances generously applies a special cream for cooling and soothing the burn. Lacking a sunburn cream, use plenty of any good nourishing cream to replenish the skin oil. Later, use a good bleach cream

If you become the victim of a painful sunburn, the first curative step is to cleanse gently with cream, not soap and water. A burned skin needs soothing creams and oils. Frances Grant starts correcting a sunburned skin

In spite of the warnings that are broadcast every season by press and by word of mouth, in spite of the truly protective oils and creams in our bath-cabinets, sooner or later comes the time when we all suffer from the sun in some form. It may be a tan that borders too closely on the shade of *negre*, freckles that make you first cousin to a turkey egg or a case of plain redness that is anything but becoming. Usually, these signs of too much Summer result from a hasty escapade on beach, tennis court or other Summer playgrounds, when the protective bottle is not convenient or when we just carelessly take the risk.

The cure is the same. It will take a little time, but much less time than if you just waited for the skin to correct itself

The first thing you must do after your burn is to cleanse gently with cream. Don't use water because it always makes a burn more painful, and you are burned because the sun, heat or wind has dried your skin. The oily skin, as you know, can stand much more sun without effect than the normal or dry skin. Remove the cleansing cream very gently because your skin may be sensitive. If you can spare even a few minutes, cover it thoroughly with one of the special creams or lotions to soothe after burn, or if you haven't one of these, use any rich nourishing cream. Immediately this type of cream will begin to lubricate your skin, help flaking of the skin later on and prevent the lines that Summer etches on the face of even the

PHOTOPLAY'S HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP



Katherine De Mille, appearing in "The Crusades," is a striking brunette. To encourage a deeper skin tone, she keeps her skin covered with salt water after exposure, using oil of sweet almonds to keep it soft

For redheads, who must not burn. Grace Bradley shows a smart visor for tennis and other sports. Use a sunburn cream or lotion, or lots of foundation and powder, plus some face shading device, and a burn is thwarted



young. If possible, lie down in a dark room, letting the cream remain on as long as possible. If it is bedtime, sleep with the cream on.

Keep on this cream skin diet for a few days until the soreness is gone and the skin seems fairly normal again. After a good burn, there is always a certain amount of flaking away of the burned skin. Do not remove these dead particles with the fingers, as serious scarring may result. A little foundation cream or lotion will make the particles less noticeable, help the shedding.

If, after the first signs of burn are gone, the skin still seems discolored, by all means use a good bleach cream nightly. This

bleaching takes a little time, but persistence in its use will soon bring your skin to its pristine tone.

The same care should be applied to neck and arms if they too, are burned. Nothing is more distracting than a fair, lovely face against a neck that is obviously discolored and weathered.

A word of hope to the oily skins who get burned. A slight burn is often an excellent means of correcting the oily condition and the blackheads and eruptions that often accompany this skin. The sun dries the oil.

Too much oil is the cause of the trouble and especially after a natural sun peel you will often find the new skin much finer and more flawless than before

CONDUCTED BY CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Following the body application of toilet water or eau de Cologne, Gail always fluffs dusting powder with a big soft puff for warm weather comfort

Lessons in keeping cool by Gail Patrick. Eau de Cologne sprayed or patted over the body is one method of personal daintiness, for a sultry day



SUMMER

MID-SUMMER is a season that some would gladly check off the calendar and be done with it. Why? Apparently it isn't the actual temperature that worries them. But it is the bodily discomfort that results when the thermometer rises. And certainly that physical dampness of body, to which girdles and clothing stick like glue, is nothing to put a girl in the best frame of mind. The day may be very, very warm, yet if we can retain a certain degree of personal immaculacy and comfort, it goes without undue worry.

Fortunately, there are simple means by which Summer discomfort may be overcome or mitigated to a good degree

First, consider your bath. A tepid bath, tub or shower, is by far the most cooling and refreshing. A very warm bath is always enervating, and only on occasions of excessive tension or nervousness do I suggest it. Now and then, if you can have this hot bath, go right to bed; it may help you sleep. Otherwise, it wastes your energy. A very cold bath is always a shock, and everyone does not respond well to it. In Summer, it may be temporarily cooling but once out of the tub, you will find yourself warmer than ever.

So let's take a tepid bath and let's use a bath brush. There is nothing like this brush for keeping body skin satin smooth. Scrub vigorously with the brush and soap, rinse thoroughly and dry.

Now for a definitely cooling, fragrant touch—eau de Cologne or toilet water. Everyone is using them now, and they are a means for keeping the skin in fine condition, for cooling body



Bath crystals, salts or one of the fragrant bath lotions added to your tub give a cooling, refreshing, perfuming effect. Gail is adding a handful to tub

An amusing ball of a nail brush, which assures immaculate nails and hands. Gail finds it very advisable after golf, gardening, all outdoor pastimes



DAINTINESS

temperature and keeping you fragrant and free from dampness hours after you have dressed. These preparations come in light neutral or flower odors, lend a delicate scent to the whole body. There are too many splendid ones on the market to even mention. Two fragrances that seem universally popular are lilac and lavender. Use them alone or in conjunction with a harmonious perfume.

There are two ways of applying them. Pour a few drops into the palms and smooth over the body. Or, if you want to be more efficient and economical with your preparation, you will buy one of the large size atomizers that come especially for the use of these lotions. The aperture in these atomizers is larger than in the perfume ones, and it sends a cool, sweet mist over the skin, refreshing and stimulating.

If you will use plenty of dusting powder after the eau de Cologne or toilet water your skin will feel heavenly cool and

ADDITIONAL BEAUTY SECRETS ON PAGE 82

smooth Underthings, even elastic girdles, slip on easily, slide over the skin instead of sticking. And you know, that in spite of excessive warmth, your skin is immaculate and fragrant.

There are two other personal aids that we all need. A good deodorant for underarm use and a depilatory. Strangely enough, these are often considered Summer accessories but the truth is that we need them, especially the deodorant, even more in Winter. Underarm perspiration is normal for everyone. In some cases, it is totally inoffensive, but it can ruin clothing quicker than anything I know. The chemical reaction on fabrics discolors them and destroys [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85]

"YOU'RE EASY ON THE I COULD LOOK



EYES, JEANIE— AT YOU FOR LIFE"

Romance comes to the girl who
guards against COSMETIC SKIN

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance —and *keeps* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours. It's so easy to protect your skin against this danger with the gentle soap that guards the million-dollar complexions of the screen stars.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps, that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. That's why every day more and more women are adopting the screen stars' beauty care to guard against this modern complexion trouble.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace

of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

To keep skin lovely, follow this simple rule: Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap. Remember—9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars have used this fine, white soap for years!

USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

JOAN BENNETT





Pat O'Brien is throwing together a combination salad, while Bunty and Annie Laurie yearn for a bit of hamburger

FOOD FOR MEN

Pat O'Brien Goes into a Kitchen Conference on What Men Like to Eat and How to Prepare It

ARE your men friends salad-shy? Pat O'Brien says he never touches anything that starts off with a marshmallow or a cherry on a mound of whipped cream. That is some slight indication of the way most men feel about their salads, and there's no earthly use in trying to tempt them with something *pretty*. Put the prettifying on yourself at dinner-time, and save the fancy doo-dad salads for the ladies' bridge luncheon—because they are simply wasted on papa, who either eats them and develops a martyr complex, or leaves the plate serenely untouched!

There is one good old stand-by salad which has been man's favorite for time untold and will always be until he finds something better—the plain delicious combination salad.

If you are one who has been guilty of distorting this masterpiece with string beans and peas and hard boiled egg, please let Pat and this scribe induce you to reform. There is nothing more refreshing than this association of four simple raw vegetables: A firm head of lettuce sliced crosswise about half an inch thick (so you don't have to wrestle with the elusive leaf), some slices of the best tomatoes you can get in the market, fresh cucumbers peeled and sliced, and young green onions cut in small rounds.

For dressing, the classic olive oil and vinegar, mixed in a bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic. Add salt, pepper, paprika and a pinch of sugar or a little honey on the end of a spoon. Of course you know the proportion—one-third vinegar (or lemon-juice) to two-thirds oil. You can go fancy on this if you want to, using Tarragon vinegar or sour red wine; you can add mustard, onion juice, Worcestershire sauce, even curry powder, according to your preference. Many men are like Pat and prefer a plain dressing with the frills off—so they mix their own.

The majority of the lads we love to cook for will shy at a fruit salad like a startled stag at dawn . . . but here is one that simply slays 'em. Select a ripe—but not too ripe—Persian melon (cantaloupe will do, but the Persian is perfect) and place it in your refrigerator overnight. Be sure and have it in a paper bag so the aroma will not flavor your butter and everything else in the refrigerator. Get some seedless grapes, or Malagas, at the same time. Stem and seed them, if necessary, and have them good and cold. Just before time for serving, place a few leaves of crisp watercress on the salad plates. Then cut the melon, slice the pink flesh in long [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

That wonderful day on the river



● How precious a simple snapshot can be . . . Don't take chances with pictures that mean so much. Your camera—any camera—is better when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome gives you the true expression, the naturalness. Your snaps turn out just the way you've always wanted them. Always use Verichrome and be sure . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**This day will never come again —
save it with snapshots**

The Barrister Coiffure



Denis Phillips, Fox Film hair stylist, thought out this beautiful arrangement for Shirley Aaronson, reminiscent of the wigs worn by English barristers when in court. Black ribbon is suggested for blondes; shiny white for brunettes

How are your skin and hair standing the Summer? If you are concerned with sunburn, freckles or tan, make-up that will stay in place in spite of heat, write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

JOAN CRAWFORD in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "NO MORE LADIES"



Lipstick

"You'll be amazed," says Joan Crawford, "at the alluring color of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick. It's moisture-proof and may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips."

Powder

"...and Max Factor's Powder really enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. You will notice the difference instantly."

Rouge

"...the exquisite color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, it blends delicately and remains perfect for hours."



"Most Women"

says JOAN CRAWFORD

"conceal their beauty." DO YOU?

DO YOU know how to accent the individual beauty of your type the way lovely Joan Crawford and other famous screen stars do? The secret lies in color harmony make-up, the new discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge and lipstick blended in subtle color harmony is the secret that can transform you into a radiant new being. It doesn't matter if you are a blonde or a brunette, or if you are twenty or forty...there is a color harmony make-up that will bring you new loveliness.

Beautiful women who can choose from

all the world, select Max Factor's make-up because they know they can depend on it to dramatize their beauty. Now you, too, can share the magic of color harmony make-up created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor.

Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis? Would you like a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an interesting illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" All these will be sent to you if you will mail the coupon below to Max Factor, Hollywood. An adventure in loveliness awaits you!

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SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

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Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Dark ☐	Dark ☐	
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Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar;
Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max
Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one
dollar... Featured by leading stores.

We Will Never Understand Cary Grant

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

training in poise and fluency for the stage, he becomes grotesquely tongue-tied, absurdly flustered and unbelievably awkward when he plays the rôle of Romeo in real life.

"When I go a-courting it's a very sad performance," he said. "I guess it's the deadly combination of intensity and a struggle to translate deep feeling into words."

And because he was stubbornly uncommunicative even at the age of twelve, he was expelled from school for the misdemeanor of another student. It wasn't so much a matter of not squealing on a schoolmate as it was an instinctive recoil from the humiliation of pleading for his rights.

A few months later the mistake was discovered, and Cary was reinstated, but his first encounter with the adult code of justice and fair play had left his childhood a shattered, dead thing.

He ran away, but was found quickly by his father and summarily returned to the academy. He remained a few months and ran away again, this time to join the famous Bob Pender Troupe of Pantomimists and Acrobats.

NOW ten years of Hollywood press agenting has inured me to bizarre and fantastic biography, but the next phase of Cary's life will always remain the most singular real life incident in my lengthy list of human phenomena.

First, you must understand the mechanics of that amazing organization known on the Continent and even as far as New York City as the great Pender Troupe. There is nothing in the American tableau to serve as a likely comparison or illustration.

In a large house at Brighton, Bob Pender kept a group of not less than thirty-five boys in constant training for his spectacular acrobatic and pantomime acts that filled engagements in the music halls of Europe.

The boys were bivouacked like a regiment of soldiers, working, playing, rehearsing and eating with bugle-call regularity. During the theatrical season the troupe made the circle from London to Budapest and back, but at such times the methodical routine of Brighton was relaxed only long enough for the daily performance on some glittering stage.

At thirteen, following his second and finally successful French leave from school, Cary joined these theatrical recruits. Strangely enough, he loved the rigid discipline, and the unflexible sameness of the days. He liked the blessed privacy of his tiny room in the Brighton house far better than the crowded dormitories. He liked the exhausting morning hours in the chilly rehearsal halls where he was taught back bends, nip ups, tumbles and acrobatic dancing. He liked even better the afternoon sessions when he was instructed in the delicate art of miming. For this he possessed a large talent and within a few months of his enrollment, he was selected for important work in all the pantomime numbers for the music hall tours.

For five years Cary lived in this placid monastic seclusion, barely touching or being touched by the world that surged beyond the footlights and the Brighton house. And during those years his only fraternal tie was Bob Pender, but this large-hearted man was too occupied with the direction of his theatrical battalions to offer consistent companionship.



During lulls between scenes with Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina," Maureen O'Sullivan became a devout nature lover, dashing off to lake and mountains for a few days

The boys in the troupe were amiable enough, but Cary would not find a Horace Phillips among them. And so he grew to manhood with all his beliefs and credos, his reveries and his very emotions crowded behind a firm dam of isolation.

When he was eighteen, the Pender platoon crossed the Atlantic to fill its first engagement in America, and during a lengthy run at the Hippodrome Theater, Cary's tranquil orbit was obliterated quite suddenly by the restless, savage rhythm of New York City.

Almost at once he knew that he must stay in America, that he must conquer the mad tempo of this new country with his vast knowledge of miming, dancing and singing, and if necessary his deft acrobatic flips.

THE rest of his story merely repeats the familiar and dreary details of the Broadway saga.

There was the usual procession of hall bedrooms, nights spent on Central Park benches, handouts, backwoods strandings and life-saving jobs in Coney Island concessions.

There was eight years of this sort of thing for Cary, and only once did he share his luckless struggles to fall in step with the mad pace of Manhattan.

During the winter of 1927, he met Orry-Kelly, now costume designer for Warner Brothers studios. Here was another stranger in an indifferent country, recently arrived from Australia to search Forty-Second Street for a set designer's job.

The pair decided to share a crowded Greenwich Village room as a means of solving the rent riddle.

Strangely enough the lowest ebb in the careers of both these famous Hollywood men was touched during the fateful year they bunked together.

At one time they met the threat of certain eviction by painting neckties by hand and forcing them upon unwilling shopkeepers in the Village. The process was one Orry-Kelly discovered years before, and it must have been a good one, for the hand tinted neckwear became a sudden rage, and the pair felt crisp greenbacks in their pockets for the first time in months.

THOSE flamboyant ties were the starting flags for Cary's final sprint to success, but he traveled those last miles alone.

It is true that in Hollywood, Cary finally found a candidate for Horace Phillips' place, in Randolph Scott.

Their friendship has endured the stormy passage of Cary's recent courtship, marriage and divorce.

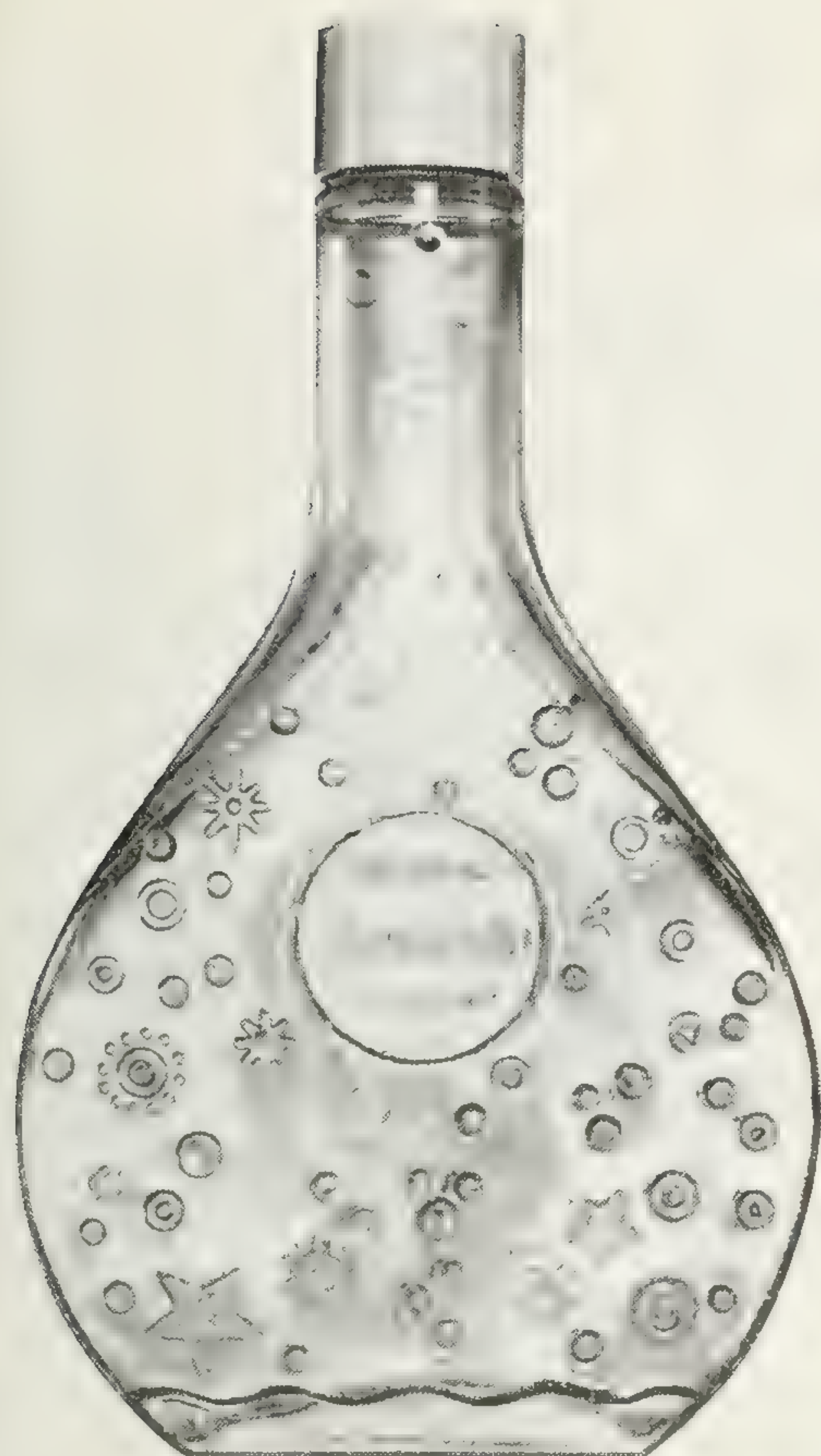
And yet, the other day when I asked Randy if he could explain Cary's frenzied hankering for an impossible privacy, he shook his head.

"I can't tell you why," he told me, "but I've seen him actually lose sleep and weight after reading certain items that touched upon his personal life and thoughts.

"Why, he will probably do the same thing when he reads your story."

And so I wonder, will these words I have written make him writhe and grimace? Will our friendship survive my first and certainly my last article on Cary Grant?

I wonder?



First step toward Summer comfort. A new eau de Cologne, delightful body refreshant, gently scented in one of seven odeurs, exquisitely bottled

Summer Daintiness

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

them rapidly. 'This is the reason that their use is absolutely essential.' Deodorants are easy to use, cannot possibly harm, because their function is to stop perspiration where it is least desirable and to distribute the process normally all over the body.

The stockingless mode is more popular than it ever has been. It demands leg skin as smooth and fine as your face. Many depilatories are as easy to use as a face cream. Some may be removed immediately after application, some should remain on a few minutes. But the whole procedure is so simple, so effective, that there seems no excuse for the ungroomed leg



Bath salts for softening and perfuming your tub, and dusting powder for cooling and softening the skin change the prosaic ritual into a true luxury

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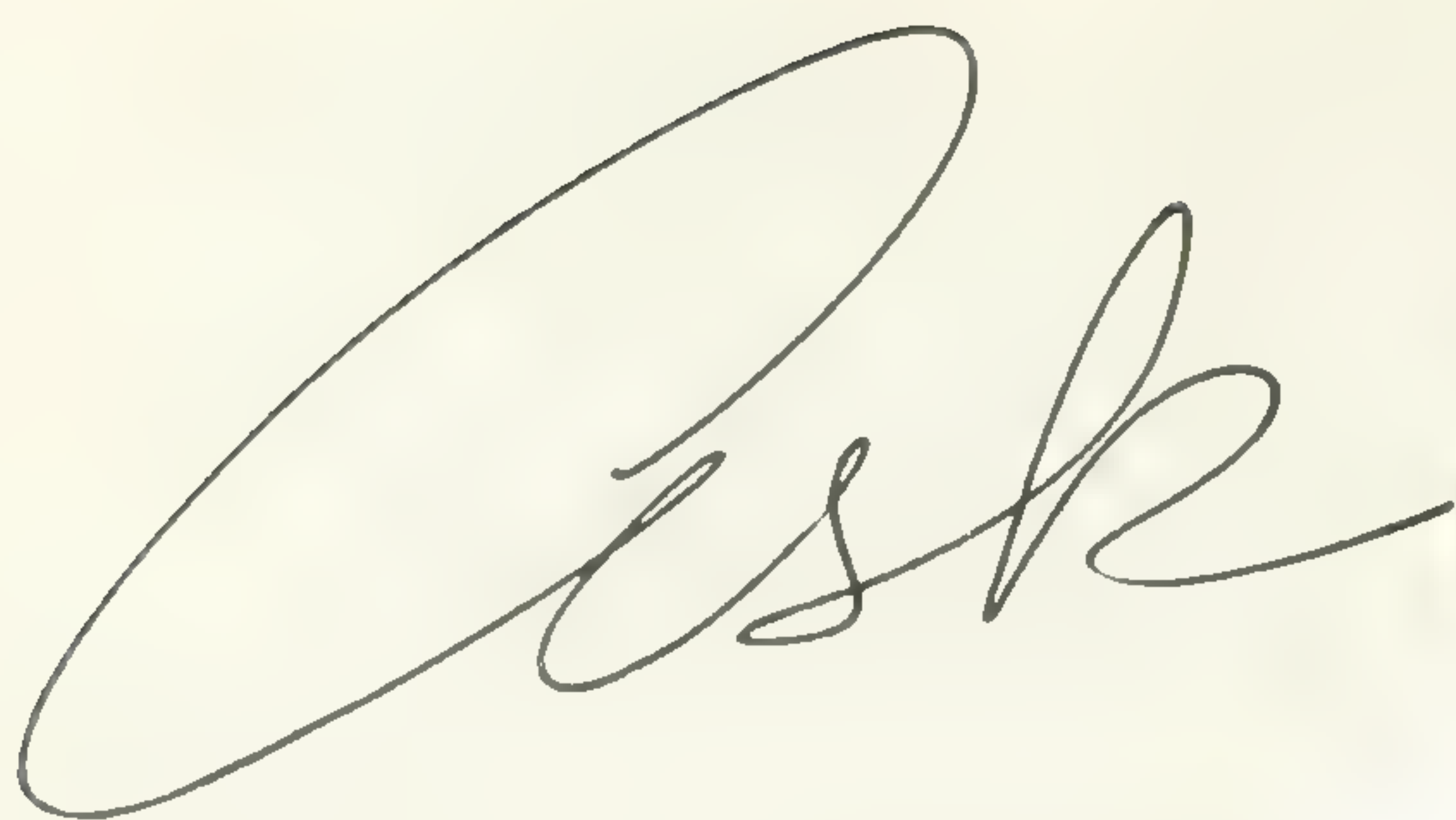
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cares disappear with the
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wholesome,

retresning and so satisfying—you can
depend upon the brew with a more
than ninety-year reputation—good
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale



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THE ANSWER MAN

It looks as if the ladies are discarding their traditional interest in dark-haired men and going in for blond heroes. Or, we should say, a blond hero. His name is Nelson Eddy, and the Answer Man is just now digging himself out from under the deluge of mail that has come in clamoring for more information on this chap who crashed to screen success in "Naughty Marietta."

Nelson had already won fame and highest praise as a baritone on the concert stage, in opera, and on the air, when he went into pictures. His musical education began at a tender age, back in Providence, Rhode Island, when Nelson sang in the church choir on Sunday and played the drums in his school orchestra during the week.

Like most ambitious young singers, he traveled a hard road to success—nights of long, tedious study, days of hard work or job hunting so he could pay for his lessons.

Nelson's on top of the world now. "Naughty Marietta" established him as a real movie personality, a big star. He plans on continuing his musical career along with his screen work. Believes the movies teach an operatic singer a great deal, getting the singer away from many of the standard, exaggerated gestures he is apt to use in operatic rôles and giving him smoothness and naturalness so necessary on the screen.

Eddy is thirty-four years old, six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has yellow hair, blue eyes. And—hold on girls!—he isn't married. Not yet!

MARJORIE BRUNSON, ANDALUSIA, ALABAMA.—Joan Bennett has two daughters. Diana, who was seven years old in February, is the child of Joan's first husband, John Martin Fox. Another daughter, Melinda, was born to Joan and Gene Markey in February, 1934. Joan is five feet, five inches tall and weighs one hundred and eight pounds.

FLORENCE ROGERS, MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.—Can't understand why you haven't seen Pert Kelton lately, Florence. Since making "Bed of Roses" Pert has wowed 'em in the following films: "The Bowery," "The Meanest Girl in Town," "Sing and Like It," "Bachelor Bait," "Pursued," and "Lightning Strikes Twice," and "Hooray for Love."

E. R., DENVER, COLORADO.—Here's something for the Funny Coincidence Department. In the same mail with your request for information regarding Carol Dempster came a note from Mrs. Elsie Kersey, Atlanta, Georgia, telling us about Carol.

Mrs. Kersey writes: "So many people write asking what has become of Carol Dempster, a most fascinating star of a few years past. Carol is happily married to Mr. E. S. Larsen, New York banker. He has just purchased for Carol an estate up in Connecticut where plans are now under way for building her a lovely country home. Carol is as beautiful as ever, just as fascinating and charming as when she was on the screen."

Nelson Eddy, the pride and joy of movie-going womanhood from coast to coast, is on top of the world right now, but it was a hard road. Yes, girls, he's still single. Can you imagine!

"She and her husband are an ideal couple, and I want her movie fans to know she's the happiest person one could ever wish to find." Thank you, Mrs. Kersey!

A. M. SMITH, SOUTH OZONE PARK, N. Y.—You're right about Evelyn Laye. Before she made "One Heavenly Night" for United

Artists two Gaumont British pictures were released in this country: "Waltz Time," and "Evensong." Since then Gaumont British has also released her "Princess Charming."

FRANCES GRANT, FT. RILEY, KANSAS.—You're one of many, Frances, who has written asking about Henry Wadsworth. Henry was born in Maysville, Kentucky, and went to the University of Kentucky, at Lexington. He played in stock and on the Broadway stage before going to Hollywood. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet nine and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds.

Little Louise Henry was born in 1914, in Syracuse, New York. Before entering pictures she was on the stage in London for three years. She's five feet four, weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds and has blonde hair, blue eyes. And she's going places!

JOYCE, LUMBERTON, N. C. — Sorry we couldn't rush that answer to you, Joyce, but you didn't send a stamped envelope. Here's the dope, and we hope you didn't get tired waiting. Gail Patrick isn't married. Her real name is Margaret Fitzpatrick, and she was born in Birmingham, Alabama. You can address her at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California

JOHN BARRELLA, CAPE HAITIEN, HAITI.—Dolores Del Rio's real name is Dolores Asunsolo. She was born in Durango, Mexico, on August 3, 1905. Her latest film is "In Caliente." She's married to Cedric Gibbons. And did you know that Ramon Novarro is her second cousin?

EDITH, SARASOTA, PA.—Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, Ill., June 17, 1904. He is 6 feet, 1½ inches tall, weighs 178 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. He entered pictures in 1930. Latest are "Eight Bells" and "Air Hawks." Ralph was married to Katherine Willard in June, 1931.

ADA SAUNDERS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Kitty Carlisle was born in New Orleans (she doesn't tell how long ago) and received her education in Switzerland, France and Italy. She is under contract to Paramount and her latest picture is "Here Is My Heart." Bing Crosby is the hero.

MARGARET HOWE, DES MOINES, IA.—Your girl friend is wrong, Joan Crawford and Fred Astaire are not brother and sister. The birthdays of your favorites are as follows: Jimmy Cagney, July 17, 1904; Myrna Loy, August 2, 1905; and Bill Powell, July 29, 1892. Sorry I do not know the name of the music you asked about

SHIRLEY ZELL.—What, no address, Shirley? We'll take your most important question first. Margaret Lindsay is still single. She was born in Dubuque, Iowa, September 19, 1910. Is 5 feet, 6 inches tall; weighs 115 and has chestnut hair and brown eyes.

I Know Myrna Loy —But Not Very Well

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

she conducts her private life that leases had been signed, inventories taken, vans practically in front of the house and the proverbial old first-and-last-month check in hand before I knew who my mysterious tenant was. The thin writing on the pay-off line on the check revealed in childishly round letters . . . *Myrna Loy*. It was clear now why the advance guard of business manager and secretary had looked with such interested eyes on the long stretch of vacant property that isolates our place and had insisted that our name remain on the mailbox "because we don't care to put a name there."

When the secret was out of the bag, Myrna's peppy little secretary, Carol Pradeau, who reminds me of Lupe without the cussing, laughed: "Who did you think was movin' in? Garbo?"

"Practically the same thing," I replied.

So for six months Myrna lived in my house; and while by no stretch of the imagination could it be said we became friends in that time, there were those moments of getting the plumber, and checking the gardener to see the Sweet Williams were planted next to the garage that presented opportunities for knowing this red-headed, green-eyed, freckled-faced girl far better than a couple of casual interviews had ever revealed.

SHE is, I think, the shyest person I have ever met. It has become a fashionable gag for glamorous ladies of the screen to claim they are really frightened fauns at heart, suffering from top-notch complexes of timidity. Myrna doesn't claim to suffer from shyness. She just suffers.

Sometime in her life she must have been terribly hurt by someone or something. Perhaps her deliberate seeking of the background was inspired in those years when Hollywood so blithely ignored her talents, casting her in rôle after rôle of Oriental or half-breed sirens. Or, perhaps some trusted friend taught her too well that people are not to be trusted. When success came tumbling into her lap two years ago it came too late to undo the self-effacement that is the dominant note in her personality. Something in Myrna cringes from life, from contacts, from people. Only before the camera is she capable of turning on the full strength of her charm and innate beauty—which is the best reason in the world why she has never landed on the front pages of newspapers, married and divorced with regularity, and traveled to strange places to bask in the spotlight of her hard-earned success.

She suffers when any fact of her private life becomes public property. She is miserable in the spotlight.

Several weeks ago it was necessary for her to enter a San Francisco hospital for treatment for a bad case of nerves. When the news leaked out to the newspapers that the registered patient *M. Williams of Montana* (her real name and birthplace) was none other than Myrna Loy of Hollywood, she became so upset she fled back to Hollywood after a few hours of the rest cure that should have taken weeks.

She was dismayed that it was not possible for little Pradeau to take out her European passport under an assumed name. All her personal accounts, telephone, gas, electric, butcher, baker, modiste, candlestick-maker are carried



Like a **SHOWER** on a **HOT DAY**

—the cooling mild menthol in KOOLS sets you up. Light one and refresh that hot, parched throat. There's just enough mild menthol to give the smoke a pleasant coolness, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork

tips save lips. And a B & W coupon in each pack worth saving for a choice of mighty attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Ever tried KOOLS? It's time to—and a good time, too!

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.





A cheerful foursome of the "younger set" leaving the Trocadero: Ben Alexander, Paula Stone, Lew and Mrs. Ayres (Ginger Rogers)

under the name of Carol Pradeau, who is not only her secretary but her companion.

If she were not afraid her refusal to grant interviews would be misinterpreted as a "Garbo," it is doubtful if she would ever see the press. She has never given out a story on "My Philosophy of Love"—"Leading Men I Have Kissed," nor has she been revealed by any other star as "My Pal, Myrna, As I Know Her."

The latter idea would be impossible, anyway, for with the exception of her mother and brother, whom she adores—Carol, Arthur Hornblow, a girl who used to be her stand-in, and such professional friends as Bill Powell and Ramon Novarro, she has no intimates.

"Sometimes," confided Carol, who is still having quite a time with her English, "I think I gonna have to spank Myrna. She never go any place, never want to see anybody. Every night we have dinner and then sit in front of the fire and talk. When Myrna workin' on a picture we study dialogue. When she not workin' we just talk. The other day I say: 'What you got all those beautiful clothes hanging in the closet for if you don' wear them?' She say: 'Well, I got to think up some work for you to do. If you don't buy me clothes what you do with your time?'"

If, by any chance, I've given the impression Myrna is a brooding soul in her solitude, it is a mistaken one. She loves to laugh. The few friends who are close to her are amusing companions. She once kept a very mediocre cook for months because it tickled her to hear him talk. She is a frequent patron of a certain little gown shop in Hollywood because of a little salesgirl there.

As much as she hates parties, now and then she'll go to one and have more fun than any other party-jaded celebrity present. On these occasions she is always stunningly gowned, arriving in state in her swanky town car with its uniformed chauffeur. She appears to have such a good time her occasional hostesses are always amazed when they don't see her again for months. Myrna has merely returned to her favorite costume, blue slacks and white sweater

and her favorite means of transportation—the rumble seat in Pradeau's coupé.

It is only where her work is concerned that a certain slow stubbornness in her make-up asserts itself. No work is too hard, no effort too much if it will enhance the value of her performance. She has never been known to pull a temperamental scene on a set. She is the hard-working darling of all directors. In her quiet way she is proud of the strides she has made in the past two years *via* the route of "The Thin Man," "Broadway Bill" and other of her "new personality" pictures. But when a report was circulated that a campaign would be waged in her behalf for last year's Academy Award (just as one was waged for Bette Davis

over the trophy eventually won by Claudette Colbert) Myrna was so upset she was ill. Arguments from studio publicity officials were no good.

"But Myrna, 'The Thin Man' broke all records . . .!"

She put her foot down. And in that quiet unobtrusive way of hers it was as effective as a temper scene from any other star of the cinema. When you promise Myrna, you don't break that promise. She is guided by instinct solely. She either feels right about a picture, a part or a person, or she doesn't.

From the beginning she was convinced that the rôle in "Escapade" was not suitable to her. Her long apprenticeship in unimportant rôles over a period of ten years has proved invaluable in one way—it gave her a clear viewpoint on Hollywood values that cannot be distorted. Her success was too slow in coming to allow for giddy mistakes in judgment at the top. In a thoroughly untemperamental way Myrna knows the Hollywood game well.

With her background of experience, she feels that too many pictures with even the debonair Bill Powell is not a good thing for either of their careers. Only one picture or story in hundreds offers equal opportunity to both partners of a team.

SHE is also Hollywood-wise enough to know that if her salary is not satisfactorily adjusted now while she is at the top, it will never be adjusted when the golden days of the harvest are over—as they invariably are for even the brightest of box-office bets.

They promised her adjustments would be made in the rôle. When there wasn't there were no rows, no "big scenes."

Myrna merely packed her bag, boarded a plane and started out on the first vacation of her life.

From behind potted palms, from under pulled-down hats, via aliases on hotel registers, and from behind phony excuses to hostesses who would fete her, Miss X of Hollywood steps forth to see the world for the first time . . . and perhaps puzzle it as thoroughly as she has puzzled Hollywood for a dozen years!



You'll be seeing them soon—Greta Garbo and Freddie Bartholomew as mother and son in M-G-M's version of the novel "Anna Karenina"

What Really Happens to Movie Children

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

plead with her not to deprive her baby of its birthright to a normal world of regulated naps, sunbaths and sandpiles for the million-to-one chance of repeating a Coogan or a Temple triumph."

Strange, isn't it, that Mimi Shirley, for thirteen years a movie mother, has the temerity to tell the world that she violently disapproves of children working in pictures. She begged me to make quite clear in this article the ruthless forces that finally compelled her to proffer Anne's babyhood to the camera gods.

The Shirleys' story is as familiar as it is drab and appalling. The widow left with a sixteen-months-old child to provide for, in teeming New York. The brave determination to keep the baby with her and earn a living somehow. There was the sixteen-dollar-a-week saleslady job and a six-dollar-a-week char woman to look after child during the day. The subnormal carelessness of the underpaid servant that almost resulted in the permanent mutilation of the baby's right hand, and the frantic mother's desperate decision to find kitchen work to enable her to give the child a full-time mother's attention.

THEN a housekeeping berth in a motherless home, where she cooked, scrubbed, washed and sewed for a father and three children. But she had in return four dollars a week and a warm room to herself, where she could hold Anne close to her during the long nights.

But even this scant security was snatched from them when one night Mimi Shirley was forced to barricade her door, and with Anne in her arms, climb out the window and run two miles to the nearest town for safety and shelter.

There was a period of a year or more when this buffeted pair managed to keep afloat on eight dollars a week derived from Anne's posing for commercial photographers. Have you any idea how far eight dollars goes in New York City toward rent and food and clothes? And when a summer lull caused the photographers to fold their cameras and silently steal away, and the Shirleys were once more fighting to keep their heads above the waves, the movies flung out a life line and Mimi grasped it for her child with gratitude.

"Through a number of small coincidences Anne was given tiny parts in three pictures made in New York," Mrs. Shirley recounted the fateful steps that brought them finally to the Pacific Coast, "and then Allan Dwan advised us to come to Hollywood, where work was more plentiful. Both Mr. Dwan and Herbert Brenon gave me letters to well-known men in the studios here, so you see I entered this town with really marvelous connections.

ANNE was put to work almost immediately in a picture starring Betty Compson, 'The Rustle of Silk,' and then Mr. Brenon arrived from the East and used her throughout the filming of Pola Negri's famous picture, 'The Spanish Dancer.'

"Her salary was approximately one hundred dollars a week for these pictures, and I dreamed dreams of a home, a garden and a bank balance for the first time since Anne's birth. Hollywood is such a deceptive place. It is so easy to dream such things out here."

Only the *Natural Lips* appealed
to me... said **WARREN WILLIAM**



UNTOUCHED Lips
often look faded

PAINTED Lips
look unnatural

TANGEE Intensifies
your natural color

And then Mr. William found out he had picked the girl with Tangee Lips

● Suave...sophisticated...those are words to describe Warren William! Yet even this debonair actor whose roles are usually those of a wise, witty man prefers girls who have naturally rosy lips...free from conspicuous paint.

We found him at Warner Brothers Studios. With us were three girls. One of the girls had no lipstick on; one had her usual lipstick, and the third used Tangee. "Which lips, Mr. William, appeal to you most?" It didn't take Warren William long to decide...he picked the Tangee lips. Later he said quite frankly, "Only the natural lips appealed to me."

Tangee makes your lips look natural...makes them rosy, soft, and kissable. For Tangee's magic color change principle brings out your



• Warren William picks the Tangee girl in lipstick test. Snapped between scenes of "The Case of the Curious Bride", a new First National Picture.

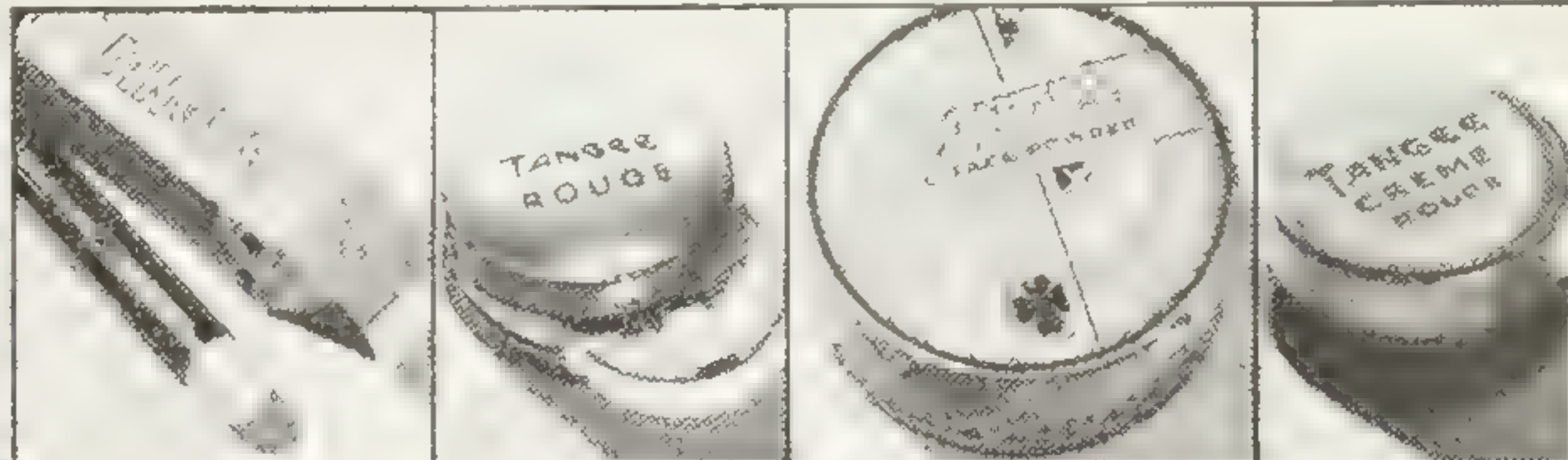
own coloring. Tangee never gives you that "painted look"...because *it isn't paint*. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, \$1.10 and 39 cents. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

PERFECT SUMMER ROUGE!



It's waterproof. Never fades...never streaks, even in swimming.



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THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY P85
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Anne's first two years in pictures netted an average income of seventeen dollars a week (because of the long payless waits between calls), but her mother was quite satisfied with this.

On seventeen dollars she rented and furnished a four-room cottage, managed to keep the pantry stocked with all the fresh fruits and vegetables necessary for a growing child, and she could even eke out the expensive photographs that must be mailed out every few months to refresh the memory of the very busy men behind the studio casting office doors.

"I met many other movie mothers during those years," she recalled, "and I am almost certain that I was the only one who was not convinced that her child was destined for stardom and millions. I am almost certain that I was the only mother in that group of a thousand or more who had not given up something vital to come to Hollywood. Most of those movie mothers had left husbands, homes, relatives and, in some cases, certain and stable incomes to give their Junior or Sister a chance to make Jackie Coogan look like a bum on the screen.

"BUT I also met during those long waits on the sets, two mothers whose godlike kindness and selfless generosity was to save Anne and me in the years that followed from starvation and the humiliation of county charity.

"Those two women are Mrs. Searle, mother of the famous juvenile actor, Jackie Searle, and Mrs. Wynonah Johnson, whose seven children are well known to every director in the industry."

At the end of their first two years in Hollywood during which Anne Shirley was called to the studios with comforting regularity, her tiny rompers would no longer fit her, and her baby chubbiness was gone and she was leggy and toothless and gangling, for it seems that even a movie child must pass somehow through the awkward age.

And just as suddenly there was no work for her, not even a half-day extra call for the baby that had pleased so many big directors.

FROM the day she was six years old until she was eight, Anne did not earn a dime. But her mother drew all her plucky energy together to bridge the new chasm that opened at their feet, and she managed to make ends meet for six months by renting out three of their four rooms. And when she lost the roomers, she sold the furniture piece by piece, until they were down to a single bed and a cot. And then Mrs. Shirley discovered that she could go three days without eating, because it was a tremendous saving on food money for Anne, but she could never manage the fourth day, she always fainted.

And once again this mother climbed aboard the job hunting treadmill. Once again there was the devitalizing search for housework, office work, store work, any kind of work. And once again the discovery that nowhere is there a self-respecting job waiting for the untrained woman with a young child at her side.

She was forced to accept work as a combined switchboard operator and janitress in a ramshackle clubhouse, where for twelve hours of daily labor she received a small room with running water (cold) and not one thing more not even a bathtub.

And then for the next two years this undaunted pair walked a mile to and from a friend's house every day for a bath, and every

meal was cooked in their room on a single gas plate.

"It was during this dreary interlude that Mrs. Searle and Mrs. Johnson came to our rescue," Mimi Shirley told me. "Whenever Jackie worked, Mrs. Searle sent a part of every check he received to us, and Mrs. Johnson carried huge hampers of food to our room the moment our supplies began to run too low.

Just how and when these two women knew we needed help, I will never find out. Both of them seem to have some divine inner sight guiding them.

"And remember, the Searles and the Johnsons were really struggling to meet their own expenses. But because both these women have husbands with modest but regular jobs in Los Angeles, they feel it their duty to help the mothers and children who are, because of adverse circumstances, caught 'Lotus eating' in Hollywood.

"These women bought clothes for Anne. Mrs. Johnson even sat up nights making new frocks for my child. I am telling you all this because I want you to emphasize in this story the great part they have played in Anne's success today. Without Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Searle, I know we would not be in Hollywood today."

The studios suddenly discovered use for Anne's talent again when she was eight. She worked with fair regularity and Mrs. Shirley no longer had to go on periodic three day fasts to buy Anne milk and oranges. She tried this time to save money against the workless months she now knew would always threaten them, but this was difficult to accomplish.

Everywhere she saw movie families in distressful need, and she quietly followed the beautiful charity of the Johnsons and the Searles and sent part of every pay check to some despairing mother.

FIVE years of comfort followed for the Shirleys because once more Anne's yearly earnings hit the seventeen dollar a week mark. On this dancing lessons, piano lessons and French instructions were managed.

And then came the final and perhaps the most shattering hiatus in their monotonous struggle to survive.

From the age of thirteen to fifteen, Anne was called to work for three days, and the total sum she earned was thirty dollars.

Mrs. Shirley made the round for work again and found a grocery clerk opening in Long Beach where she stood on her feet twelve and sometimes fourteen hours a day in an open market and garnered fifteen dollars at the end of every week.

But this economic straw vanished when the depression hit the grocery business, and the pair returned to Hollywood.

"At this time," Mrs. Shirley told me, "I was fortunate to find a kind landlady who was willing to gamble on Anne's chances in pictures, and she permitted us to stay in her apartment for a year and a half without paying one cent of rent.

"The Searles and the Johnsons and another good friend came to our rescue again with food and clothes

"I WENT to the studios and begged for work of any kind for myself and extra jobs for Anne.

"She was able to carry young lady rôles at fourteen, but the casting directors had her etched into their minds as a child player, and the newcomers got all the débutante rôles.

"I discovered then that experience as a child player all but ruins a girl's or a boy's adult future on the screen."

But there was something in Hollywood more difficult to bear than hunger and uncertainty. There was the repeated paralyzing heartbreak of losing promised rôles at the last moment by some insane side-swipe of Fate. And these heart-breaks became torture when Anne grew old enough to share her brave mother's torment.

When Anne was fifteen, she was cast in the rôle of a *Grand Duchess* in "Rasputin" and Mrs. Shirley's lips were grim when she related this story to me. "This employment helped clear away part of our eighteen months back rent and to buy some decent and warm clothes for Anne.

"And then after another period of hopeless daily calls to the Casting Bureau, letters sent to directors we knew and long waits in studio reception rooms for futile interviews with supervisors, Anne was suddenly called to the RKO studios and cast in the leading rôle in 'Finishing School.'

"SHE went to the studio every day for two weeks for wardrobe fittings and for rehearsals.

"This was her first good break in Hollywood and we were both light headed with joy."

But the day before the picture was scheduled for shooting and, ironically enough, the day before Anne's pay checks became realities, the Shirleys read a newspaper item announcing Mitzi Green's arrival from New York to take over Anne's rôle in "Finishing School." Anne was acutely ill following this blow.

But thirteen Hollywood years had made a stout trouper out of Mimi Shirley, and she walked smiling into that studio and asked the director to please keep Anne in the picture in any capacity even for a few days of extra work.

And she got just that—extra work.

And then Fate went into another demented zigzag that ended with Mitzi Green on a train headed back to New York after one week's work and producers frantically rushing Anne back into the part that had been snatched from her.

It seems that Papa Green did not think the part big enough for his offspring. The Shirleys still heap silent blessings daily on Papa Green's head.

After "Finishing School" there was the lead in "Anne of Green Gables" and finally there was the benediction of that RKO contract

AND although there is at last a balance in the bank and the promise of such things as annuities and government bonds, the Shirleys cling to a crowded, single furnished apartment, refusing to buy an inexpensive car or even the simple luxury of a cheap fur coat for Anne.

For, you see, the Shirleys know their Hollywood. They know that here hunger and privation are the inseparable shadows of glamour and wealth. They know how quickly the imp of chance topples over the best laid studio plans, and they know the stabbing grief of watching Hollywood dreams shiver to ruin at their feet.

They know all this, and yet Mimi Shirley says:

"I am truly grateful to the motion picture industry. It gave Anne and me a chance to survive.

"And please, is there some way we can tell every mother in America with a talented child, that Hollywood offers her just that?"

Mae West Talks About Her "Marriage"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

as I used to. They're all holding off to find out whether I'm in the market or not. I ought to sue some of my 'husbands,' she laughed, "for alienation of propositions."

"That might be a job," I suggested. "It looks like everyone whoever proposed to you is now claiming to be an ex-husband."

"And then some," Mae agreed, "they're coming as often as a chain letter. Maybe if I'd send 'em a dime, they'd stop. But they'd probably expect a diamond instead of a dime. A bunch of sour grapes would be more appropriate."

"From your recent and other experiences," I wondered, "what do you think of men now?"

"Often," confessed Mae. "Didn't you say 'when?'"

"No," I told her, "I said 'what?'"

"That's different," she qualified, "I like 'em. In fact, I'd say they're nature's greatest gift to women. I like some men for class and distinction, some for brains, some for looks, and some for an understanding nature. I like 'em to come up and see me," she insisted, "but this guy and the rest of my 'husbands' must have misunderstood me. They thought I said 'come up and sue me sometime.'"

THE New York Frank Wallace, still insisting in the face of Mae's denials that he was the head man, has tried to put Mae on the spot by asking for a declaratory judgment from the courts stating whether she is or is not his past or present wife. He claims that Mae's denial of their former wedded state has "caused him untold suffering, held him up to the ignominy of his companions, injured his standing in the community and damaged his professional rating." I reminded her.

"Is that all?" said Mae. "Well, that's one way to court a girl. I'll take the old fashioned way. But say," she declared, "I'm getting tired of talking about it. I'm not married. I'm still a bachelor girl—and that's all there is to it. Who brought all this up in the first place?"

"Not me," I said. I told her I thought it was a government "boon dogger" in Milwaukee who unearthed the marriage registration of a Mae West and a Frank Wallace. Then the newspapers hunted up Frank Wallace in New York.

"AREN'T 'boon dogglers' these New Deal relief guys who spend their time making something out of nothing?" asked Mae.

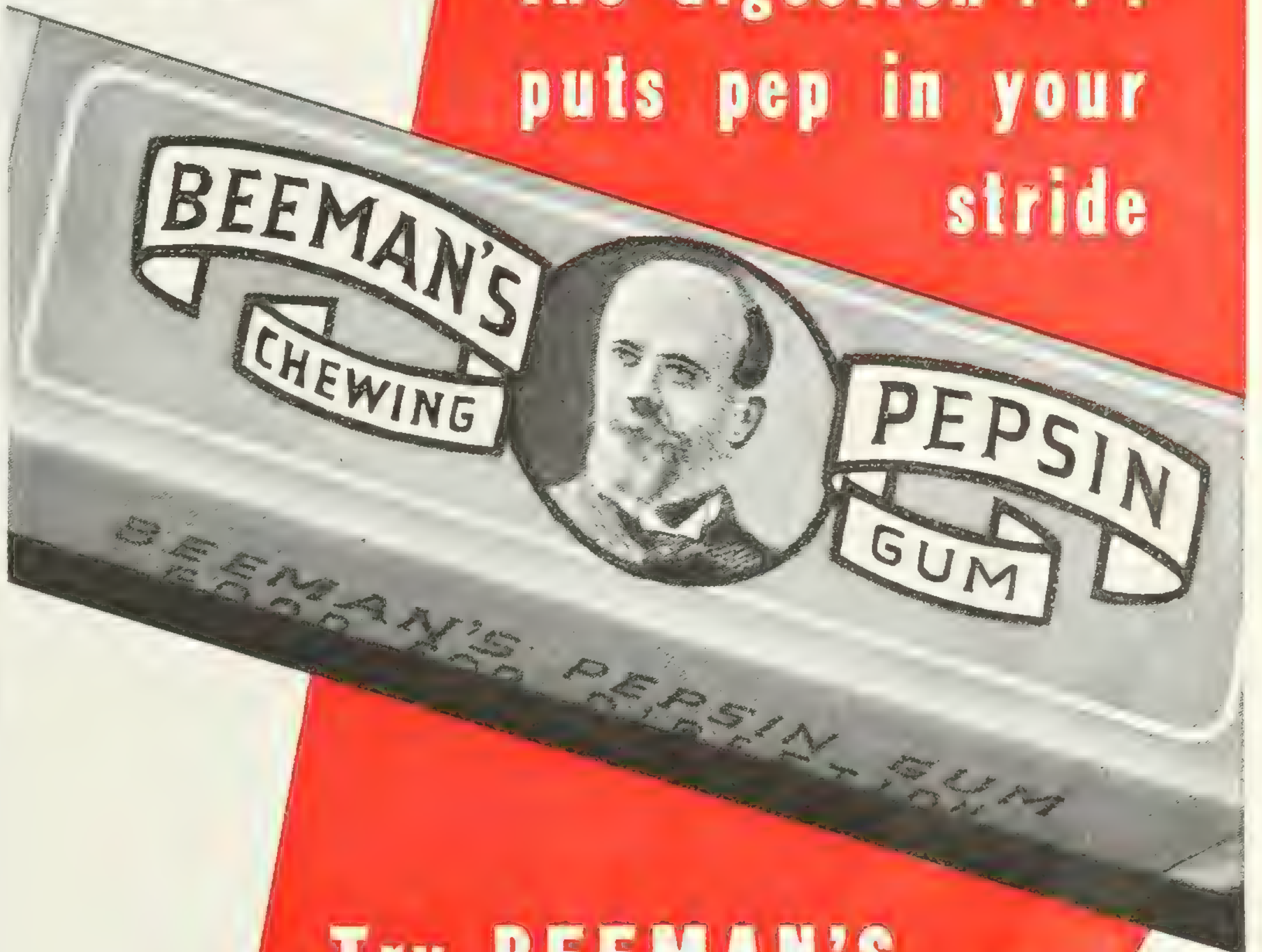
"Then this one," added Mae, "can go right to the head of the class."

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

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Don't Love Me!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"What the devil's the matter with this thing?"

"The switchboard operator wasn't at his desk when I came in just a minute ago," I told him.

All the time that I was answering questions mechanically, my conscious attention was on the body of Scott, lying there, grotesquely finished, upon the floor. Why did this happen—how did it happen?

Death had walked with me again!

CHAPTER XXIV

Scott had said during our conversation there in that room that we were playing the final sequence in our picture but I had not paid much attention to his remark except to think that he was being drunkenly dramatic. Now I wondered if he had spoken from a premonition of tragedy—if he had perhaps intended to kill himself.

Clancy at the telephone suddenly got a response.

"**B**OUT time I got a little action around here." He gave a number. "And stick around your switchboard, will you, brother, until I get through with you?" he added.

He got his number in a few seconds and asked for somebody named Floyd.

"That you, Bill? That case I reported about five minutes ago as a suicide might be something else again. Send out the photographers, the fingerprint boys and any other novelty experts you find hanging around at this time of night."

When he had hung up I spoke to him.

"May I do something about Mr. Deering's body? He was my fiancé, you know."

He answered me absently. "We'll tend to the guy. It's Exhibit A in this case."

He looked around the room as if he were trying to locate something. Finally he found it. It was the radiator he was looking for. He went over to it and picked up the flat wrench used to turn on the gas. The detective did not touch it with his fingers but handled it gingerly with his handkerchief.

"This," he said, holding it up, "is probably Exhibit B."

I felt particularly useless. They wouldn't let me touch Scott. I didn't want to stay there anyway. Now I had more to think about than ever.

"May I go, now?" I asked the detective.

HE looked at me as if he didn't quite comprehend. "Go?" he asked. "Oh yes, I guess so. Joe, take Miss Adair to—"

I interrupted him. "A friend, who is waiting for me downstairs, has a car at the door and he will take me home."

"That's fine—mighty kind of him. But I'll have to send Joe with you just the same. Your friend wouldn't know the quickest way anyhow—not to where you're going."

I knew what he meant but I asked anyway: "Where?"

"To the—er—hell, I don't know the polite word for jail."

"Jail? What for?"

"Well, for now, I'm holding you as a material witness."



William Gargan is a radio long-distance bug. When you don't find Bill glued to his set, look for him on the roof adjusting his aerial

CHAPTER XXV

The newspapers were full of the story by the next afternoon, but they didn't have much to go on until the second day of my detention. Then the late afternoon editions carried an account of the coroner's inquest.

The jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder and recommended that I, Rachel O'Hare, alias Rochelle Adair, be held for trial.

The basis of that recommendation was:

First, on the testimony of the Jap Tamaki, I had been quarreling with Scott Deering in his apartment shortly before he was killed.

Second, my fingerprints were on the wrench by means of which the gas had been turned on.

Third, I had previously been connected with the unexplained death of a man to whom I had been engaged.

THIS last was stricken from the records but the newspapers printed it anyway and it was quite as damaging as either of the other two premises which were allowed.

The thing which was conspicuously absent from all accounts and from the proceedings of the coroner's inquest itself was any mention whatever of the letter from Sam Werks to

Scott Deering which I had seen on Scott's desk. What had become of it? I couldn't believe that the police had overlooked it. They must have read every scrap of paper in the apartment. The only conclusion I could come to was that they were holding it as a surprise.

UNCLE LOU MUELLER wired from New York to his own attorneys to handle my case. A representative from their office, an alert young man by the name of Abe Goldgartner, came to see me.

"The main thing is, don't say anything, Miss Adair," he counseled. "Mr. Weiss, who handles all our—er—more delicate indictments is away defending an embezzlement case in San Francisco but he'll be back in plenty of time to take care of you. There is nothing to worry about—positively."

That's what he thought.

"They hardly ever hang a woman in this state," he added consolingly, "and, so far as I know, they never even brought in a verdict of guilty against anybody as beautiful as you are—although it may be a little more difficult if we get many women on the jury."

I could see that he considered that the prose-

cution had a good case against me and that the defense would have to be built up on emotional lines based on my personality. Needless to say I was not particularly pleased with the idea.

Still there was nothing else to do so I told him the truth about what happened the night that Scott Deering died. He seized upon the account of my interview with Dr. Khanandi.

"That might be a good alibi," he decided, "especially if we can get that faker to testify that you were in his office early enough in the evening."

Abe Goldgartner went to check up on my statement that I had been with Dr. Khanandi and to find out if he had a record of the time of my arrival and departure.

I had scarcely gotten back to my cell from my sojourn in the visitor's room when the matron came to get me again.

"Who is it?" I asked, not particularly anxious to see anyone under the circumstances.

"Counsel for the prisoner," she replied.

I supposed that Goldgartner had come back to ask some question he had forgotten so I reluctantly returned to the screened cage.

Standing in the doorway on the visitor's side was Samuel Werks, or his ghost, leaning heavily on a cane.

I say "ghost" advisedly and for two reasons. One of them was that he was certainly the last person on earth that I expected to see standing there and the other was that I have seldom seen a more bloodless wraith of a man.

I DIDN'T need to have a nurse's training to know that Sam was a very sick man. The flesh on his pallid, yellow face had sunk absolutely to the bones, his clothes hung on his body as though there was nothing but the skeleton underneath, and his eyes, always terrier-like in their expression, were now bonfires burning deep in their sockets.

My first impulse was to turn back—I didn't want to see Sam or talk to him—but he made a compelling gesture and I weakened. He motioned me to a seat on the other side of the table which was separated in the middle by a wire netting. He limped to the chair opposite mine.

I greeted him doubtfully. "The matron said my attorney—"

"That's right," he interrupted. "I'm your attorney."

"But I have already made arrangements to be represented by a Los Angeles firm."

He waved that aside.

"A defendant has the right to discharge one attorney and substitute another."

"I have no desire to."

Sam smiled. It was an expression that gave me a chill premonition.

"You will have," he answered cryptically.

"I got you out of a scrape like this once before and I'm going to do it again. The minute I heard you were in trouble I took a plane for the coast."

"Why?"

He looked at me a long time before he answered.

"You know why, Rachel. It's because I want you. I'm going to save you for myself."

I must have laughed. "That's your fee?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"What makes you think I'll pay?"

"You'll have to."

I tried to meet his proposition derisively, as if it were a joke. "Then I'll stick to my present attorneys."

He shook his head. "You can't do that either. I'm going to represent you or else—"

An Intimate Subject....

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Mary Pauline Callender
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he paused to let that sink in—"or else I shall be the principal witness for the State. If I go on the stand with what I know, you'll swing, Rachel, as sure as there is a hell. And there is—I've been there ever since I first knew you."

I gazed at him, half-comprehending. "You mean that if you can't have me, no one else ever will?"

He grinned. "Right. You're a bright girl, Rachel. I always said so."

"But why should you want a woman who—er—?"

"Hates me?" he completed. "I'll even tell you that. . . . If you want to see all the cards on the table, here they are."

He paused and collected his thoughts.

"You don't dislike me any more than most women do. I'm not misshapen but I might as well be, as far as attraction for your discriminating sex is concerned. Frankly, I'm starved for a woman—a woman of my own. Nobody I'd want would have me. I know that. So I've got to take one as my ancestors did in the cave days."

"If I'm going to take—why not take the best? You are the most glamorous woman of your time, Rachel. That is one of the reasons I have chosen you. The other reason is that I can get you."

I DID laugh then—not very convincingly perhaps—but nevertheless with a fair show of genuine mirth.

He didn't act as if he had heard me. He didn't look at me, even, as he said, "I've been thinking about you constantly ever since you left. The memories of you have been gnawing like rats at my body. That's why I look this way."

He raised his haggard eyes to mine. I could almost feel it in my heart to be sorry for the half-crazed wretch. For I was convinced now that Sam Werks was insane.

No man in his right mind could have made such a bizarre proposition as the one he had just offered me.

"You're ill," I told him.

"I admit that."

"Too ill to appear in court, I mean."

Sam laughed. "No, Rachel. Even if I had to be carried in on a stretcher I will still be a better lawyer than anybody who has ever plead a criminal case in this state since Earl Rogers died." He looked up at me with a wry smile. "And after seeing you again, Rachel, I've got the will to live. Don't worry—I'll not only get you off but I'll be around to collect my fee."

Of course I did not give my consent to his fantastic plan. Neither did he offer any further arguments.

"Just think it over, Rachel," he said as he left. "If you can find any other answer I'll admit that I'm licked."

CHAPTER XXVI

I tried not to think of what Sam Werks had told me—I wanted not to think of him at all. It seemed to me that I had enough to worry me without his disturbing presence. But it would have been just as easy for Trilby not to have thought of Svengali.

A cell is no place to get away from insistent problems. Sam had suddenly become my greatest one—the most disturbing factor. The nightmare of his infamous proposition tortured me until dawn.

If I could have divorced it from my vivid recollection of his face, especially his compelling eyes, I might have thought my way out

Maybe not—I'm not sure even yet that there was a way out.

I decided finally to put the entire proposition up to young Mr. Goldgartner, but when he showed up in the morning we viewed each other across the wire netting with little confidence on either side.

"The alibi blew up," he said. "This Dr. Khanandi took it on the lam the day after the murder. He must have—"

I interrupted him. "You think it was murder?"

"Sure. Listen, Miss Adair, you got to tell the truth to your lawyer and we might as well admit facts."

"We can't do anything with your case if something is apt to crop up that we don't know anything about."

I realized then how impossible it would be to entrust him with the knowledge that Sam

jauntness which had come to him overnight. He was almost pleasant.

I remembered that he could be, especially when he donned the mantle of professional courtesy.

It was with something like relief that I faced the future. It wasn't very pleasant but at least I knew what it was. I was nearly as confident that Sam would win as he was himself.

He sensed my reaction. "Atta girl, Rachel. Now, let's have the story."

I TOLD him everything, guided by his skilful questions.

When I related the incident of seeing his own letter on Scott Deering's desk he gave a start of surprise.

"You saw that, did you?"

"Yes. And it has disappeared—at least



Maybe it's so, that the romance between Jimmy Blakeley (left) and Mary Carlisle has slightly chilled, but here they are at Raquel Torres' party, with Benita Hume and Jack Dunfee. The reports have it Benita and Jack are engaged, but keeping it quiet. In Hollywood?

Werks might appear as a witness for the prosecution. And if I did not tell him, and that fantastic element came out during the progress of the court proceedings, it undoubtedly would upset any carefully planned defense that he or any helpful member of his firm might build up.

So I gave up. I didn't care much anyway. I felt some way that Mr. Goldgartner did not have much conviction in his optimistic hopes of getting a favorable verdict. His professional manner did not fool me.

I didn't say anything to the young attorney about it but when Sam Werks showed up I merely asked him to make the necessary arrangements to take over the defense. He had the papers all ready—he had been that sure I could find no other way out—and I signed them listlessly.

I MUST admit that Sam had everything that the other man lacked. He seemed absolutely sure of himself. Besides that he had a new

no mention of it has been made by the news papers or the police."

He thought a minute. "I don't believe it matters."

It was my turn to ask a question. "What was in it?"

"Just congratulations from an old friend of the bride-to-be."

I didn't believe him and said so.

He laughed me down. "Obviously I'm right. If it were anything else they would have brought it up at the coroner's inquest."

"UNLESS," I pointed out, "they're saving it for a surprise."

He considered that for a moment. "I don't think so. Take my word for it, Rachel, that letter will never appear."

Nevertheless, at the trial I was to wait, tense, watching for it to rise out of the limbo of forgotten things and confront me like an accusing specter.

| To be concluded next month |

Fashion Forecast for Early Fall

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

chemise type of dress with loose top and slim, straight skirt. Slits are out. For afternoon, a slight drapery look, bi-symmetric, *tailored* drapery, which is correct for the day. Skirts will have the look of a side-saddle riding skirt.

Hats: Fur hats—tiny, precious fur hats, some with a Mongolian influence. No large or off-the-face hats (except on babies). Many veils will be hanging down many backs.

Shoes: There will be a return to Russian boots, to be worn with very short skirts by the more daring women.

Jewelry: Street jewelry will be made of tortoise shell and heavy metal. Great, heavy carved Chinese things, with colored semi-precious stones; East Indian types and Schiaparelli's modernistic jewelry. Pearls are coming into their own as a decoration worthy of respect. Wear them with everything from sweaters to evening gowns. But don't wear any other jewelry with them.

Other accessories: Muffs of any size will be good.

EVENING CLOTHES

Colors: First, black; second, white and pastels; third, navy-blue and brown.

Fabrics: I like gauze trimmed with fur, and the floating chiffon dress, such as I originally designed for Irene Castle, the latter for young girls with lovely figures.

Line: Ankle length skirts in front and shorter at the rear, no matter how far they stretch out. No slits. Panels will be flying. *Much* drapery, especially at the skirt top. There will be the peg-top, pulled-up-in-front look, probably due to the lovely Eastern Princess whose beauty and grace are influencing fashion. The line of classically pure and beautiful drapery, glorifying the body and making it vague, is the highest fashion trend.

Wraps: Hip length, preferably, and spectacular.

For evening, you may wear what you choose to wear at home. Where, in other words, you are sure of your background. If your features or personality lean toward an epoch or period, suggest it by arrangements details, accessories.

The 1830 look, or the East Indian look, or the bustle look. But don't fly out with a crowd of people and stand against a modernistic bar in a bustle.

The idea of a dark evening dress with brilliant accessories and a sparkling wrap, preferably hip length, is the smartest ensemble that can be worn. Every item of the wardrobe should be real or not attempted. Concentrate on one costume, if that is all that can be had, and have it as nice as possible. Attempted finery is very bad.

Lots of luxurious furs—swathed and buried in furs will be the fashionable lady of this Autumn and Winter.



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ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

DEPT. P8

1926 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

The Private Life of Ginger Rogers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

might be any young working couple you could name in Peoria, Illinois, or Waxahachie, Texas. Lew might be the nice young garage mechanic who wrecked your carburetor this morning. And Ginger might be the babe who sang, "Sorr-ray. Mr. Smith is ow-ut—is there a mess-age?" when you called on a matter of life and death.

Their private lives, it's quite true, from a headline standpoint, belong back with the Vital Statistics and the Moon and Tides department.

They live in a rented house with rented furniture like thousands of other rented houses with rented furniture. They drive two small cars—a Buick coupé which Lew bestowed upon Ginger to celebrate their engagement, and a Ford family sedan. They usually try to see who can get to the garage first to get the Ford.

THEIR at home habits are hangovers from the honeymoon flight. If you ever caught Ginger in anything but slacks or linen overalls around the house you would be justified in having your eyesight tested. And the funny part of it is that in her bedroom are two huge closets fairly bulging with beautiful and expensive gowns. Some of them have been hanging there untouched since she went on her trousseau jag in New York. Others are the result of secret "buying sprees" in which she indulges now and then.

It's an odd fact that Ginger's two secret passions in life, besides Lew Ayres, are—clothes and dancing. Yet she never wears clothes and she never goes dancing—well, hardly ever.

THE other day, in between rehearsals, tests, rushes and the things that jam her waking hours these days, she dashed down to Bullocks-Wilshire, Los Angeles' swankiest emporium, and emerged proudly with four new creations. Promptly she hung them up in her gloating closet—regarded each with a sigh of satisfaction, and snatched down four "old dresses." The "old dresses" had never been worn, of course, but they'd been hanging there a few months, so Ginger decided to do something about it.

She called in a girl friend.

"Here," she said, "can you wear these? I'm getting tired of looking at them."

"But," protested the lucky gal, "they've never been worn!"

"I know," said Ginger, with just a faint, wistful sigh, "and they never will be, if they hang around here."

EVEN when she has to run down to the Boulevard to deposit one of those fat checks she's drawing now-a-days, you'd never in the world recognize her, unless you knew her pretty darned well.

I've seen Ginger time after time flopping down the street, her persimmon-colored tresses dangling, uncurled to her shoulders, looking like a sailor's sweetheart all set for a big day at Coney Island with white slacks, beach pumps and a treasured navy blue pea-jacket wrapped around her.

As a matter of fact, a day at Coney Island would be her idea of no end of a big event. Lacking Coney Island, the roller coasters, Keno games, shooting galleries and pop-corn

stands of Ocean Park get the nod over the Trocadero or the King's Club when Ginger and Lew feel like kicking up their heels in some fun.

And Ginger's the one who says where to go and when.

Three or four nights a week, lately, they've been bowling, in a little alley in Beverly Hills. Ginger averages a score of 135, and if you know anything at all about your ten-pins, you'll realize she puts her heart in her work. That's a fair to middlin' score for a growing girl. Some evenings, just before dusk falls, they haunt a little public pitch-and-putt golf course out in Westwood. On others, just after supper time, they set out on a cross-country movie hunt.

They'll travel to the remotest neighborhood pill box theater just to see some picture they've missed. And Mr. Ayres may become fidgety when the picture turns out to be obvious and dull—but not Mrs. Ayres.

"I simply love awful movies," she says, and insists on sitting through two or three features, newsreels, cartoons and travelogues. Even when a four-year-old child could tell how it's all going to end, Ginger protests:

"I know—but I want to see it end that way."

OF course, Lew and Ginger do stay home some nights—in fact a whole lot of nights. They stay home, for instance, on "cutting night," when the results of Lew's current miniature movie craze are assembled and edited. Then the front room is draped with film, hanging like celluloid serpentine from lampshade and chandelier. Lew, one of those handy men around the house, is a born tinkerer.

He worked for weeks regulating the spouting pressure of their fountain so it would balance a ping-pong ball perpetually at the tip of the stream!

Such Edison-like activities are all right with Ginger, who merely rises above it, crunches an apple and tries to "catch up on a whole lot of books" or work out a new tune (she's had two published recently, by the way, "I'd Rather Waste My Time With You," and "Used to Be You")—that is, unless some of "the boys" drop in.

Ginger has no real intimate friends, outside of her cousin, Phyllis Fraser, and perhaps Janet Gaynor. "The boys" signifies a unique camaraderie born of "All Quiet On the Western Front." Lew Ayres, Ben Alexander, Billy Bakewell and Russell Gleason have been like brothers ever since they played together. Ben is practically a member of the family, and any one or all of the trio are likely to drop in with or without their current flames. When they do, they all sit on the floor, send out for hamburgers and buttermilk and play "murder," or "Guggenheim" or "kick-it." Or else Lew unreels the latest colossal epic, always prefaced by an explanatory title which comes right after the NRA emblem.

THE audience, apologizes the title, will have to excuse the grade of lighting, sets and costumes, because of a little trouble with "the front office."

Then flashes a full face of Ginger, very stern—bearing the label, "Front Office."

If it's Thursday or Sunday night, which are

cook's nights out, the Ayres, *en famille*, sally forth for sustenance, because Ginger can't cook without "getting lumps in the gravy." This culinary weakness was a touchy issue for some time, because the first time Lew had ever seen Ginger in the flesh was at the premiere of "42nd Street" and he marked well her words as she addressed the radio audience—and remembered them.

"My goodness," Ginger had said to the mike, "if I had known all you people were going to be here, I'd have baked a cake!"

Lew informed her that this was the false hope which had lured him to the altar, but now he knew that she couldn't bake a cake if she tried.

A few nights later, "the boys," Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, Phyllis Fraser, Ginger's cousin, and assorted friends were startled by an excited voice on the telephone.

"Come on over—quick," shouted Lew, "something's happened."

They all dashed over, expecting twins at least. Lew met them at the door.

"Ginger's baked a cake!" he cried.

Ordinarily, however, no such domestic breakdown occurs. Then the Mr. and Mrs. Ayres go out to dine.

They almost always start out with good intentions.

A few Sundays ago, after Ginger had been to church and Lew had read the Sunday supplements, they set out for one of the elite restaurants in the Wilshire district. When they arrived, they parked the car and glanced at one another.

"Lot of people in there," said Ginger.

"Um-hum," said Lew.

"They've got good fried chicken at Carpenter's," mused Ginger, naming a popular drive-in sandwich stand.

A half chicken with lots of shoe-string potatoes on the side sets you back exactly forty cents.

Well—that's where they ate Sunday dinner—in their car at Carpenter's drive-in sandwich stand, with the radio turned on for a touch of musical elegance! Because Ginger liked it that way.

SO that's why I say—if this picture of a humdrum couple's home life impresses you as particularly glamourless—it's your privilege to call them colorless, call them vegetables, call them ribbon clerks on a day off. Weep, if you must, for the poor caged canary who hadn't attended a Hollywood party since she was married.

Shudder at the disgraceful state of Lew's brand new tuxedo which when pried from its dark moorings the other night revealed a gaping hole in the shoulder where moths had feasted.

But waste no pity on Ginger Rogers. And don't blame their lazy, lackadaisical life on a hermit husband who holds her in his thrall. Because, I have another sneaking suspicion that Mrs. Ginger Rogers Ayres is very content to live just as she does.

It's the Ginger Rogers who hit all the high spots that Hollywood remembers and insists on showering with pity because she doesn't hit them any more. But Hollywood, you know, is like that.

But that was a different Ginger. She had just come to Hollywood, the first place she had had a halfway right to call home since she left high school in Texas. In her first months here she made all the parties and met all the people who make up this giddy carousel called Hollywood.

She wasn't a glamorous star then with the world at her flying feet. She was just a little personality girl with pumpkin-seed hair who could sing and dance and act a little, too.

When she met Lew Ayres she met her first real friend as well as her first real love in Hollywood. He was the top male star at Universal then, and Fox was luring him to bigger time.

Ginger wasn't so important.

Now the situation is about-faced. Ginger's the important one. Lew does all right, but he's not in her bracket. That trying situation has dissatisfied more than one ambitious Hollywood wife and irked more than one Hollywood husband—even into divorce.

But it doesn't trouble the Ayres. Hollywood has never understood this dreamy-eyed, good looking kid husband of Ginger's whom Fate (retitled "All Quiet on the Western Front") made a big star overnight—against his better judgment.

Lew doesn't really love acting. He never has. It's his job and his living, but his heart has never been in it.

He couldn't be jealous of Ginger's amazing success if he worked at it.

And if you think Ginger has any suppressed ambitions for social life after she gets through with her work at the studio, you may think a few more times. "My social ambitions," she grinned to me, "are about six months' rest." Never in her young life—and she has worked hard since she was a pup—has Ginger put in as many hard licks as she is putting in right now.

SHE slaves because she loves it. She'll always love it. It's one half of her life—and the prosaic, glamourless home life which Hollywood can't comprehend is the other welcome half.

It makes the right balanced diet—with just an occasional cocktail.

Such as the other night when the cash customers of the Trocadero and Clover Club were startled out of their ringside seats by the strange spectacle of Lew and Ginger, bedecked in unaccustomed evening finery, taking in the joints for the first time.

They stayed until two o'clock, when Ginger looked at her wrist watch in horror and remembered she had to work in the morning at nine.

Next day at noon, the telephone jangled in Ginger's dressing room. It was Lew—and his voice was anxious.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," said Ginger.

"Aren't you sleepy? Aren't you pretty tired out?"

"N-no."

"Do you realize when we got in last night? After two o'clock!"

"I-I know," said Ginger.

"And you really feel all right?"

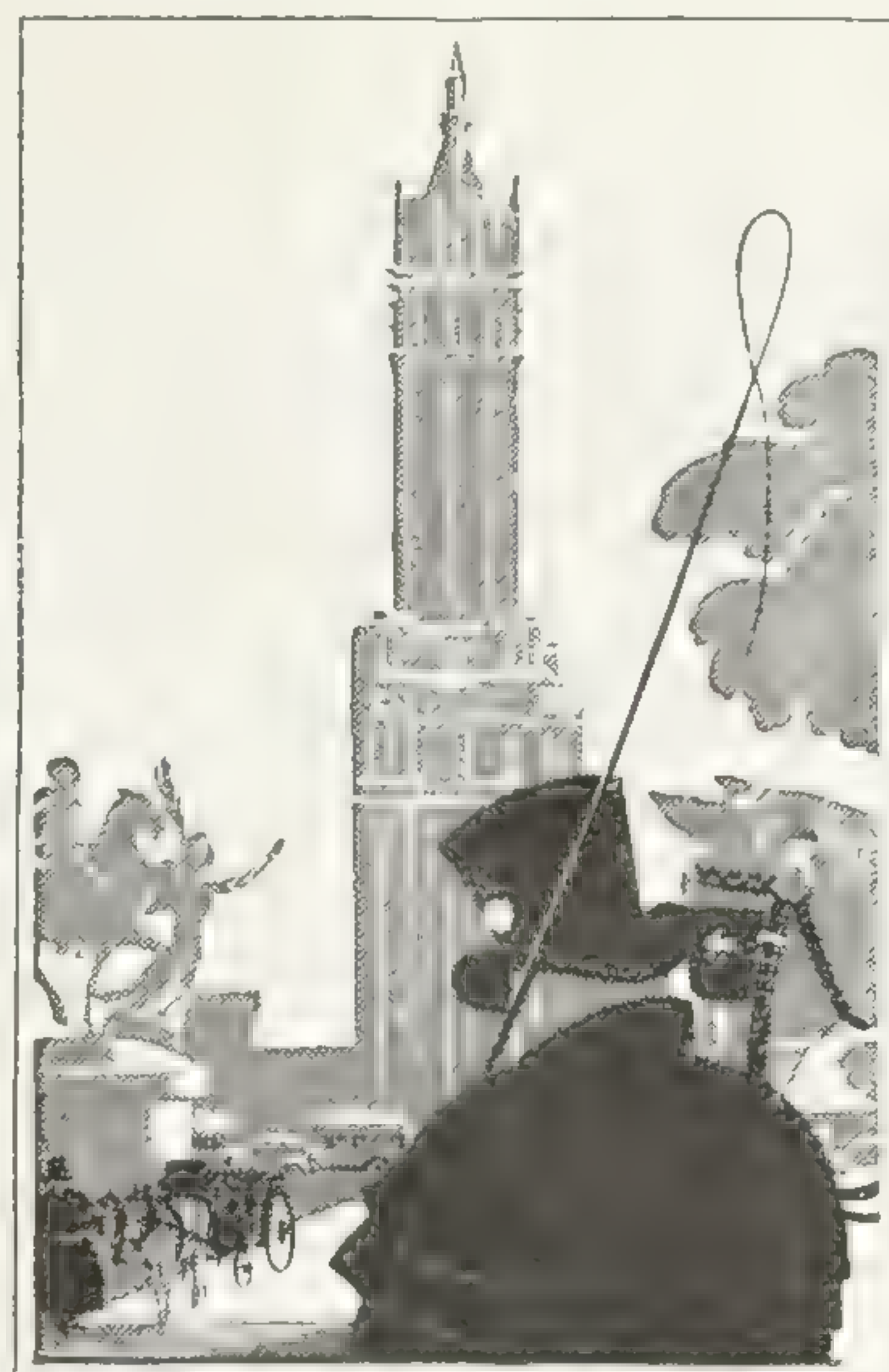
"Y-yes, I think so," said Ginger.

"Well," said Lew, "I can't understand it."

"Neither can I," said Ginger.

But I think I can understand why Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres can be happy though humdrum.

I think they both love the way they live—and incidentally I think they both love the one they live with.



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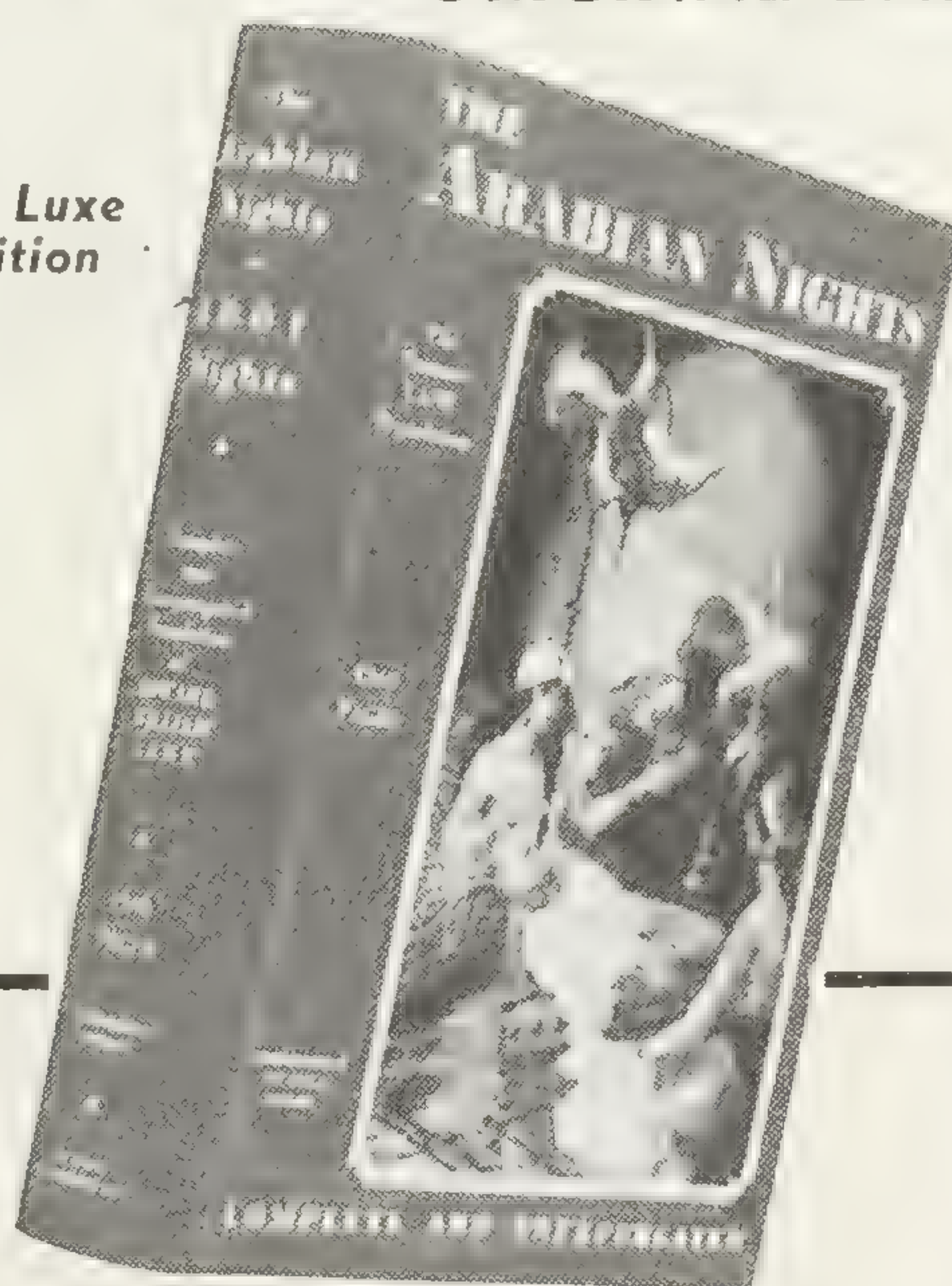
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For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at \$60.00 and upward. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterpris-

Seeing Stars with Mitzi

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

these four females? In an upstairs bedroom industriously playing bridge! Neither dinner, nor dawncing nor sundry other festivities could interrupt that quartet, who kept at it, and at it, and at it! But let me rush to assure you that bridge was not my recreation. No! A 1000 X No! I had me the fascinating Michael Bartlett, Grace Moore's new leading man in this latest picture, and Mitzi and Mike were much too interested in Mike and Mitzi and their own little game of hearts.

You're always reading about the movie stars adopting infants. Most of them come from the Children's Home Finding Society of L. A. Just last week four fine folks, Billie Burke, little Cora Sue Collins, Evelyn Venable and Douglass Montgomery went down there and played and read to the kiddies. Billie Burke, perhaps because she is a mother, was very touched at the sight of so many unfortunate children. Miss Burke begged for an opportunity to do something for the children. (Between you and me, Joanie, she privately sent the Home a large check.) They were happy to let her be guest speaker on a radio program to raise funds.

WHEN this news trickled into the old ears. I galloped down to the station to see and hear. Josephine Hutchinson, of "Oil for the Lamps of China," was with me. There at the station we saw Miss Burke surrounded by adoring babes. I thought Jo would boo-hoo any moment, but she downed the dampness and played with the kiddies as though her heart wasn't aching for them. Many of them have fortunately been adopted by stars who give them excellent homes, and I hope many more will.

Jo and I tore ourselves away and went to stuff our little innards. Honey chile, any gal what's acted for the New York Theater Guild is a whoopin' fine emoter, and that's what Josephine Hutchinson is. She's quiet, understanding, infinitely sweet and tolerant. Our lunch never got gay as we intended it should, but Life got talked about from every angle particularly our own.

"Countess of Warwick Works as Fox Extra!" This, my wee petunia, is news, so I rushed to the phone and called Adrienne Ames, which lady was her hostess while the Countess was in the City of the Angels. I wouldn't budge off the wire until Adrienne invited me out to Fox, where she was making "Baa-Baa Black Sheep," to meet her Countess-ship, have lunch and watch how a lady of title earns seven-and-a-half bucks per diem.

The Countess is regular. She is also patrician. She is also a beauty. And being all these things she bemoaned the fact that her left stocking had runs in it. The fastidious gal couldn't stand the untidiness; but Miss Ames' maid, in constant attendance, remedied this, however, and betwixt garter fastenings she waxed psychic and told the Countess what the future held in store for her. (Mystics are in every bush; these days!)

Adrienne is used to unusual servants. She always gets them somehow. Once she told us she hired a new butler who, when the music started to play at one of her parties, went into a shuffle with a tray of fancy drinks in his hand. Then he started getting acrobatic. Adrienne kept one eye on her expensive crystal, the other

on the cavorting butler. When her hysterics had subsided, the lad told her that dancing was his repressed desire. . . . Buttlng, though, was a better way to earn a living!

Everything flossy again, the gals went back to work. Adrienne had a scene, disembarking, where it is discovered that she is a kleptomaniac. (This time it's the poils!) The Countess hovered in the background as one of the ship's passengers, until lunch was called—when she zipped out two lengths ahead of the field.



A genuine romance, is the report about Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor. But love hasn't spoiled their appetite, because here Irene and Bob are on the way to the commissary

For no sane reason, me and the Ames lady always goes into the giggles together. Mebbe the Countess thought we were sappies, as we tee-heed our way over to the Assistance League; but like a good sport she joined in the twitters even though she didn't know what the joke was. Of course we gorged ourselves, but not so much that we didn't notice Eddie Lowe and Marian Marsh lovebirding in one corner and Anita Louise playing waitress to heart-throb Tom Brown. Tommy was training her right. He'd send her back to the kitchen a dozen times to change his order. Then he'd grumble that the coffee was cold and the rolls not hot enough. Poor, lovely Anita! She

could take it, all right; but I'm sure I stretched my pink and shell-like ear far enough to hear her moan: "If this is what married life is like . . .!"

On our way out we bumped into Tom Keene and his sweet wife, and a dozen camera men who took scads of shots of my two famous companions. Then, back to Adrienne's dressing room, where we renewed our curls and our faces. 'Course, I'm not easy to bounce, so I just stayed on and watched them shoot, and chatted with the Countess when she didn't have to work. She may be a great social figure, and one of Britain's pets, but for the nonce I was most impressed with her neat, flat curls. I was told that a tidy coiffure was one of her fetishes and that no matter at what hour she got in each curl was pinned carefully down before Morpheus was allowed to come callin'. If a Countess can go to such trouble, kitten, I guess I'd better swallow my yawns and start tying up my harum-scarum locks.

The day wore on and dire news drifted through the air. The company might have to work that night! Woe and handwringing! Adrienne and the Countess were dying to go to bed early, and the chic and golden-haired Claire Trevor (the lead) was giving a big dinner party. Adrienne whizzed her maid off the set to buy two red apples. Then she and me tiptoed up to director Allan Dwan, who is a darling any way you take him, and held them out with pretty smiles and beguiling voices. Well, ma'am, how could the gent resist us? He didn't. And with four merry houp-las, we zoomed away, homeward bound!

I'm not a premiere fiend, deah, but I really did yump for yoy when the boy friend waved two tickets to the opening of the musical comedy, "As Thousands Cheer." It matters not that my bronze-gold gown nearly got ripped apart in the crush becuz I saw a sight in the lobby which will brighten my life for years to come. There was a mob around my handsome knight, Nils Asther, whose top hat gleamed brightly above the clutching fingers of the fans with autograph books. Suddenly an energetic little lady elbowed her way through the pack and said in a plaintive voice, "Please, Mr. Asther, please, please, please write in my book." Nils looked down and shrieked in sudden delight, "Ida!" The next moment he swung the little thing up in the air and kissed her. I let out a squeak and nearly fainted. It was my mother! Ain't she the one!

Downstairs, between acts, I sipped a sody at the bar. I coveted, from a distance, a long, voluminous, dramatic-looking cape of powder-blue velvet, tied around the neck with a long, white silk cord. This affair was on the lovely person of Anita Louise, and Tom Brown cooed in delight at everyone within sight, "She designed it herself." Of a sudden the old eagle blinkers spotted Douglass Montgomery (the fair-haired hope of my life). I gave out a dainty yip-eee and like a shot he was by my side! (How gratifyin'!)

"Where you been keeping yourself, you old stay-awayer?" I accused. "Give me ten good reasons."

"When I was a little lad," explained Doug, "I built myself a cabin on the edge of the family domain in Pasadena. That's where I hibernate when I need a rest," he grinned.

And just then came the bell for the curtain and we both hopped like hatters upstairs.

Viva Mexicano! The Latin popped out in me one P. M. so my temporary swain (initial G! No more, Miss Curiosity!), lugged me to a bodega where they play only colorful fandangos. I yearned to sway my svelte hippies (boasting!) to "La Cucaracha" but the place was so jammed we couldn't get us a table. We had to be content with perching at the bar and watching the dark-eyed señoritas and señors.

Suddenly I glimpsed Maureen O'Sullivan and her heart, John Farrow, doing a neat rumba. Breathlessly, I relayed the news to said escort. Quicker than you can sniff a petunia he was at the edge of the floor flagging them. They were just as surprised to see us in that foreign element as we were to see them. Quick they dragged up chairs to their teensy table and we all sat down to talk things over.

Maureen and her John had heard the languorous melodies over the radio. Result? Itchy soles, so they whizzed out to get themselves a tango or two. They forgot the address, but not the street, so for half an hour they had to trot up and down with their ears to every building until they found the one from whence came the tingling tango strains! Maureen with her simple little black suit, flat heels, near-organdie blouse and pushed-back sailor hat looked like an infant from a convent school. Right on top of the table, in front of everyone, she and her gent held hands

I've about worn out my little gasoline hossie trotting here and yonder to have lunch, and tea, and stuff with my nice friends. Therefore, thought Oi, a dinner party would be a nice idea. My guests? Anna Sten and her husband, the Harry Greens, Glenda Farrell, Reine Davies,

columnist, Paul Cavanagh, Mady Christians, Edith Fitzgerald, who wrote "The Wedding Night," and her husband, the well-known tennis player, Elmer Griffin, the Purnell Pratts, Anita Stewart and her husband, George Converse, and my uncle, Louis B. Mayer. Nice party, huh?

On account of becuz my maw is a whiz with Rooshun dishes, that's what they et. I should say, gobbled! By ten-thirty they decided it was time to leave the festive board. So the ladies retired to the drawing-room where coffee was served. (Bring my lorgnette, Bluggs!) We wuz then entertained by miraculous and amazing card tricks by comedian Green which left everybody, particularly the flax-haired Sten, in a state of stupefaction. In fact, our little wide-browed star, who was supposed to leave for the mountains or somewhere with said husband at any moment, stayed and stayed and still stayed! Harry told us that when he was in the hospital he disrupted his operation and gave the doctors husterics when he pulled an ace right out of the ether can!

Do YOU want to look like a Princess? Do you want to live like a Princess? Then I suggest, my rosebud, that you step into the peach and heaven-blue boudoir of the exquisite young Jean Parker. She wears a slim, chiffon, high-waisted peach negligée with large, billowy sleeves that are bound about, in three places, with narrow ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch) velvet ribbons of blue. Around her waist is the same sort of ribbon that ties and falls in long streamers. The negligée has a simple, little soft round collar that is also tied with streamers of azure blue. She wears seductive mules . . . the tips slashed away, and big bows. They're satin. Aha, blue!

Jean's bed is high, four-posted and draped

and covered in billowing peach net. Dozens of quilted boudoir pillows are heaped about and in the back . . . here is an allure secret for you . . . Jean has sewn tiny pockets into which she slips sachet bags!

AND all Princesses have pets. Jean has Tony, a mischievous little pup who industriously tore up every box in the house and carefully scattered the pieces all over the lawn! His mistress tried to reprimand him. But, tsh. tsh, very unpatrician of her! . . . it ended up with dog and girl rolling over the peach rug with mingled shrieks of mirth and barks of joy. Sadly I withdraw from the boudoir . . . from now on my tale would be strictly little-girl . . . and I started out on a Princess.

But next month, kitten, I'll tell you about all the movie royalty that went to the last Mayfair. (I went with that Dangerous Jack LaRue!) But now I must sing you a song of farewell. And I cautions you to write Mitzi an epistle of length . . . queeckly! What? You'd rather come out yourself, right to Californy and get a job? All right, Joan, but I hope your eddication is good, cause I know of a certain time, in his early youth, when Bob Montgomery was confronted by his (he hoped) boss-to-be.

"You're a college man, huh?" asked the boss.

"Yes," answered our Robert.

"Clever, huh?"

"Well-ll, I guess so," said the youth modestly.

The boss thought profoundly. Then: "All right," said he triumphantly, "spell me something!"

Yours with a bang!

MITZI

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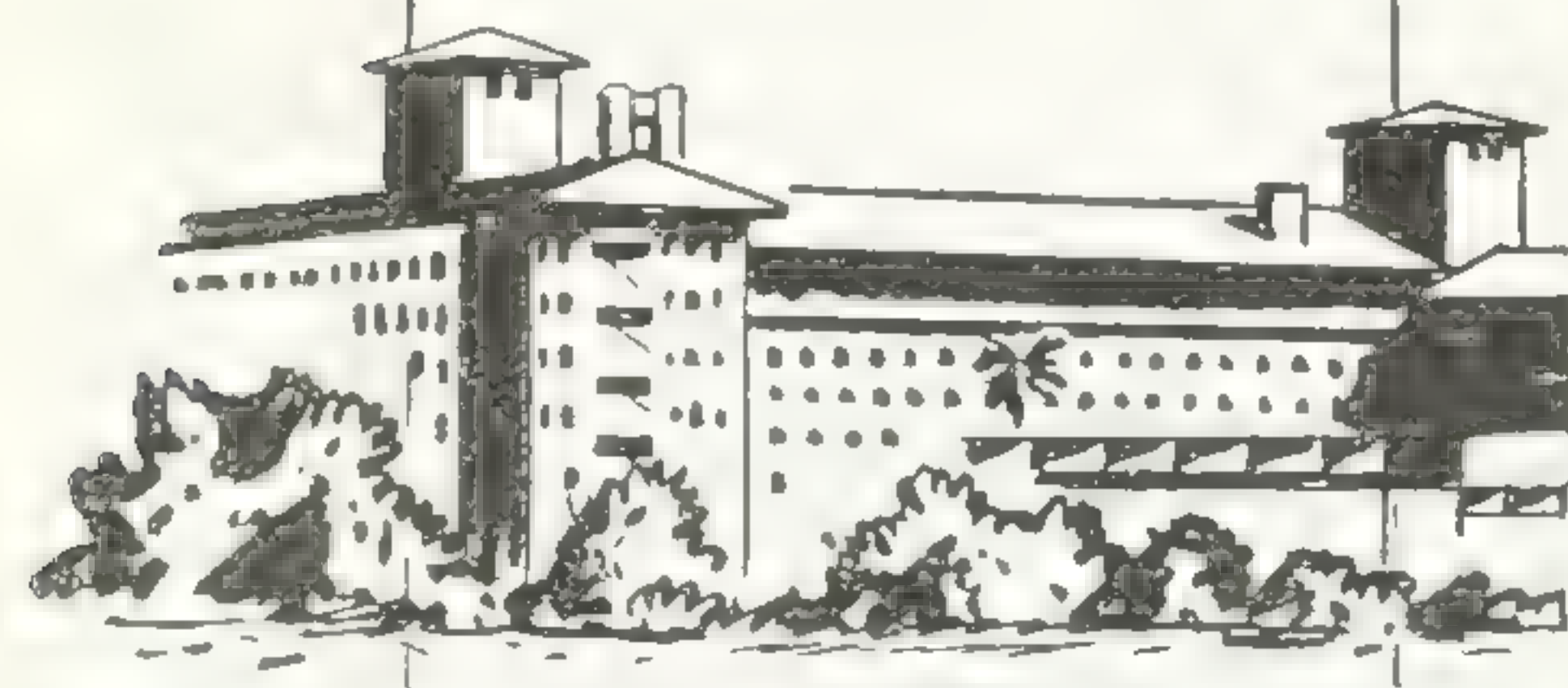
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Food for Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

narrow strips from the rind, and cut into cubes. Arrange on the plates with the grapes. Pour the following dressing over your salads: one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of white grape juice, and two tablespoons of lemon juice. It is better to mix this in advance, too, and have it ice cold. This simple salad is one which will simply establish your reputation as a cook for epicures!

Of course, you can't call a salad a meal—at least, no man ever does—and here is one of Pat's favorite entrées. He hasn't any name for it—calls it a shrimp whatsis—and it's a grand dish for a warm evening. This and a salad practically constitute a dinner. You will need one can of shrimps, one cup of uncooked rice, one cup of tomatoes, one chopped onion, and a tablespoon of butter or chicken fat. Brown a tablespoon of flour in the fat, add the onion and brown. Then the tomatoes and the rice, washed, with enough water to cover. Season with salt, pepper, bay leaf and a dash of thyme. Also a faint sprinkle of cinnamon, if you like it. Boil slowly in a covered saucepan or heavy iron frying pan, adding water if neces-

sary. When the rice is cooked, add the shrimp and mix it all together over the slow fire for about ten minutes. Serve immediately.

And for an easy dessert, how about a strawberry parfait which can be made in your electric refrigerator with the least amount of preparation? Use two egg whites, one cup of powdered sugar, one-half cup of whipped cream, and a box (or pint) of fresh strawberries. Beat the egg whites until you can cut them with a knife, add most of the sugar. Crush the berries and add the remaining sugar. Fold into the whipped cream and egg whites, and mix well.

Place in the freezing cabinet and do not stir while it is freezing. Serve in parfait glasses, with crisp cookies at the side.

Pat says there is nothing so perfect with the combination salad as a thick juicy broiled steak. And here's a hint for steak broiling. Place your steak on a rack near the flame, and the drip pan well below it, filled with a cupful of hot water. The fat will drip into the water and will not catch fire. Just a little tip from that old Cordon Bleu, Pat O'Brien!

Will "Becky Sharp" Revolutionize Hollywood?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

During the next two years, Cooper continued to talk color. He could not forget the beauty he had seen in the Malay wilderness and his enthusiasm never waned. He nearly succeeded in interesting Jesse Lasky. Then came sound and the project was postponed. New problems had to be met and the color-mad Cooper was momentarily forgotten. But he did not forget. He was a bit sarcastic about sound. "Gallopings gray ghosts that talk," was his summation of the new trend.

It is impossible to determine Cooper's influence on the initial vogue for color which followed the novelty of talking films. He has been called the father of color among the producers, and it may be true. The 1928 vogue was destined, however, to be short lived, for the color was decidedly poor. Actually only two colors were used, red and green, double-printed on each side of the projection negative. It was far from satisfactory, as it blurred outlines and was incapable of reproducing certain spectrums without color compromise. I well remember when trees and bushes were painted by airbrush because their natural colors would not reproduce naturally. After "On with the Show," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" and a handful of other features, color was judged a fiasco. It died a premature death because of its imperfections and because, as Cooper termed it, "misuse and abuse."

KALMUS continued his experiments and Cooper remained true to his enthusiasms. Yet it was not until 1932 that Kalmus was able to announce the perfection of a three-color process. The announcement was greeted by an astounding lack of interest. Color was a box-office failure and in the mind of Hollywood that is the very worst kind of failure. Only Cooper fully believed from the start.

Walt Disney with his "Silly Symphonies" proved one of the earliest customers for the

full color development. After the amazing success of "The Three Little Pigs," other producers of short subjects became interested. But the beginning was slow. Even at this writing, there are only thirteen new Technicolor cameras in existence. That number until the release of "Becky Sharp" was ample equipment.

COOPER'S devotion to color was to be justified at last by the entry upon the scene of John Hay Whitney, better known as "Jock." Cooper and Whitney are friends of long standing and Whitney agreed to finance a new producing organization. Thus was Pioneer Pictures born. Cooper, having a contract with RKO-Radio, was unable to take an active hand until the completion of his contract. A deal was nonetheless consummated and the new organization was dedicated entirely to the production of color pictures. An agreement was reached with RKO for the release of the product and Kenneth MacGowan was borrowed as active producer.

The fifth member of our behind-the-scenes drama is Robert Edmond Jones, long recognized as a master designer of stage sets and a color authority. With Jones' arrival in Hollywood, an experimental color short was made. Pioneer's first production was the Academy prize winner of 1934, "La Cucaracha," which played to more business than any black and white short ever made.

The stage was set for the start of "Becky Sharp." The picturesque costumes of the Napoleonic era seemed particularly suitable for color. Miriam Hopkins was engaged as the star and Lowell Sherman as the director.

From the first day of shooting, it was apparent that Lowell Sherman was a seriously ill man. He was actually dying on the set, but could not be persuaded to halt work. Nor would he accept the verdict of doctors that his throat ailment was incurable. He sought

quacks who promised a cure. It was not learned until after his death that Sherman had been afraid to go to bed for weeks and had employed a man to watch over him as he dozed in an arm chair. The man's duty was to awaken him if Sherman began to choke.

Hardly had production been resumed under the direction of Rouben Mamoulian that Miriam Hopkins, the star, contracted bronchial pneumonia and the picture was again halted. Later Mamoulian and Frances Dee, playing the second feminine lead, were both influenza victims. Then came a series of strange accidents.

Miriam Hopkins' dress caught fire from a candle on the set; a property man was injured when a large box fell; the side of a set fell on an electrician; one of the soldier extras placed a steel helmet on a generator box, short-circuiting the lights and narrowly escaping electrocution. To cap the climax, a whole reel of completely cut negative burned in a projection room.

To comprehend the loss caused by this final accident, it is necessary to know something of the technical details of the new Technicolor three-color process. As black is also used, it is really four colors, lithographed (to use a general term) upon film.

Three separate magazines of film run through the Technicolor camera photographing simultaneously the three primary aspects of the scene—red, green and blue. Matrices are prepared from these color-separation negatives, a matrix being similar, for laymen explanation, to an engraved plate in printing.

SUBTRACTIVE primary dyes are used in the Simbition transfer upon a properly prepared film that holds the master black. The dyes are cyan or minus red, magenta or minus green, and yellow or minus blue. All three transfers are necessary to complete the color print ready for projection.

In this new process, there is no tampering with colors. What the camera sees, it records and, except for the precision of film printing, the process is fool proof. The errors of the human equation enter mostly into the creation of color values.

With no reflection upon the work of the late Lowell Sherman, Rouben Mamoulian, upon taking over the direction, retook all of the early sequences. The entire mood of the story was changed and night after night, Mamoulian worked with Francis Edward Faragoh, author of the screen play on the job of rewriting the script.

"Color is another emotion," Mamoulian says. "It is a psychology to which every normal person reacts. Colors through associations or customs have come to mean certain things. Look at our traffic lights. Red means danger; green safety.

"**RED** is the color of blood, of fire, of anger. In its different shades, it means different things but always excitement. Green contrawise, signifies tranquillity. It is the color of nature, the grass and trees.

"The use of color can stimulate or disturb. It must be in keeping with the mood of the story. The error of early color pictures was an unintelligent overabundance of hues, clashing, discordant and eye-straining.

"In 'Becky Sharp,' we have tried to use color as we use music or any other contributing element to drama. We help to build climaxes with it. After all, Shakespeare knew what he was talking about when he said, 'The play's the thing.'

"The opening sequences of 'Becky Sharp'

were first taken against a red-walled room. In retaking it, I had the walls changed to gray. One of the several reasons for this change is to make a not too abrupt contrast for a public accustomed to black and white only.

"The scene laid at the Duchess of Richmond's ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo offered the greatest danger of overuse of color. It is essentially a colorful affair, yet it must achieve a climax. We imagined a storm. The wind blows open a window and many of the wax tapers go out. Then the riot with men and women rushing from the ballroom. We progress from a series of sober colors, grays, blues, greens, yellows to the excitement of oranges and reds."

FAR from a perfect picture, "Becky Sharp" is more surprisingly near perfection than any pioneering effort in memory. Consider all of its adversities from accidents, illness and death. Then consider all of the minor inconveniences—take after take being ruined by the sputtering noise of arc lights (the silent incandescent lamps cannot be used because such light is yellow rather than pure white)—the need of creating make-up in natural color tones—the tonal value of scenes—the constant danger of lack of color separation—color emphasis—color restraint—color complements—color juxtaposition—color blotches—all new terms, new problems, new worries. Just as though the making of motion pictures were not complicated enough as it is!

But if the hard luck encountered by previous Hollywood successes since the days of "The Covered Wagon" is any criterion, "Becky Sharp" should make many millions. Strangely enough similar trials and tribulations have been visited upon every great film success in history.

There is small doubt in anyone's mind in Hollywood that color is the next trend in motion pictures. No comparison exists between the first color subjects and the new full color Technicolor. If you have already seen "Becky Sharp" you realize this. "Unless you have seen the new Technicolor," states Mamoulian, "to say you don't like color on the screen is like saying you do not like horseback riding when all you have ridden is a three-legged horse."



Fred Astaire is merely proving that dancing is "light and fantastic" as he takes to a swimming pool and cork floats for a "Top Hat" step

B R I G H T

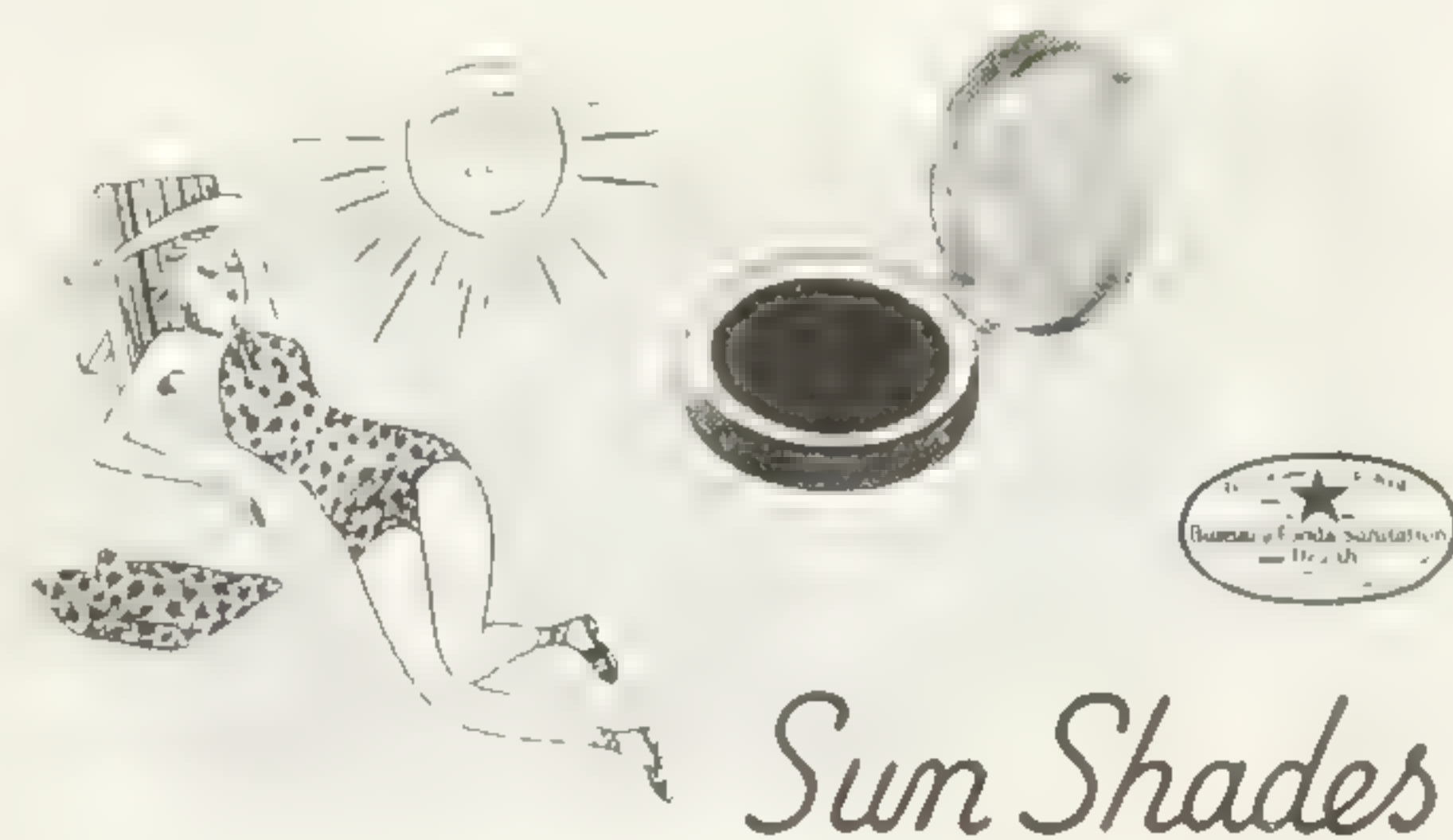
EYE DEAS



by
Jane
Heath

SUMMER EYE-OPENERS

PROBABLY your face is a picture in your mirror at home—but how does it look on the beach in the sun? You have only to look at your friends to know! *You can't trust nature unadorned!* Sunlight makes eyes, especially, look pale, small and "squinted up." But that's easy to remedy! Slip your eyelashes into KURLASH! (It costs only \$1.) A few seconds' pressure curls them into lovely fringed eye frames which catch entrancing shadows making eyes look far larger and brighter.



Sum Shades

So much color and sparkle in the sunlight! What can you do to keep your eyes from looking faded and "washed out" in contrast? This: apply a tiny bit of green or blue SHADETT (it's waterproof) on the upper lids to reflect the colors of the landscape! So subtly, it restores the lovely color, depth, size of your eyes!



and Shadow

Beauty on the beach is simply the art of looking natural. Certainly eyelashes that disappear in the sun must be darkened! Liquid LASHINT (it's waterproof) does the trick so convincingly! Use it more heavily in the evening. Black—brown—or blue. \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Dept. A-8, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y., or at The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto, 3.

The Disappearing Muni

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"We had returned to New York from Hollywood, pictures were renounced forever. Then I was approached to play 'Scarface.'

"Well, the circumstances were very annoying. Several tests were made, nobody could decide anything, they wanted me to go to Hollywood to make another one. The idea of all those tests was insulting. They knew what I looked like and whether I could act. I told them if I never made a picture, I wouldn't go to Hollywood and make another test!

"The whole procedure was irritating. They called me long distance, sent endless telegrams. I was tired of answering them. Then it became a petty bicker over dollars and cents and I was fed up.

"ABOUT ten o'clock one night, I asked Bella to pack a grip for me. Ordinarily she would have given me an argument, but this time she didn't. She knew I had to get away.

"I left her with the power of attorney to take care of all business matters and told her to do what she thought best. Couldn't tell her where I was going as I didn't know myself, but said I would telephone her later from somewhere."

Muni drove up-state in a pouring rain, not caring where. Every day he called his wife to say "I'm here, don't know where I'll be tomorrow."

Until one fine day she answered, "Maybe you'd better start home now. I just signed a contract for you to play 'Scarface.'

"So?" I inquired. You can ask so much with that little word.

"My whole response was one of tremendous

relief," Muni told me. "It seemed as if my career had been held in the balance. It was good to have it over. Now I am glad I could come back and make good and make money. I am sorry only to miss the theater. Four months a year are allowed in my contract to do a play, but in that time it is impossible to rehearse, present a play and have any run with it. And first, one must find the story. My troubles now are story troubles—on the stage and on the screen."

So—if Mrs. Muni hadn't signed that contract, it is quite likely there would be no Paul Muni on the screen today.

"But most of you fan-magazine writers convey such a peculiar impression of Mrs. Muni," Paul objected. "In one story called 'My Wife Bella' or something similar, the writer has her my nurse, banker, cook, manager, guide, chauffeur, mentor and make-up woman! She told me how to act and bought my clothes for me! Good God, if she were really that way, I'd shoot her tomorrow!"

"You wouldn't wait till tomorrow," Mrs. Muni informed, from the sidelines.

FOR some strange reason, Muni seems to be rather a phenomenon to Hollywood. He is never seen in public places—therefore he must be anti-social—or so goes the popular idea.

"... not anti-social at all," protests Muni. "My type of sociability is colored differently, that's all. I am not on exhibition. All the exhibiting I do is in my work."

He gives few interviews because they make him out to be "elaborately modest or elaborately extravagant." He wants to talk about his work, when you finally do trap him, or the

new Russian symphony, or a story he would like to make into a picture. He will discuss Simon, the dog, or the advisability of trying to raise oranges out in the San Fernando Valley where he has his ranch home. He will talk readily about anything—but Muni.

He wants above all to give frank and honest characterizations on the screen in stories that present modern problems in a fearless way . . . but he says you can't do that. People won't let you. You have to put on a sugar-coating.

MUNI still takes off to the tall timbers when things get too thick. Both he and the "missis" like to do things impulsively. They have never yet planned ahead of the following day. An hour from the time they first thought of it, they are in the car and off for a month. One day in Monterey they looked out over the ocean and thought of Europe. Two days later they were on the way to Russia.

Once Muni went up in the Maine woods to a little resort. He carried a violin case as a disguise. Up there he took sun baths, went swimming and worked out on a punching bag.

Two weeks later Mrs. Muni joined him there. One of the lady guests cornered her. "We are so curious about your husband," she said. "We know he is not a musician. We are aware that he is a prize-fighter. But what we want to know is—which one?"

Which one is right. There are almost as many Munis as there are prize-fighters.

Now you see him—now you don't. That black haired man with the deep eyes who just roared past you doing sixty may be Muni.

But don't try to catch him. He's on his way somewhere to disappear!

An Actor With Strange Ideas

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

are all in the day's work for Eddie's artistic imagination. By the same power of understanding that enables him to sympathize with monkey tempers and antagonisms, he has been qualified to play so masterfully his gangster parts on the stage and screen. However alien to him may be the character he portrays, he can get under the skin of that character and make it pulse with life.

To explain this, he has a theory of his own. He says that audiences respond to an actor's *sympathy value*. By *sympathy value* he means the actor's ability to make audiences understand and feel concerned about the character's troubles. "There is one universal language," Edward Robinson says, "and that is the language of the heart—the language that makes all men and every animal akin."

SINCE meeting Eddie Robinson, some years ago, I have talked with him sufficiently to become quite familiar with his views on life. They are definitely a part of himself—not derived from his surroundings or his occupation. Were he today a shoemaker or a rabbi, he would still have the same philosophy of life.

Wherever he lived, he would be a *character* in his community. Probably this is why I am

interested in the stories he has told me of his boyhood. It is also why, when Eddie stops making pictures for Warner Bros., I hope to see him make some pictures in his own way, with his own ideas. I want to see how his hatred of hate will illumine an epic of Peace—such as he dreams of seeing on the screen. It might be magnificent—a message straight to the heart of every thoughtful human being. I want to see how his loathing of all things *phony*—a pet word of Eddie's—will help to re-create the immortal dignity of Beethoven, the deaf and grotesque *maestro* battling against the petty intrigues of a shoddy prince's court.

In Eddie Robinson's childhood lies the key to much that is significant in his character today. The home, with his six brothers—Eddie known as *Number Five*. The four orphaned cousins, all boys, taken in by Eddie's parents. A family poor in worldly wealth rich in family affection. Eddie's mother . . .

"She has never spoken evil of anyone," he told me.

Tolerance, he says, is all-important in an actor's approach to the character he has to portray. This great truth he learned from his mother—and from the school-teacher who taught him history.

"That history teacher of ours," says Eddie, "never taught us a single date. But he talked to us so vividly about the Greeks and the Romans that they became living people to us. He showed us how our own ambitions, our loves, our quarrels, were not different at all from those of people long dead and long forgotten."

At home Eddie and his brothers did *girl's work*, to help their mother, since there were no sisters in the family. Sweeping was Eddie's job. "And I had to do it as it should be done," he says. "No missing the corners—no neglecting those dark places behind the furniture. Our Ma expected first-class sweeping—and she knew how to get it!"

Ironing shirts was another chore of Eddie's. "I was a swell shirt ironer," he boasts. "Better than any of my brothers."

And he was religious. He studied Hebrew—studied the Talmud. He intended to be a rabbi—wanted to be a great preacher. That was when he was twelve years old. Today he wants most of all to make a big picture advocating world-peace. The sequence of ambitions is not hard to follow.

At thirteen he read Darwin's "Origin of Species." Eddie marks that experience as an

important milestone in his life. From it he contracted the universalism "bug." Man descended from ape . . . Obscure links tying all life together, fishes and bugs and trees and animals and men . . . "From that awakening," Eddie told me, "life ceased to confine itself to my own mortal span of three-score years and ten. Darwin did more for me than any other influence of thought. When I read Darwin I understood that life—the spark of it, the impetus—is always the same, unquenchable, everlasting."

So, when the time came for Eddie to think out his part in "Five Star Final," he argued to himself: "Everybody, at one time or another, has been forced to do something that he didn't want to do—some important thing. If I can show that in my acting, everyone in the audience will understand—because I'll be showing them something they know from their own experience."

I have said already that Mr. Robinson is an intellectual. Usually we are led to think that a person of intellect is not a practical person. I believe it is time for us to learn to ignore critics who use the word *intellectual* as a synonym for *soft-minded*.

The leading intellectuals of today are a pretty hard-working, pretty hard-boiled crowd. There are few pampered darlings among them. For example, consider Eugene O'Neill, the playwright, or Ernest Hemingway, the author, or Diego Rivera, the Mexican mural painter. All of them deal in dramatic realities. They know their world—the best and the worst.

As an actor, Edward G. Robinson belongs with them, I think. He takes his job seriously; is not afraid to find drama in the depths of

human squalor, is not afraid to brave the snickering low-brows when he finds life splendid and poetic.

That is one difference between the intellectuals and the commercials—the intellectuals are not afraid to give their best.

Eddie Robinson is a conscientious workman. During his last visit to New York he saw every play there was to see. He went to the theater every night. On matinee days he took in two shows. That was how he spent his *vacation*—and the total spells work, not fun. After seeing each play he went over it in his mind—pulled every scene to pieces, estimated the theater-value of each line, decided why the actors had excelled in their parts, or how they might have bettered their work. I know how intensely Eddie analyzes a play. Going with him to Sean O'Casey's "Within the Gates" cost me a new pair of suede shoes.

It costs Gladys Robinson—Eddie's wife—a pair of evening slippers, also. But the experience was worth it. We saw the play together. We emerged from the theater upon a puddled New York—a muddy and drizzling Manhattan.

"Let's walk," said Eddie. "I want to think about this show. I can think better in the fresh air."

Gladys is a pal. I am a pal. We walked. Eddie thought about the play.

We landed in a squall of rain behind the New York Public Library. We couldn't find our way out. In the end we discovered Forty-Second Street, and hailed a taxi-cab. We coaxed Eddie into the cab, and drove home.

He went on thinking about the play

The Sex-Jinx On Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

give Hollywood the opportunity to stamp you with devilishness, you just might as well frame that first contract.

There may never be another!

Claudette Colbert could tell you a great deal about this . . . the same Claudette who was so recently pulled out of the also-ran class and was salvaged just in the nick of time for the Academy Award.

Several important things happened to Claudette at just the psychological moment when her career had begun to gasp and sink for the third time:

ONE—after years of nice, wholesome-girl publicity with Claudette balking at even negligée scenes on the screen—she did a right-about-face and played first *Poppa* in "The Sign of the Cross" and then *Cleopatra* in a ravishing mood and a couple of glass beads! Which, incidentally, revealed the luscious Colbert figure for the first good close-ups.

Two—the cloak of that "ideal romance" dropped from her marriage to Norman Foster.

Three—a brand new and exciting romance rumor, in the person of a handsome young doctor, cropped startlingly into her private life!

The natives who had begun to be pretty darn forgetful of Claudette in remembering Joan and Jean and Mae suddenly got around to wondering what they had been overlooking . . . and to wonder is to talk in Hollywood. Quite unexpectedly the private life of Claudette became the burning question of the town. And

it's funny how Hollywood whispers that start in the Trocadero or the Brown Derby have a way of wafting towards the front office. As Hollywood talked, *la* Colbert (previously just Claudette) soared in four of the best pictures of the past twelve months.

Joel McCrea's experience with the sex-blight on stardom was just the reverse. Joel started out like a house afire, or a chain letter epidemic, with every star in town bidding for his services. This was back in the days before Frances Dee, when Joel was alternating Clover Club dates with Connie Bennett (before Gilbert Roland), Gloria Swanson (before Herbert Marshall) and Mary Pickford (after Douglas Fairbanks). Maybe it is only coincidental that Joel's temporary elfoldo on the screen began with his love story with Frances . . . and didn't end until he made a fresh start in the rôle of the philandering young doctor in "Private Worlds." On second thought, I haven't seen many pictures lately of Joel and Frances and the baby, who have all probably decided that the best way to be happily married in Hollywood and still retain your professional thrill-voltage is to be quiet about it!

JOEL could probably tell Robert Young, late of M-G-M, several words to the wise on concentrating all personal publicity on a happy marriage. It isn't fair to say that Bob's happy marriage, his nicely regulated life, and his normal personality are responsible for the run of dull parts that drove him to request a release from his contract. After all, Robert

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STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢
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Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

SUMMER RASH
ITCHING STOPPED QUICKLY

Even the most stubborn itching of insect bites, athlete's foot, eczema, and many other skin afflictions quickly yields to cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

Montgomery, Clark Gable and Fredric March and any number of It-boys of the screen have the same wives they started with in Hollywood. Yet that non-sex label is being tacked on Mr. Young and it's doing him no good at all!

In the beginning of his career, in those first reputation-building days that are so important, Clark Gable was *aided* by the cheerful gossip (it proved to be untrue—but what does that matter?) that his marriage was going on the rocks and that he'd probably marry Joan Crawford, or Jean Harlow, or both, as soon as they were all free.

Crazy, of course, but it served its purpose of stimulating interest in him and keeping it at fever heat.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY weathered an epidemic of rumors and denials of a cream-puff romance of the musical comedy motif with a mysterious Miss X of Hollywood.

Freddy March has a grand flare for managing to be very happily married in the background and judging beauty contests in the foreground.

But Bob Young was *just* happily married! There was nothing to rumor about and practically nothing in his private life to rate even a veiled reference in the popular lowdown columns.

Just how well Robert Taylor will manage in the spot left vacant by Bob Young at the same studio remains to be seen. He is highly amused at being "campaignned" into romance rumors because it's good for him, like spinach or something. But he's going about the business of being "interested" in little Jean Parker, his co-star, with good natured willing-

ness. Jean's nice about it, too. In other words, while Bob would just as soon stick to the acting end of it and try to get along with what honors he can garner in that field—if the daily chatter column stuff is supposed to be part of the stardom racket he's willing to give it a whirl.

From a witness stand in a divorce court Elissa Landi complained that her Hollywood reputation of being a "cold woman" was ruining her film career.

[T was probably a strain on the court to understand why strict adherence to the spirit, as well as the letter of marriage, should ruin a lady's standing in a community. But as Elissa explained it:

"I was *too* careful in sparing my husband the embarrassment of any rumors that might get back to England about my conduct in Hollywood. As a result, I never went anywhere—accepted no invitations from even casual escorts. I believe this mode of life was definitely harmful to my career. Hollywood began to criticize me as 'the woman of ice.' Reviewers pretended they saw my cold attitude reflected in my work. It became the regular thing to read: 'Miss Landi gives her usual frigid interpretation of the rôle.'"

"Naturally, this influenced producers who believed I could not play warmer, more exciting rôles."

WHEN the court recovered its honorable breath it granted Elissa a divorce, obligingly removing the sexless blight on her starring escutcheon. Elissa began stepping out and into a new Paramount contract. In "Enter Madame" she made her début in a rôle that

would have been peppy even for Lupe. But the transformation was probably too quick. Hollywood didn't believe in a red-hot Elissa—and there hasn't been a rôle for her since, even a chilly one.

Charles (Head Man) Boyer made three trips to Hollywood before he managed to even stir a ripple. The first time we West Coast glamour-lovers got a glimpse of Charles he left us cold. Most of his time was spent pal-ing around with his good friend, Maurice Chevalier. The second time, when he arrived on the scene for "Caravan," he met and fell in love with and married Pat Paterson.

This was downright discouraging. But this third time!

IN "Private Worlds" the fascinating Frenchman did himself all right. But it wasn't until the report leaked out that Katharine Hepburn was actually flirting with him on the sets of "Break of Hearts" that Mons Boyer really went to town! It didn't matter whether there was an ounce of truth in the idea. It never does. The good actor of yesterday became the personality of the hour! It was the piquant sauce of sex-appeal that almost always turned the trick.

Mr. Boyer should be practically set from here on in. Without worry he may make the evening trek up the hill to home and Pat Paterson every night and settle down to his pipe and books, happy in the knowledge that Hollywood thinks he's a very devilish sort of guy.

For Hollywood, unlike *la belle* Glyn who originated the idea, doesn't care whether you have it or not . . . if you only can make 'em think you have!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

THE NIT WITS—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case are at their funniest. The gags and giggles and roars are so fast you have to hang on or roll in the aisle. They use every device for laughs known to man, including a truth machine. It is rowdy, hilarious, and not a dull moment. Betty Grable is the girl. Hale Hamilton, Evelyn Brent, Fred Keating and others.

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount

DON'T let the title fool you here. No merely merry campus hi-jinks but a clever, swift-paced double murder mystery played against a breezy college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash and a capable cast of young players act out a sometime illogical but always thrilling crime problem. You won't guess the answer until the very end, Watson.

THE ARIZONIAN—RKO-Radio

A REAL he-man named Richard Dix inflates his chest and follows it slowly toward the big bad villains, scaring them speechless. This is a perfectly swell Western with stagecoach hold-ups and all the trimmings. Margot Grahame is a lovely *Kitty Rivers*, Preston

Foster a dashing reformed bad man, Louis Calhern the crooked sheriff, James Bush the hero's brother. A good stirring evening.

MURDER IN THE FLEET—M-G-M

IF this took place on Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore, the audience would know what to expect, but on one of Uncle Sam's battleships, it's unbelievable and unintelligent. Robert Taylor looks good but goes "melo." Jean Parker doesn't register, Una Merkel is cute and Mary Doran splendid in a bit. But it is Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton who save the film from a sad fate.

THE HEADLINE WOMAN—Mascot

A WELL-PACED and entertaining newspaper yarn with Roger Pryor, Heather Angel, Jack LaRue and old-timer Ford Sterling, plus many other familiar faces. Dialogue is above par and the amusing story involves murder in a casual manner. Roger takes care of the editor's daughter when she is suspected, and it all works out fine.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE— Select—RKO Release

THIS American classic has suffered from the censor's scissors, but emerges an interesting effort. The locale is a St. Louis gambling

house in 1870. Helen Morgan is the well-cast *Frankie*, Chester Morris is the great lover—and Lilyan Tashman is *Nellie Bly*. It is a simple, unsophisticated story in this version. Negro spirituals and Southern atmosphere lend color. But not a note of "Frankie and Johnnie"!

THE HEALER—Monogram

RALPH BELLAMY, "the healer," is content to work modest miracles with crippled children until Judith Allen comes along and lures him into a big nassy sanitarium. But a roaring forest fire shows him the error of his ways and he returns to Karen Morley, Mickey Rooney, J. Farrell MacDonald, and the others at his old stand. A trifle labored and obvious

KLIU—Bennett Pictures

THE film result of the Marquis de la Falaise's latest jungle journey is a fresh and charming travelogue type picture drama. Primitive tribesmen of little known Indo-China supply the cast, together with the marquis himself. He photographs remarkably well. "Kliou" means "Tiger," and the action concerns mainly a tiger hunt by a native Nimrod. Exquisite scenery paints some beautiful pictures with Technicolor. It's silent. You'll enjoy it very much.

THE FAN CLUB CORNER

HOW the year rolls around. But speed makes for pleasure when it concerns the coming of the next annual convention of the fan clubs throughout the country. Chicago seems to be the lucky spot again, and the dates have been set as August 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, for the 1935 convention.

The Movie Club Guild of Chicago, sponsoring the big fan club get-together of the year, announce that they are completing details for the program of events to be offered the delegates. Many entertainment features will please the fans as well as the regular business sessions to be held during the three days in Chicago.

Those who were fortunate enough to attend the convention last year know well the happy time and profitable experiences to be gained from such a meeting of movie-minded fans. It is hoped that many who were unable to attend last year's convention will be on hand for the one this year.

Clubs wishing to send delegates are invited to correspond with the headquarters of the Movie Club Guild, 4822 North Meade Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure to get your reservations in early.

Congratulations to Chaw Mank, down in Staunton, Illinois. The poetry corner he is encouraging in the Movie Fan Friendship Club news is really something for a club to brag about. The club, by the way, is to celebrate its tenth birthday soon. Chaw also has the Dick Powell club. Although it is only two years old, this club has a membership of over a thousand. Why not drop Chaw Mank a line, if you want a line on these clubs?

Minnette Shermak, president of the Jean Harlow Club, hears many nice things from Miss Harlow. The following paragraph in a recent letter from this glamorous star to the president of her clubs shows Jean's fine appreciation of her faithful fans. It reads:

"Minnette dear, I do so greatly appreciate the kind thoughts that were sent me on my birthday through the medium of hundreds of

letters, cards and gifts. May I take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you."

Since the above appeared in the club news, "The Platinum Page," naturally all of Jean Harlow's club friends read her message to them. The club address is 328 East 90th Street, New York City.

Members of the Buddy Rogers Fan Club are excited about their Honorary President's latest Hollywood efforts. Buddy is to be seen very soon in RKO-Radio's "Old Man Rhythm." Being an expert musician and band leader, Charles (Buddy) Rogers is sure to please his host of faithful fans, and every movie audience as well. Write to Marilyn Bonnell, 2339 W. Lisbon Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., for news about joining.

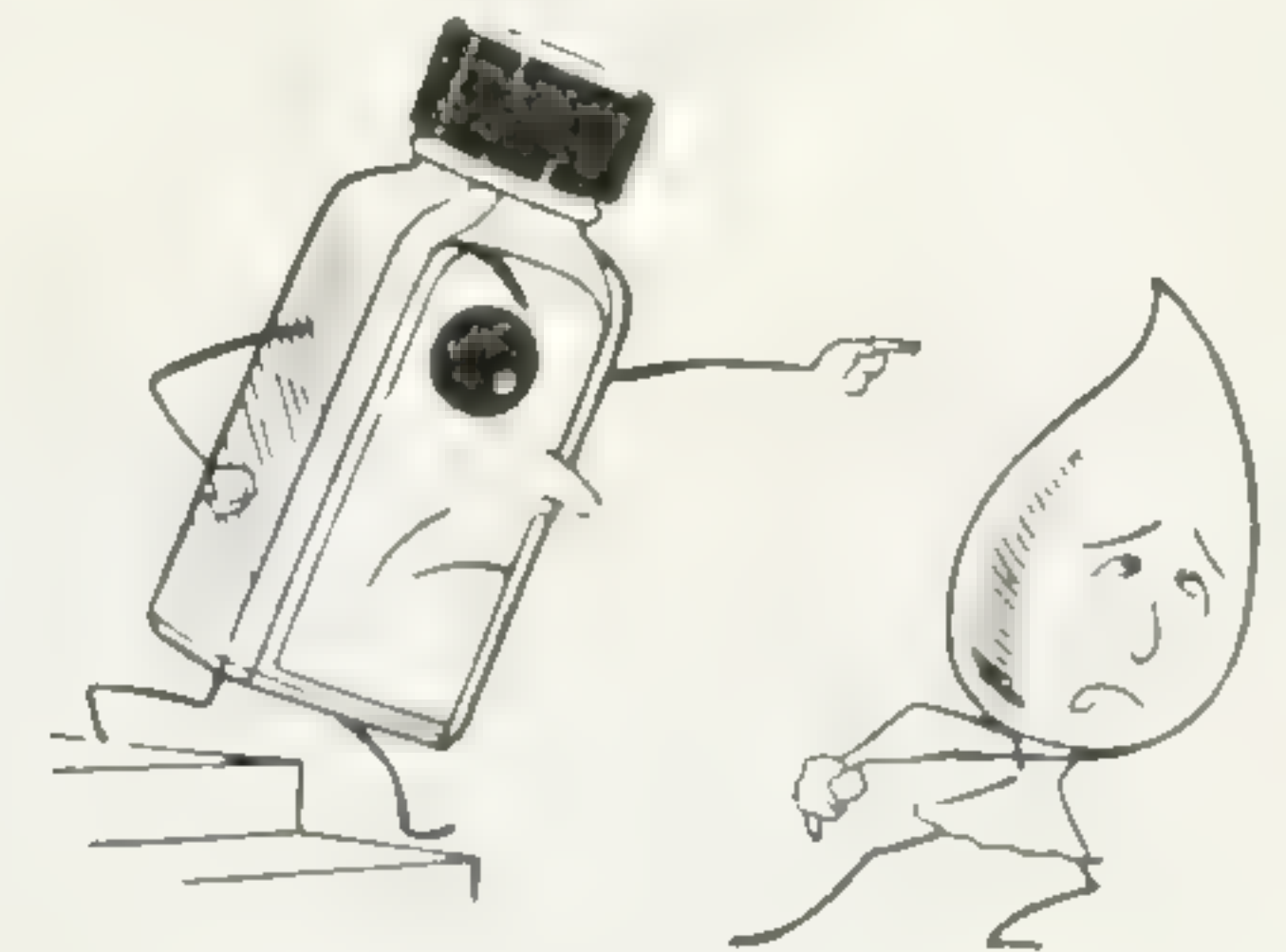
The Movie Club Guild of Chicago reports a very successful dinner recently given by members of the various clubs of their association for Lina Basquette. Jackie Heller, radio star, Mr. and Mrs. Art Jarett (Eleanor Holm) were also guests. It was held at the famous College Inn.

Rose Badali, 4418 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill., reports that the Dolores Del Rio club is growing by leaps and bounds, with many new fans joining every month. Write her for details.

Capable Helen Moltz, Route No. 2, Sheboygan, Wis., president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club, certainly reflects the intelligent stand of the numerous fan clubs throughout the country regarding the "chain letter hokum" which has flooded every city. In the club news she writes:

"Fan Clubs and their leaders especially should not do things like sending these letters on. People will form the wrong opinion of fan clubs, just like the chain-letter. We want to prove to the public that we stand for fair play. Let's all do our part."

An interesting club news from the Alice White Fan Club just arrived. It is a most interesting account of club activities and greetings. This club is restricted to girls.



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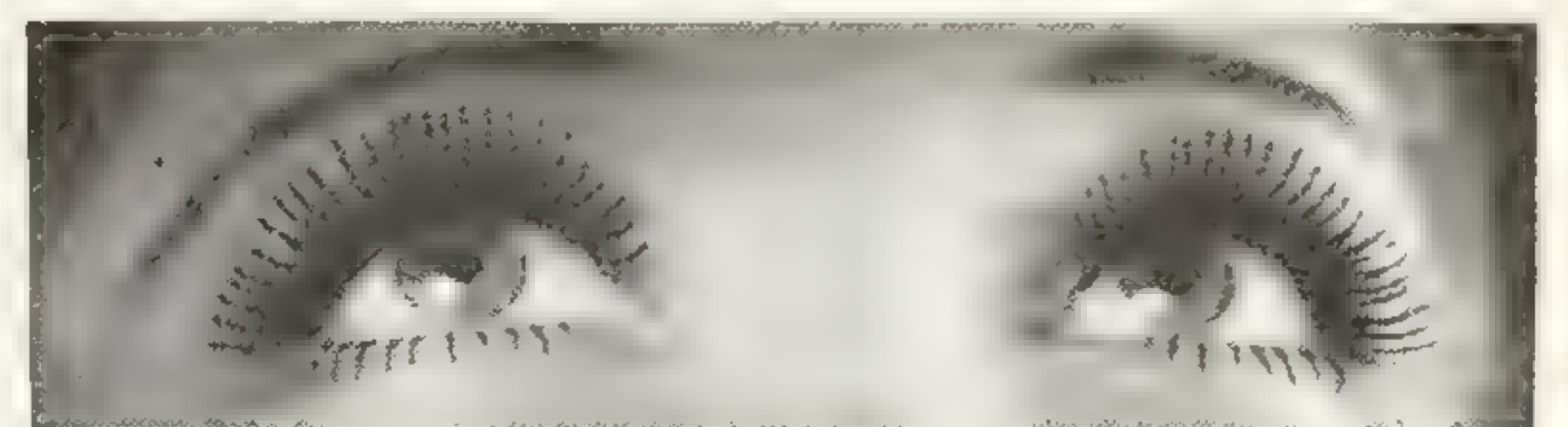
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MASCARA



Jack Kirkland, Nancy Carroll's and Jayne Shadduck's "ex," seen with his latest enthusiasm, June Travis, formerly June Grabiner

With Will Rogers on the Set

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Bill is grand about things like that.

"Wal," he drawled with one of those sly grins of his, "I guess I sort of gave you a precedent to go by, didn't I?"

Bill always talks exactly the way he writes, but he sometimes has an awful time writing like he talks. That's why we frequently have to wait for him on the set—he's always right on time at the studio, but try to find him! He parks his car at odd places and gets out his portable typewriter to write his daily newspaper comment, which has to be at the telegraph office by four P.M. the previous day, and that's why he so everlastingly reads those endless stacks of newspapers and periodicals on the set. He keeps himself informed right up to the minute on current events everywhere, and the fund of information which he always has right on tap couldn't be duplicated outside of an encyclopedia.

DON'T let anybody tell you that he just dashes off those shrewd, homely comments of his on the spur of the moment. I have known him to scratch his head for hours searching for just the right one. He has a word sense which amounts to an instinct, and those few apparently careless paragraphs of his which you read at the breakfast table each morning are as carefully thought out as your income-tax statement.

With his writing, radio and speeches, it is no wonder that every Rogers film is scheduled to start when Rogers is ready, not when the studio is. He is the only star in the industry who can, and does, hold up pictures already prepared until it suits him to begin on them.

But Bill, according to all official compilations of box-office figures, is by far the biggest draw in the industry, with Clark Gable second and Janet Gaynor third. When you have the magnetism that makes the shekels ring you can have clauses like that in your contract.

Moreover, it's nice to work with Bill because he never works nights or Sundays as other stars frequently have to do. On his last picture he did work one Sunday, but it wasn't because we were three days behind schedule. It was merely because Mrs. Rogers had gone to New York to see their daughter Mary and Bill was lonesome.

"Don't have nothin' else to do so might as well work," was his gracious rejoinder to the director's tentative request.

Notwithstanding all the things he has to do and all the deadlines he has to catch, Bill still finds plenty of time on the set for twirling his rope, which is in constant attendance with a prop boy to attend it like a groom looks after a horse. If Bill isn't reading those newspapers he's clowning, and if he isn't clowning he's walking up and down the stage with his head bent forward muttering to himself. That's when he manufactures those homilies of his, and nobody ever interrupts him. I've seen the entire company wait for an hour, cameras ready but everybody from director to grips as quiet as mice, because Bill was somewhere in the middle of a brainstorm. When he came out of it he didn't know he'd been in it longer than a minute; he'd clap his hands together in that way he has and shout: "Let's knock on 'em"—his equivalent of let's go—and "Well, what's holding us up? Ain't we ready yet?"

His clowning usually takes the form of las-

soing people and things with his rope, and sometimes the results are a bit disastrous. While we were making "Mr. Skitch" he was twirling it between shots in the print shop scene, where there was a shelf loaded with everything from soup to nuts including one solitary beer bottle. Of course Bill lassoed the beer bottle and of course the bottle came down on Sterling Holloway's head. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt.



Constance Cummings following her successful Broadway stage season will go into Reliance's "Amateur Girl," with Robert Young opposite

All the time, on that same picture, he and Harry Green vied with each other in putting on a show for the mob of kids, Bill with his rope and Harry with a deck of cards with which he does marvelous tricks. It was really remarkable to see how those two competed for that kid audience; Bill Rogers, the highest paid star in pictures who could fill any auditorium in America a dozen times over any time he chose to appear, would rush out after finishing a scene to where Harry was showing off his card tricks to the kids and yell, twirling his rope:

"HEY, kids, here I come. Never mind those foolish cyard tricks—come an' watch this!"

Bill always plays to the electricians and other workmen on every picture. When he makes a crack he listens for the laugh from the

men operating the lights high up in the rafters—and if the laugh doesn't come Bill discards the line. This method of his may spoil the first take, but if he gets the laugh Bill doesn't need to know what an audience will do. The electricians have already told him.

He's Bill to all of them equally. Any Rogers set is always a procession of distinguished visitors, to all of whom Bill can talk at ease, but he's apt at any time to forget any of them for a grip or a carpenter to whom he's talking. And it's nothing to have an electrician yell down from the roof:

"Hey, Bill, don't move so fast—I can't keep this inkie on you!"

Busy as he always is, it's the hardest thing in the world to get Bill actually to begin a scene. He'll sit there reading, or he'll play on with his rope, answering the director: "Sure. I'll be there in a minute—be there in a minute." Sometimes his minute lengthens to half an hour. But he hasn't been only reading or whirling that lariat. He's been thinking something out and when he does the scene the something is in it.

When he does get on the scene, he is impatient of all detail. He always wears that shoe-string tie, of course, and one of the wardrobe girls is always trying to fix it. "Aw, leave it alone," Bill growls, "it'll never show on a big screen with loud music." That's his eternal answer to trifling details such as whether he was holding this in that hand or not, or whether he was standing here or there. Meticulous about things which really count, Bill pays no attention whatever to those he thinks unimportant.

SOMETIMES, however, even he doesn't get away with it. There was the time in "Mr. Skitch." You'll remember that in the picture a family left home in an antiquated automobile and went on tour—Bill, ZaSu Pitts, who played his wife, myself, two twins, another boy, and a dog. We were all crowded in that tin lizzie day after day for weeks, and although we were supposed to have visited Yosemite, Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon and a lot of other resorts, we actually stayed right on that same set, strewn with a foot of dirt on the floor, while the scenery moved past us.

Every morning when we got in that car the prop boys would shower us liberally all over with Fuller's earth, so that we should look properly and uniformly travel-stained. It was this rite that Bill insisted was a mere detail; he said that a little Fuller's earth more or less would never be missed by an audience.

"Besides," he said, "I don't like the tickle of it going down my neck!"

He had to lump it, though, and so did the rest of us. That was the most monotonous picture—from our point of view, I mean—that I hope ever to work on. It seemed ages that we had to stay there, with more Fuller's earth being blown in our faces by wind machines for dust and the car being bounced on two-by-fours for motion, while Bill steered in obedience to signals given him by a prop boy with a handkerchief as the turns in the road went by behind us. Our outdoor life consisted of one exterior scene, and that on the studio back lot, but we got all the disadvantages of a trans-continental trek!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

SCREEN MEMORIES FROM PHOTOPLAY

15 Years Ago

IN 1920 the child wonder of the screen was little Bobby Kelso. King Vidor was directing the three-year-old in "The Jack-Knife Man" and having plenty of trouble. For Bobby had just learned that "I don't want to," brought musical tops, colored chalk, and maybe even a live rabbit out of Vidor's pockets. Anyhow, Bobby was great in the film when it was finally finished!



BOBBY KELSO

The happy romance of the day was lovely Louise Huff and her husband, Edwin Stillman. Last we heard, they were still living happily ever after. Mildred Davis was called successor to Bebe Daniels. Imagine Bebe having a successor fifteen years ago? Miss Daniels continued through many seasons of screen success after that, and it was Mildred who retired and settled down, happily, as the wife of Harold

Lloyd. The rotogravure section featured Priscilla Dean, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce (who had just become Mrs. James Regan), Renee Adoree, Doris May, and Mary Miles Minter wearing the duckiest South Seas Island costume. The story entitled, "The Truth About Mae Murray," assured her admirers that Mae was just as glamorous and exciting off the screen as on. Little

Jimmie Rogers (Will's son) was gathering laurels for his performance with his Dad in the film, "Jes Call Me Jim." Best films of the month included "Romance," with Doris Keane, Basil Sidney and Norman Trevor; "The Dark Mirror" starring Dorothy Dalton; the Rex Beach story, "The Silver Horde;" Olive Thomas in "The Flapper." Mae Murray was the cover girl.

10 Years Ago

STANDARDS of camera beauty certainly have changed! Leading cameramen ten years ago, listing specifications for film success, voted for black or dark brown eyes, black or auburn hair, height of five feet four inches, weight one hundred and twenty pounds. Today Hollywood unanimously prefers blonde heroines to brunettes, and it is conceded that light hair photographs much more successfully than dark. In the same issue the ten most beautiful women on the screen were named. They were: Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen, May Allison, Corinne Griffith, Nita Naldi, Mary Astor, Barbara LaMarr, Pola Negri, May McAvoy, Alice Terry. Mary Astor is the only one of the group now prominent in movies. America was shocked by the uncovering of an alleged plot



PAULINE STARKE

to kidnap Mary Pickford and hold her for a two hundred thousand dollar ransom. Richard Dix had a bet up that he would be married within a year. But it was six years later he married Winifred Coe, and the marriage ended in 1933. He's married now to Virginia Webster. A story titled, "The Girl Without 'It'" was about Pauline Starke, whose greatest asset was her naturalness and charm. Best films of the month were: "Sally of the Sawdust," with Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields; Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q, Son of Zorro;" the German screen version of Wagner's opera "Siegfried;" the Western thriller, "Black Cyclone;" "I'll Show You the Town," with Reginald Denny, Marian Nixon and Lilyan Tashman. Cover girl: Dorothy Gish.

5 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD'S most glittering triangle in 1930 was Gloria, Connie and the Marquis. With Swanson since married to and divorced from Michael Farmer and Miss Bennett wed to the titled gentleman, the triangle has been squared. But the names are still news. Janet Gaynor was at war, fighting against the rah-rah rôles, such as her part in "Sunny Side Up." She refused to sing or dance on the screen again. "What About Mary and Doug?" was the leading question of the day with "Will Norma Shearer Retire?" running a close second. You know the answers. Jacqueline Logan had deserted Hollywood for British films and was having a grand time in good old London. But the lady of the moment over seas was Marie Dressler. She crossed to make a personal appearance at the



JACQUELINE LOGAN

London Empire, and they had to call out the bobbies to save her from enthusiastic mobs. The new find on the Paramount lot was Ginger Rogers. Ginger had just clicked as the dumb-bell girl friend of Charlie Ruggles in "Young Man of Manhattan." Remember? It was Claudette Colbert's picture. "What Garbo Thinks of Hollywood" was the big story of this issue. She hasn't changed her mind apparently. But five years ago people were still saying her seclusion was a press agent's stunt. Best films this month were: Garbo and Lewis Stone in "Romance;" "With Byrd at the South Pole;" Lon Chaney and Lila Lee in "The Unholy Three;" Ann Harding, Mary Astor, Robert Ames in "Holiday;" Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris in "The Big House." Garbo, cover.

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With Will Rogers on the Set

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

In the midst of all this real discomfort Bill's temper was always at its sweetest. Sometimes, when everything is going smoothly, he'll get just a little bit testy over this or that; when he gets enthused over anything he stutters. But at that time he kept us all laughing and good-humored between shots with witty cracks that were superbly spontaneous. And once, when he had missed his dialogue and threw me off, he even apologized.

"I'm sorry, Ro-shelley," he said. That was all, but it was a lot from Bill. It was the only time I ever heard him apologize to anyone for anything. He calls me Ro-shelley and I always call him Uncle Bill.

THAT has nothing whatever to do with the fact that I was born in his home town of Claremore, Oklahoma. I moved from Claremore to Oklahoma City when I was three years old, and I never met Bill at all until we began the first picture together. All I remember about Claremore is that it smells to high heaven of radium water—and I'll stick to that no matter how Bill boosts it in his papers.

Bill is really fond of Claremore, though, and is especially nice to any one who comes to see him from there.

Bill is perhaps the world's most widely-travelled citizen with the home-town feeling completely untouched.

That old-home-town psychology stood him in good stead in "Life Begins." There is a scene in the picture where we all have to do an old-fashioned square dance, and the studio started to employ an instructor to show us how. Bill hit the roof. "What," he yelled, "teach me to do a square dance!"

The upshot of it was that Bill himself taught the whole company that square dance, with all those variations of his own. And if you think he can only twirl a rope, you should see him out-kick any chorus girl! In the scene there were Chinese lanterns strung over the yard and Bill, feeling like one of his own colts that day, started in to kick one of them. He could do it, too, and although the lantern was higher than his head to begin with the boys kept raising it higher and Bill kept right on kicking it. Ultimately, however, he found out that he was no longer a colt after all, for while kicking it the last time he collapsed, all in, and couldn't work any more that day.

In Judge Priest there was a taffy-pulling scene for which the studio also employed an expert taffy-puller—but again Bill would have none of it. "What d'ye mean—I've pulled taffy in the best states in the Union," he cried, "and I can pull taffy now!" He pulled the taffy. And he played the fiddle when the cut came of the fiddlers at the square-dance. Further, he kept on playing it all afternoon when he should have been acting instead.

WE don't mind those little antics of his a bit. They give us all a nice rest and a good show. You get a lot of breaks in a Rogers picture, anyway, especially if you're an ingénue, because Bill is the exact opposite of a lens hog. Instead of hogging the camera he lets you have all the breaks in photography. As long as he can do the talking he'll let you do the posing.

Just the same he's a scene-stealer with a vengeance if he happens to feel that way. I

remember in particular one scene which he was doing with Jane Darwell, who was playing Bill's next door neighbor in the film; it was legitimately her scene, and in it she had to make a long, impassioned speech.

All the time she was speaking her dialogue Bill was standing just behind her, not doing a thing, except to eat a banana. The scene was long and Bill finished the banana; he looked around for something else to do, still without interrupting the speech. Jane, facing the camera in close-up didn't know he was doing



When a girl looks like that in a swim suit, she should never go in the water. Madge Evans wears a smart suit of turquoise blue satin

anything, but Bill came up with a chicken-leg next and started eating that.

When we saw the rushes in the projection-room none of us were able to watch Jane or listen to what she was saying. We had to

watch Bill making those faces over that banana and that chicken-leg. He had lifted that whole scene as completely as a burglar lifts the family jewels.

He ducks still pictures completely if he can and never goes to the gallery for portraits.

"Let Ro-shelley go," he'll say, "they'd much rather look at her than at this homely mug of mine."

"But, Bill," the photographer will protest, "we've already had Rochelle—"

"Well, take her agin," Bill will say, and go ambling off to his car.

He was trying to open a can in a scene one day when he looked up and ad libbed: "I don't think the American emblem should be a Blue Eagle at all—I think it should be a can-opener. I'm goin' to take it up with Congress, too."

That is still in the picture, and it is a good example of just how Rogers pictures happen. No author who ever wrote a Rogers script ever recognized his handiwork in the screen, least of all Lamar Trotti, who wrote a story around the title for "Life Begins at 40." It was a grand script, too, but Bill, knowing how he had Rogersized it, would put his hand before his eyes whenever he saw Trotti coming on the set and yell in a stage whisper to the whole company:

"Jiggers, here comes the *author*. Now, nobody knows nothin', see?"

Even Bill's lines sometimes fail to accomplish their purpose, however, and such a time was that when a high-caste Hindu from India visited him on the set with his complete retinue. The Indian, Bill learned, had taken a vow of silence; no word was to pass his lips for five years.

"I'll bet I kin make him talk," Bill determined, and turned himself on at his loudest and funniest. Everything was passed on to the Hindu by an interpreter, and he laughed uproariously at Bill's sallies; Bill really was outdoing himself. He kept it up for almost an hour, working harder than he has in all likelihood ever worked on any stage, and the Indian laughed and laughed. We on the set were in hysterics. But the Indian never spoke a word.

"Aw, well," Bill finally said in disgust as the Hindu left, "I know why it's so easy for him to keep quiet. I'll bet he's married to a whole harem and don't know *how* to talk any more."

Everybody knows Bill Rogers, or think they do. His face and mannerisms, his speech and witticisms, are as familiar and fit their taste as comfortably as an old shoe. But few people realize the keen mind, the analytical brain, the endless hours of work, thought and study behind every apparently careless word and gesture which gives them so much pleasure.

When Garbo is through work for the day—whether the director thinks he is or not—she simply says, "I t'ank I go home now;" or so those who work with her tell us. Bill has a formula all his own. Personally I start putting things away in my make-up box when I hear Bill begin to yell:

"Santa Monica Canyon! Santa Monica Canyon!"

He'll keep it up until the director nods and calls the set, because when Bill yells "Santa Monica Canyon," where his ranch is, it means he's through for the day.

Addresses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Douglas Blackley
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Dolores Casey
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Jack Cox
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Trixie Friganza
Cary Grant
Julie Haydon
Samuel Hinds
David Holt
Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Walter C. Kelly
Lois Kent
Jan Kiepura

Elissa Landi
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Marian Mansfield
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Joe Penner
George Raft
Maxine Reiner
Lyda Roberti
Charlie Ruggles
Marina Schubert
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sydney
Alison Skipworth
Fred Stone
Sir Guy Standing
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Lee Tracy
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Benedict
Barbara Blone
John Boles
Rita Cansino
Jane Darwell
Rosita Diaz
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Alice Faye
Stepin Fetchit
Ketti Gallian
Janet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Harry Green
Tito Guizar
Sterling Holloway
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly

Walter King
Rosina Lawrence
Charles Locher
Edmund Lowe
Victor McLaglen
Frank Melton
Frank Mitchell
Conchita Montenegro
Rosita Moreno
Herbert Mundin
Warner Oland
Pat Paterson
Ruth Peterson
John Qualen
Regina Rambeau
Bill Robinson
Will Rogers
Gilbert Roland
Raul Roulien
Siegfried Rumann
Jackie Searl
Slim Summerville
Shirley Temple
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
Henry B. Walthall

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Glenn Anders
Fred Astaire
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Alice Brady
Helen Broderick
Chic Chandler
Richard Dix
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Preston Foster
Wynne Gibson
Alan Hale
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn

Pert Kelton
Francis Lederer
Gene Lockhart
Raymond Middleton
Polly Moran
June Preston
Gregory Ratoff
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Barbara Robbins
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Anne Shirley
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Helen Westley
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Miriam Hopkins
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Ronald Colman

Fredric March
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
Tala Birell
James Blakeley
Nana Bryant
Jack Buckler
Tullio Carminati
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Douglas Dumbrille
Lilian Harvey
Arthur Hohl

Jack Holt
Victor Jory
Fred Keating
Arthur Killian
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
Tim McCoy
Robert Middlemass
Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Florence Rice
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Walburn

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katharine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Granville Bates
Wallace Beery
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Constance Collier
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Dudley Digges
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
C. Henry Gordon
Ruth Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louise Henry
William Henry
Jean Hersholt

Irene Hervey
Isabel Jewell
Barbara Kent
June Knight
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Pinchof
William Powell
Carl Randall
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Norma Shearer
Frank Shields
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tannen
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Spencer Tracy
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Phyllis Brooks
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Marta Eggerth
Sally Eilers
Douglas Fowley
Valerie Hobson
Henry Hull
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
John King
Frank Lawton

Bela Lugosi
Paul Lukas
Joel McCrea
Lester Matthews
Henry Mollinson
Douglass Montgomery
Victor Moore
Chester Morris
Hugh O'Connell
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Mary Wallace
Irene Ware
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Ross Alexander
Johnnie Allen
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Glen Boles
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Joseph Crehan
Dorothy Dare
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Nan Gray
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Ian Hunter

Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Robert Light
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Barton MacLane
Everett Marshall
June Martell
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Jack Norton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Russell
Winifred Shaw
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Gordon Westcott
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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Casts of Current Photoplays

COMPLETE FOR EVERY PICTURE REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE



Nefertiti, Egyptian queen, was called one of the most beautiful women of all time. Rita Cansino is shown made up to play her part in Fox's "Charlie Chan in Egypt"

"AGE OF INDISCRETION"—M-G-M.—From the story by Lenore Coffee. Screen play by Leon Gordon and Otis Garrett. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Robert Lenhart*, Paul Lukas; *Maxine Bennett*, Madge Evans; *Eve Lenhart*, Helen Vinson; *Emma Shaw*, May Robson; *Bill Lenhart*, David Jack Holt; *Felix Shaw*, Ralph Forbes; *Jean Oliver*, Catharine Doucet; *Mrs. Williams*, Beryl Mercer; *Mr. Adams*, Minor Watson; *Dotty*, Shirley Ross; *Miles*, Stuart Casey; *Gus*, Adrian Morris; *Judge*, George Irving.

"ALIAS MARY DOW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Forrest Halset and Wm. Allen Johnston. Screen play by Gladys Unger, Rose Franken and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Sally*, Sally Eilers; *Peter Marshall*, Ray Milland; *Henry Dow*, Henry O'Neill; *Evelyn Dow*, Katharine Alexander; *Rufe*, Clarence Muse; *Jimmy*, Chick Chandler; *Minna*, Lola Lane.

"ARIZONIAN, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Dudley Nichols. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: *Clay Tallant*, Richard Dix; *Orin Tallant*, James Bush; *Kitty Rivers*, Margot Grahame; *Jake Mannen*, Louis Calhern; *Ed Comstock*, Francis Ford; *Tex Randolph*, Preston Foster; *Shotgun Keeler*, Joe Sauer; *Frank McClosky*, Ray Mayer; *Pompey*, Willie Best; *Sarah*, Hattie McDaniels; *Old Man Redfern*, Pardner Jones; *Abel Redfern*, Ted Oliver; *Jason Redfern*, Robert Kortmann; *Tom Redfern*, George Lollier; *Smith*, John Cough; *Shakespeare*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Jim*, Joe Rickson; *Bob Henry*, Tom Brower; *Sam Corliss*, Wilfred Lucas; *Bert*, Russ Powell.

"BLACK SHEEP"—Fox.—From the story by Allan Dwan. Screen play by Allen Rivkin. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *John Francis Dugan*, Edmund Lowe; *Janelle Foster*, Claire Trevor; *Fred Curtis*, Tom Brown; *Colonel Union Calhoun Belcher*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Millicent Caldwell Bath*, Adrienne Ames; *Oscar*, Herbert Mundin; *Mather*, Ford Sterling; *Orville Schmelling*, Jed Prouty; *Alfred Schmelling*, Billy Bevan; *Captain Savage*, David Torrence.

"BREAK OF HEARTS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Lester Cohen. Screen play by Sarah Y. Mason. Victor Heerman and Anthony Veiller. Directed by Philip Moeller. The cast: *Constance*, Katharine Hepburn; *Robert*, Charles Boyer; *Johnny*, John Beal; *Talma*, Jean Hersholt; *Marx*, Sam Hardy; *Miss Wilson*, Inez Courtney; *Sylvia*, Helene Millard; *Pazzini*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Elise*, Susan Fleming; *Schubert*, Lee Kohlmar; *Didi*, Jean Howard; *Phyllis*, Anne Grey.

"CHINATOWN SQUAD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by L. G. Blochman. Screen play by Dore

Schary. Directed by Murray Roth. The cast: *Tea Lacey*, Lyle Talbot; *Janet Baker*, Valerie Hobson; *Sergt. McLeash*, Hugh O'Connell; *George Mason*, Andy Devine; *John Yee*, E. Alyn Warren; *Quong*, Leslie Fenton; *Albert Raybold*, Clay Clement; *Palmer*, Bradley Page; *William Ward*, Arthur Hoyt; *Lieu*, Norris, Wallis Clarke; *Wanda*, Toshia Mori; also Tom Dugan, Jack Mulhall, James Flavin, King Baggot, Otis Harlan, Ed. LeSaint and Edward Earle.

"COLLEGE SCANDAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Millhauser. Screen play by Frank Partos, Charles Brackett and Marguerite Roberts. The cast: *Sally Dunlap*, Arline Judge; *Seth Dunlap*, Kent Taylor; *Julie Fresnel*, Wendy Barrie; *Chief of Police Magoun*, William Frawley; *Cuffie Lewis*, Benny Baker; *Penny Parker*, William Benedict; *Mrs. Fresnel*, Mary Nash; *Jake Lansing*, Edward Nugent; *Prof. Henri Fresnel*, William Stack; *Paul Gedney*, Johnny Downs; *Dan Courtridge*, Douglas Blackley; *Toby Carpenter*, Joyce Compton; *Mr. Cummings*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Dean Traynor*, Douglas Wood; *Dean Elton*, Margaret Armstrong.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER"—BRITISH & DOMINIONS-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Margaret Kennedy. Directed by Dr. Paul Czinner. The cast: *Gemma*, Elisabeth Bergner; *Sebastian*, Hugh Sinclair; *Caryl*, Griffith Jones; *Sir Ivor McLean*, Leon Quartermaine; *Lady McLean*, Irene Vanbrugh; *Fenella*, Penelope Budley-Ward; *Herr Heinrich*, Lyn Harding; *Teremicherva*, Rosalinde Fuller.

"FLAME WITHIN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Mary White*, Ann Harding; *Gordon Phillips*, Herbert Marshall; *Lillian Belton*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Jack Kerry*, Louis Hayward; *Jock Frazier*, Henry Stephenson; *Mrs. Grenfell*, Margaret Seddon; *Rigby*, George Hassell; *Murdock*, Iley Malyon; *Nurse Carter*, Claudelle Kaye.

"FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE"—SELECT-RKO RELEASE.—Directed by John H. Auer. The cast: *Frankie*, Helen Morgan; *Johnnie*, Chester Morris; *Lou*, Florence Reed; *Timothy*, Walter Kingsford; *Curley*, William Harrigan; *Nellie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Andy*, John Larkin; *Mrs. Thornton*, Cora Witherspoon.

"GINGER"—Fox.—From the story by Arthur Kober. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Ginger*, Jane Withers; *Rexford Whittington*, O. P. Heggie; *Hamilton Parker*, Jackie Searl; *Mrs. Parker*, Katharine Alexander; *Daniel Parker*, Walter King.

"GIRL FROM 10TH AVENUE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Miriam Brady*, Bette Davis; *Hugh Brown*, John Eldredge; *Mrs. Martin*, Alison Skipworth; *Marland*, Colin Clive; *Clerk*, Gordon Elliott; *Max Andre*, Cheron; *Geoffrey Sherwood*, Ian Hunter; *Tony Hewlett*, Phillip Reed; *Valentine French*, Marland. Kath-

arine Alexander; *Miss Mansfield*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Marcel*, Adrian Rosley.

"GLASS KEY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Kubec Glasmon. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Ed Beaumont*, George Raft; *Paul Madvig*, Edward Arnold; *Janet Henry*, Claire Dodd; *Taylor Henry*, Ray Milland; *Opal Madvig*, Rosalind Keith; *Senator Henry*, Charles Richman; *"Mom"*, Emma Dunn; *Shad O'Rory*, Robert Gleckler; *Jeff*, Guinn Williams; *Clarkie*, Tammany Young; *Henry Sloss*, Harry Tyler; *Farr*, Charles C. Wilson; *Puggy*, Matt McHugh; *Mulrooney*, Pat Moriarity.

"HEADLINE WOMAN, THE"—MASCOT.—From the story by Jack Natteford and Claire Church. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Myrna Van Buren*, Heather Angel; *Bob Grayson*, Roger Pryor; *Zarias*, Jack LaRue; *Hugo Meyer*, Ford Sterling; *Desmond*, Conway Tearle; *Hamilton*, Franklyn Pangborn; *Blair*, Jack Mulhall; *Clarkey*, Morgan Wallace; *Craig*, Russell Hopton; *Murphy*, Sid Saylor; *Johnny Corinli*, Theodore Von Eltz; *O'Shay*, George Lewis; *Johnson*, Ward Bond; *Ernie*, Harry Bowen; *Flanagan*, Wade Boteler; *Fielding*, Wheeler Oakman; *Bradley*, Warner Richmond; *Page*, Lynton Brent; *Duffy*, George Hayes; *Head Waiter*, Eddie Hearn; *Taxi Driver*, Jack Raymond; *Trint*, Lillian Miles; *Chase*, Robert Gleckler; *Baker*, Allen Bridge; *Sadie*, Joan Standing; *Coroner*, Lloyd Ingram; *1st Waiter*, Tony Martelli; *Croupier*, Charles Regan; *Taxi Driver*, Guy Kingsford.

"HEALER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by Robert Herrick. Adapted by James Knox Millen and John Goodrich. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Dr. Holden*, Ralph Bellamy; *Evelyn*, Karen Morley; *Jimmy*, Mickey Rooney; *Joan*, Judith Allen; *Bradshaw*, Robert McWade; *Dr. Thornton*, Bruce Warren; *Applejack*, J. Farrell Mac Donald; *Martha*, Vessie Farrell.

"HOORAY FOR LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Marc Lachman. Screen play by Lawrence Hazard and Ray Harris. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Pat*, Ann Southern; *Doug*, Gene Raymond; *Bill*, Bill Robinson; *Commodore*, Thurston Hall; *Trixie*, Pert Kelton; *Duchess*, Georgia Caine; *Chowsky*, Lionel Stander; *Judge*, Etienne Girardot; *Regan*, Harry Kernell; *Ganz*, Sam Hardy; *Grady*, Eddie Kane; *Hedron*, Brady Kline; *Robini*, Perry Ivins; *Fats*, Fats Waller; *Jeni*, Jen LeGon.

"IN CALIENTE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ralph Block and Warren Duff. Adapted by Jerry Wald and Julius Epstein. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Pila Gomez*, Dolores Del Rio; *Larry MacArthur*, Pat O'Brien; *Jose Gomez*, Leo Carrillo; *Harold*, Edward Everett Horton; *Clara*, Glenda Farrell; *Biggs*, Harry Holman; *Florist*, Herman Bing; *Singer*, Phil Regan; *Entertainer*, Winifred Shaw; *Entertainer*, Olive Jones; *Reporter*, John Hyams; *Miss Larry*, Florence Fair; *Magistrate*, Luis Alberni;



Jimmie Gleason is doing right well by himself, and apparently enjoying it too. And notice his technique, even with gloves. Mrs. Gleason, May Robson, Francis Layman, and Marie Burton watch

Maid, Soledad Jimenez; *Photographer*, Geo. Humbert; *The girl*, Dorothy Dare; *The man*, William Davidson; the DeMarcos and the Judy Canova Family.

"KLIQU"—BENNETT PICTURES.—Edited by Ralph Dietrich. Titled by Paul Perez and Ray Doyle. Directed by Henry de la Falaise. The cast: *The boy*, Bhat; *The girl*, Dhi; *The brother*, Nyan; *The father*, Khan.

"LET 'EM HAVE IT"—RELIANCE-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Joseph Moncure March and Elmer Harris. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Mal Stevens*, Richard Arlen; *Eleanor Spencer*, Virginia Bruce; *Aunt Ethel*, Alice Brady; *Joe Keefer*, Bruce Cabot; *Van Rensseler*, Harvey Stephens; *Buddy Spencer*, Eric Linden; *Barbara*, Joyce Compton; *Tex*, Gordon Jones; *Mr. Keefer*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Keefer*, Bodil Rosing; *Department Chief*, Paul Stanton; *Police Captain*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Ex-Senator Reilly*, Hale Hamilton; *Lola*, Dorothy Appleby; *Milly*, Barbara Pepper; *Thompson*, Matthew Betz; *Big Bill*, Harry Woods; *Pete*, Clyde Dillson; *"Brooklyn"*, Matty Fain; *Sam*, Paul Fix; *Curley*, Donald Kirke; *"Dude"*, Eugene Strong; *Henkel*, Christian Rub; *Mrs. Henkel*, Eleanor Wesselhoft; *Walton*, Wesley Barry; *Reconstructionist*, Ian Maclaren; *Dr. Hoffman*, George Pauncefort; *Inspector*, Joseph King; *Reynolds*, Clarence Wilson; *Ma Harrison*, Katherine Clare Ward; *Parole Chairman*, Landers Stevens; *Buller*, Sidney Bracy.

"MURDER IN THE FLEET"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edward Sedgwick. Screen play by Frank Wead and Joe Sherman. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Lieutenant Tom Randolph*, Robert Taylor; *Betty Lansing*, Jean Parker; *Mac O'Neill*, Ted Healy; *"Tools"*, Timmons, Una Merkel; *"Spud"*, Burke, Nat Pendleton; *Victor Hanson*, Jean Hersholt; *Captain Winslow*, Arthur Byron; *Lieutenant Arnold*, Frank Shields; *Lieutenant Commander David Tucker*, Donald Cook; *Kamchukan Consul*, Mischa Auer; *Jenny Lane*, Mary Doran; *"Greasy"*, Tom Dugan; *Walter Drake*, Tony Hughes; *Al Duval*, Raymond Hatton; *"Heavy"*, Johnson, Ward Bond; *Harry Jeffries*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Ambrose Justin*, Leila McIntyre; *Mr. Ambrose Justin*, John Hyams.

"NIT WITS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Suggested by a story by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Fred Guiol and Al Boasberg. Directed by George Stevens. The cast: *Johnnie*, Bert Wheeler; *Newton*, Bob Woolsey; *Mr. Lake*, Hale Hamilton; *Mary Roberts*, Betty Grable; *Mrs. Lake*, Evelyn Brent; *Phyllis*, Dorothy Granger; *Sleepy*, Sleep-N-Eat; *Mr. Clark*, Erik Rhodes; *Mr. Darrel*, Fred Keating; *Lurch*, Arthur Aylesworth; *A crooner in Lake's Publ. House*, Joey Ray; *A girl singer in Lake's*, Joan Andrews.

"NO MORE LADIES"—M-G-M.—From the play by A. E. Thomas. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Marcia*, Joan Crawford; *Sherry*, Robert Montgomery; *Edgar*, Charlie Ruggles; *Jim*, Franchot Tone; *Fanny*, Edna May Oliver; *Theresa*, Gail Patrick; *Oliver*, Reginald Denny; *Lady Diana Moulton*, Vivienne Osborne; *Caroline*, Joan Burfield; *Lord Moulton*, Arthur Treacher; *Duffy*, David Horsley; *Sally*, Jean Chatburn.

"OUR LITTLE GIRL"—Fox.—From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf. Screen play by Stephen Avery and Allen Rivkin. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: *Milly Middleton*, Shirley Temple; *Elsa Middleton*, Rosemary Ames; *Dr. Donald Middleton*, Joel McCrea; *Rolfe Brent*, Lyle Talbot; *Sarah Boynton*, Erin O'Brien-Moore; *Circus Performer*, Poodles Hanneford; *Amy*, Margaret Armstrong; *Alice*, Rita Owin; *Jackson*, Leonard Carey; *Mr. Tramp*, J. Farrell MacDonald.

"PARIS IN SPRING"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Dwight Taylor. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein and Franz Schulz. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Simone*, Mary Ellis; *Paul De Lille*, Tullio Carminati; *Mignon De Charelle*, Ida Lupino; *Dupont*, Lynne Overman; *Grandma Leger*, Jessie Ralph; *Albert De Charelle*, James Blakeley; *Francine*, Dorothea Wolbert; *Buller*, Charles, Harold Entwistle; *Doctor*, Arnold Korff; *Alphonse*, Hugh Enfield; *Elienne*, Joseph North; *Elevator Man*, Jack Raymond; *Clerk*, Sam Ashe; *Cafe Manager*, Akim Tamiroff; *Starler*, Jack Mulhall; *Modiste*, Rolfe Sedan; *Interviewer*, Arthur Housman.

"PUBLIC HERO NO. 1"—M-G-M.—From the story by J. Walter Ruben, and Wells Root. Screen play by Wells Root. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Doctor*, Lionel Barrymore; *Theresa*, Jean Arthur; *Jeff Crane*, Chester Morris; *Sonny*, Joseph Calleia; *Duff*, Paul Kelly; *Warden Alcott*, Lewis Stone; *Mose*, Sam Baker; *Rufe Parker*, Paul Hurst; *Butch*, George E. Stone; *Truck Driver*, John Kelly; *Simpson*, Selmar Jackson; *Andrews*, Lawrence Wheat; *Little Girl*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mrs. Higgins*, Lillian Harmer.

"UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON"—Fox.—From the story by Gordon Morris. Screen play by Ernest Pascal and Bradley King. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Cesar Campo*, Warner Baxter; *Yvonne LaMarr*, Ketti Gallian; *Dancers*, Veloz and Yolanda; *Gregory Scott*, John Miljan; *Tito*, J. Carrol Naish; *Mama Pepita*, Soledad Jimenez; *Bazan*, Jack LaRue; *Don Bennett*, George Irving; *Elena*, Blanca Vischer; *Carmen*, Rita Cansino; *Rosa*, Armida; *Mme. LaMarr*, Ann Codee; *Little Jose*, Phillip Cooper; *Pierre*, Paul Porcasi; *Big Jose*, Max Wagner; *Pietro*, Chris Martin.



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Back together again! Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers, with Cesar Romero listening in on something pleasingly funny Buddy's telling

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

SATURDAY night is the big night for dates around town—just the way it is where you live. Everybody starts early and continues indefinitely. All but Glenda Farrell. Glenda has no Saturday night dates until her son Tommy goes to bed—and she gets in early because Tommy has to go to Sunday School in the morning! You know, that gay girl Glenda, the life of the party, the best gold digger on the screen? Same girl.

JACK OAKIE, that wit-cracker, wants to know why Paramount went to all the trouble to borrow Margaret Sullavan for "So Red the Rose."

What he can't understand is why they didn't change the title to "So Red the Nose" and star W. C. Fields!

MAY ROBSON has bought Marie Dressler's portable dressing room out at M-G-M. She is going to have it painted outside—but intends to leave the interior exactly as it is, pictures, furnishings and everything. Says she hopes Marie's spirit will help her to be a better actress and make more people happy.

TWO St. Bernard pups, fluffy and fat, are wondering what it's all about here in Hollywood. They're a long way from their native land of Switzerland. Margaret Sullavan picked them up during her European honeymoon jaunt with her husband William Wyler.

They come from a long line of heroic forebears, Maggie claims. Seems that their grandfathers used to rescue stranded travelers in Alpine passes by carrying bread and brandy around their necks. No such bootlegging will be countenanced here, however, says Margaret, unless they learn to tote her the noonday buttermilk.

Still in a dilemma as to names, Maggie thinks they'll probably be christened "Cheese'n' Rye," because after all they're Swiss.

NELSON EDDY and Freddie Bartholomew went to San Francisco on a personal appearance tour, and Freddy came back singing. Nelson is seriously giving lessons to the youngster.

ETHEL and George are two falcons with careers in "The Crusades." Moreover Ethel and George have a sense of drama.

When one of their feathered colleagues rolled over on his wings and died on the set one day, they promptly arranged a Blessed Event—doubtless inspired by the "life goes on" theme of so many movies.

The quadruplets who cheeped at C. B. De Mille were promptly christened "Cecil," "Henry," "Loretta" and "Saladin," after De Mille, Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and the Saracen chieftain of the picture.

Both parents and offspring are doing nicely, and Ethel and George are stout in their denials that parenthood is any hindrance to a career.

BETTE DAVIS is one of those swell kids who really back up their relatives in whatever they do. Husband Harmon lives in an auto camp—so Bette lives there, too. Sister Barbara works in a dress shop in Beverly Hills, so Bette buys all her clothes there. A nice boy named Ted Newton, who isn't a relative

but a friend, sends word he is arriving, so Bette meets him with a brass band. Ted met with a disappointment the last time he was here, and Bette thought the band would make him feel better about it this time.

THE next big excitement on the M-G-M lot is going to be a little German girl named Luise Rainer, pronounced Riner. They say her rushes in "Escapade" had everyone in the projection room doing nip-ups and she'll be a star any minute now. Luise has one pet passion—music on the set all the time a scene is not actually being shot. The only difference between herself and several other actresses is that Luise's music is Wagner and Beethoven. Bill Powell, who plays the lead in "Escapade," broke down and bought her a dozen records the other day—the kind she likes. Seems he does, too.

THEY DO COME BACK!

New names, new "finds," new stars of today! A number of them came into pictures and went out again a score of years ago. You'll find an amazing array of familiar faces in PHOTOPLAY'S

"MEMORY ALBUM"

beginning in the September issue.

"If I had a million dollars—"
What would you do?

Well—Bing Crosby is well on his way to that first row of goose eggs and just the other day he sighed dreamily and confessed to old Cal how he spent what he called "the ideal day."

It was on his ranch at Rancho Santa Fe. Bing says he got up in the morning early, played eighteen holes of golf, came back and had a swim, read the paper and ate lunch.

Then he exercised his saddle horse, had another swim, ate supper, listened to the radio and pulled into the downy around nine P.M.

That's Bing's ideal day. But maybe you have different ideas.

INTO Hollywood, unannounced, unheralded, slipped radio's number one woman last month.

Jane Froman, most beautiful songstress of the air, finally succumbed to urgings and took a trip to Hollywood for some film tests. Although she is what Paul Whiteman once called the "perfect television type," Jane has steered clear of the camera which would seem to have so much to offer her.

The reason is that ever since she was a small girl Jane has had a slight stutter to her speech. It never bothers her when she sings, but it keeps her from delivering lines.

She's working to correct it. Let's hope success is in sight. With her voice and her extreme beauty she could be a feminine Crosby over night.

MARY PICKFORD is looking for another Mary Pickford.

She sincerely wishes to foster the career of some young girl even to giving her the name. A protégée of Mary's would have a start second to none, with the name as additional value.

ALL Clark Gable is waiting for is that two weeks between pictures. Boy, oh, boy, has he got it all planned! Big excitement. Listen carefully, girls. Clark is going to leap in that old smelly fishing boat he chartered and go to sea for yellowtail! He won't have to shave for two weeks, he will wear clothes you would probably give to the ashman, and what a time he will have. No floating around on dance floors in popular resorts for him.

MAE WEST is a lady of surprising activity, but we never thought she would go in the chop suey business! A fleet of white delivery trucks with blue wheels and four blue stars on the side is now running around town delivering Chinese dishes hot off the griddle. Seems a valued Oriental cook who had been in Mae's employ for years left her a number of choice recipes when he died. So Mae went into business with them.

FOUR extras were sitting on the set of "Diamond Jim Brady." Two of them had been stars in their own right in the past, Frank Mayo and Mildred Harris.

The assistant director, feeling his authority, shouted for them. They didn't rise quickly enough to suit his nibs so he proceeded to get unnecessarily tough about it.

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder and Edward Arnold walked with him to the corner of the set.

When he returned his voice was amazingly low and his manner was strangely polite.

Ed Arnold, who has known what it is like to be down as well as up, had given him some wise counsel.

BY the time this is published, we hope that Gloria Stuart has had her wish fulfilled.

Ever since Gloria knew she was to be a mother she has hoped for twins. When Mrs. Richard Dix had her two boys not long ago, Gloria sighed with envy. Boys are her choice, but girls will make her just as happy.

Young master or mistress Sheekman (Gloria's married name) singular or plural, whether conscious of the fact or not, has already had a Christmas and an Easter celebration. At Yuletide, Gloria had a candle burning for him or her or they on the mantel. At Easter she fixed the baby or babies-to-be an Easter basket with eggs and a rabbit.

And when the youngster or youngsters does or do open his, hers or their eyes, he, she or they will look right across the street and see another famous movie star leaving in the morning and coming home at night. For the Sheekmans have moved out to Brentwood in anticipation of the event. Across the street from the Clark Gables.